

EDMONTON'S 100% INDEPENDENT NEWS & ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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THAT'S ALL, SMOKE!
IS EDMONTON READY TO PUT THE
SMOKING BAN INTO ACTION?
BY CHRIS BOUTET

PLUS! DARREN ZENKO ON OFFBEAT ADDICTION CURES, FROM LASERS TO ELECTROSHOCK

FRONT: YOUTH EMPLOYMENT • 2
MUSIC: K-OS • 18 / FILM: LOOK AT ME • 33



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CONTENTS

FRONT

- 2 Youth employment
- 4 News Roundup
- 4 VuePoint
- 5 Smoking ban
- 6 Bob the Angry Flower
- 6 Dispatch
- 7 Three Dollar Bill
- 9 Nervous System
- 11 Print Culture

DISH

- 14 Blue Chair Café
- 16 Lemongrass Café

MUSIC

- 18 K-os
- 19 Molson Rock Search
- 20 Music Notes
- 22 Music Weekly
- 25 Distant Replay
- 26 The Strange
- 29 Time Is the Enemy
- 30 New Sounds
- 31 Quick Spins
- 32 Jazz festivals
- 32 Inspectah Deck

FILM

- 33 Look at Me
- 33 War of the Worlds
- 34 George A. Romero's Land of the Dead
- 34 EFS Musicals
- 35 In My Country
- 35 Prairie Tales 7
- 36 Overnight
- 37 Film Weekly

ARTS

- 38 River City Shakespeare Festival
- 38 Theatre Notes
- 39 Flotsam
- 39 Free Will Astrology
- 40 Arts Weekly

THE BACK

- 40 Events Weekly
- 41 Classifieds
- 43 Alt Sex Column

ON THE COVER

The air quality inside Edmonton's bars is about to improve dramatically with the impending implementation of the citywide smoking ban, but bar-owners are still holding their breath due to uncertainty over the effect the ban will have on their business. Chris Boutet gets the lowdown from bartenders and nicotine addicts alike, while Darren Zenko offers offbeat tips on quitting the cigarette habit for once and for all • 5

MUSIC

There's nothing disorganized about K-os's plans for the future • 18



FILM

Sly, sophisticated Look at Me is a film well worth watching • 33



ARTS

The girl in the plastic bubble: Gerry Morita on Flotsam • 39



Someone's in the kitchen with minors

New policy on youth employment creates exploitable underclass, charges NDP critic

By CHRIS BOUTET

When Alberta NDP Employment Critic Ray Martin sat down at his breakfast table last Friday morning and picked up the newspaper, little did he know he was in for a shock.

There, above the fold on the cover of the *Edmonton Journal*, was a news story about how the Alberta government had approved a procedural change which would make it easier for the restaurant industry to

hire 12- to 14-year-olds. And most surprising at all, even though the change apparently went through almost three weeks ago, it really was news to him.

"When I read about it on the front page of the *Journal*, I nearly choked on my coffee," says Martin. "I mean, this was the first I heard about it—none of us [in the New Democrats] knew about it; how did it come

aged 12 to 14, and then only within certain areas, like newspaper delivery or retail and office work. Now, however, a permit is no longer required, and the list of permissible jobs has been expanded to include those within the restaurant and hospitality industry—a move which some critics feel was made to appease a floundering fast-food industry, and which will expose young workers to potentially exploitative situations.

"We scream, and rightfully so, about child labour in the third world and the problems there—and here we have it in a so-called modern society, we can have a child as young as 12 years old working for a paycheque," says Martin. "That doesn't make any sense to me. I say, let kids be kids; they're going to

SEE PAGE 8

EMPLOYMENT

about? You'd think such a substantial change would have been brought to vote, or at the very least involved some sort of public consultation."

Up until June 3, employers had to apply to Alberta's Department of Human Resources and Employment for a special permit to hire workers

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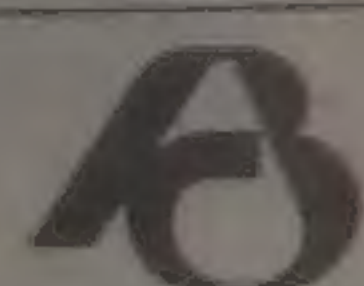
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news roundup

By CHRIS BOUTET

GUN DEATHS: LESS COOL!

For a while there, it seemed that getting shot with a gun was all the rage in Canada, but according to a study released Monday by Statistics Canada, the trend has declined in popularity since its heyday in the late '70s, to the point where the risk of getting shot with a Canadian bullet has been cut in half.

According to the study, 816 people—767 males and 49 females—died of firearms-related injuries in this country in 2002, representing 2.6 deaths per 100,000 population, down from 5.9 per 100,000 in that crazy, shoot-'em-up year of 1979. Broken down further, the 2002 death rate among men was 4.9 per 100,000, down from 10.6 in 1979; among women, it was 0.3, down from 1.2.

Is any number too many? Totally. But compared to gun deaths in the U.S., we're still doing pretty okay. In a cross-border comparison of firearm deaths during the year 2000, it was found that the risk of getting shot was three times greater among American males as it was among Canadians, and seven times greater among American females. The study also points out that the rate of homicide in the States was eight times that of Canada's, with murders accounting for 38 per cent of gun deaths in the U.S. compared to 18 per cent in Canada.

While the study took care to point out that Canadian gun-control laws have stiffened in the recent decades and gun registration is now compulsory, it stopped short of suggesting any connection to the falling death toll. Emile Therien of the Canada Safety Council, however, was more than happy to do it for them. "Forget the vocal minority that's against [the gun registry]," he told the *National Post*. "Public health officials, safety people and the police community were all in favour of this legislation. It's not perfect, but obviously it's good."

RIGHTS: ACKNOWLEDGED!

Well, I'm sure you've heard this by now, but after more than a year of passionate but circular debate, it seems the fine ladies and gentlemen who make up Canada's House of Commons finally decided to gay things up a little bit around these parts by passing Bill C-38 and making Canada just the third country in the world to sanction same-sex marriage.

According to reports from the Canadian Press, the bill was put to vote after its third and final reading late Tuesday night during a specially extended session, and, backed by the support of the vast majority of Bloc Québécois and NDP MPs, the Liberal-initiated legislation easily burst through a poopy-pantsed and grumbling Conservative defence, passing by a comfortable margin of 158 to 133. Now the bill must gain approval from the Senate and the Governor-General to officially become law.

Before the vote was cast, Prime Minister Paul Martin addressed the media, explaining that ultimately, the debate comes down to those rights protected under the Canadian Charter. "We are a nation of minorities, and in a nation of minorities, it is important that you don't cherry-pick rights," said

Martin. "A right is a right and that is what this vote tonight is all about."

Conservative leader Stephen Harper, as unable to realize when he's beat as always, vowed that the war against gay rights was far from over. "I want to make it very clear today that this is the beginning of the formal fight against the definition of marriage," Harper told reporters. "There will be a chance to revisit this in a future Parliament. Our intention is to have a free vote." You know, like the one just held. Except all those homosexuals would lose this time.

In Alberta, one of the four holdout jurisdictions in Canada which will now be forced to legally recognize same-sex marriage, Premier Ralph Klein's tone was one of resignation, as he acknowledged that there was little he could do to stop it now. "Since this is federal legislation, to use the notwithstanding clause as contained in our own Marriage Act would be frivolous," Klein told the Calgary CBC. "It wouldn't stand up in a court of law." He went on to add that although some members of his caucus are eager to find a way around the legislation, he feels "there are no legal weapons; there's nothing left in the arsenal."

Naturally, all this newfound freedom to marry doesn't sit quite as well with Alberta Alliance critic Marilyn Burns, who sent out a snippy press release on Wednesday in response to Klein's comments. "In my considered opinion," offered Burns, "Alberta has a constitutional authority to legislate that only unions between a man and a woman be solemnized and issued marriage licenses in this province. Will the premier protect traditional marriage as ordinary Albertans want, or will he give in to the red Tory wing of his cabinet?"

Because, of course, only some kind of freaky, communist hippie could possibly support the concept of equal rights for all Canadians. ☹



vuepoint

By KRISTINE OWRAM

Smokes and bonds

Last week, the Canadian Medical Association released a study recommending that the Canada Pension Plan stop investing in tobacco stocks and immediately cut its ties to the industry. The study cites two main reasons behind this policy. First, the long-term returns of tobacco stocks are expected to weaken as more class-action suits are brought against the industry and governments on both sides of the border raise taxes on tobacco as an easy source of revenue. And second, the study claims that it is "counterproductive" for the CPP to contribute \$100 million a year to the industry while the feds spend \$131 million a year on anti-smoking campaigns.

As well, the study argues that tobacco stocks represent such a small portion of the CPP's holdings (\$100 million of about \$81 billion total) that it should only create a "negligible increase in portfolio risk" if the Plan were to pull out—this, presumably, to comfort CPP contributors who realize that tobacco stocks are still doing quite well. But the study itself says it best when it explains that the CPP Investment Board's responsibility is "to invest pension contributions in 'the best interests of the contributors' and 'with a view to achieving a maximum rate of return, without undue risk of loss.'" The CMA is most likely correct in assuming that tobacco stocks won't always be as strong as they are right now, but isn't that up to the CPP itself to evaluate that when the time comes?

In the meantime, CPP contributors can take comfort in the fact that between April 2004 and April 2005, the S&P's Tobacco Index advanced by 5.7 per cent while the benchmark S&P 1500 declined by 4.9 per cent. The CMA counters this by explaining, "The upbeat news on tobacco stocks contrasts with the economic fact that as people become wealthier, as they are in the U.S. and Canada, they tend to take their health more seriously and smoke less." That may be so, but in the meantime the CPP should continue making decisions that are in the best interests of its contributors and, perhaps most importantly, remove itself from the politicking the CMA is engaging in. As CPP spokesman Ian Dale explained to the CBC, "One of the founding principles of the CPP Investment Board... was that investment decisions would be made at arm's length from government."

In other words, the CMA's argument is irrelevant. As long as tobacco stocks are doing well, the CPP has a responsibility to contributors not to follow the CMA's advice, as it is based on politics and little else. ☹



That's all, smokes

Addicts and bar owners alike prepare to deal with Edmonton's sweeping new smoking ban

BY CHRIS BOUTET

SMOKING

So are we ready for this thing? Is Edmonton, as the kids and certain Taco Bell commercials say, "good to go?"

"I THINK PEOPLE are prepared, yes," says John Wilson, general enforcement co-ordinator for the complaints and investigations section of the Edmonton Planning Department. "We've had a pretty extensive education and communication strategy underway for several months now, involving advertising on radio, sides of buses, billboards, media releases, TV interviews and the like. As well, over the past six weeks, we've had staff visit over 450 licensed premises to deliver information packages to proprietors telling them the ins and outs of the bylaws and how to deal with smokers on their premises. So we're quite positive about this changeover."

Of course, it should come as little surprise that the City feels so good about the ban; their legislative and educational responsibilities, after all, were the relatively easy part of the deal. But what about the establishments themselves, who now find themselves shouldering the burden of added enforcement responsibilities and the

potential for a negative economic impact?

"Actually, feedback from the proprietors has been overwhelmingly positive," says Wilson. "In fact, talking to those officers who delivered the information packages, out of 450 places they visited, they only received negative feedback or an indication that the establishment did not plan to comply with the ban in two or three cases. So we're very optimistic, very positive that the transfer is going to be a relatively smooth one."

IN THE BARS of Whyte Ave, this sense of optimism is indeed palpable—however tempered it may be by a lingering cloud of trepidation. "Well, as a non-smoker who works at a bar, I'm looking forward to it," says Black Dog bartender Eric Newby, who goes on to explain that the Dog seems pretty well prepared to handle the switchover. "We're planning on having a little smoking area out by the back door to the building with a snow-fence corral and room enough for 15 people, which should be fine for a bar this size. That means we'll have to bring on more security staff, probably."

"But other than that," Newby continues, "I don't think the smoking ban is going to affect business here much at all. I mean, this bar was never about smoking, it's about drinking—some people are really adamant about having a cigarette with their beer, sure, but who knows? Maybe it'll make them think about quitting."

A few doors down the street at the Savoy, bar supervisor Rich Dimitriou gives the impression their game plan is a little

SEE PAGE 10

Quitting pretty

Rayguns, hypnosis, sublimated violence: which cigarette-habit cure is right for you?

BY DARREN ZENKO

"Lord, for years I have been in bondage to cigarettes, nicotine and smoking, doing harm to my body, which is now your temple. I place on your altar this bad habit and addiction. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth I command you, spirit of addiction and bad habit, to depart from me and enter me no more. I will not take up eating as a substitute; therefore I will not gain weight, for I am completely free of this bondage. Praise God!" —PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE FROM SMOKING, FROM CHRISTIANJOURNEY.COM

See now, that's the way to go, to get at the yellow-stained heart of the nicotine habit: turn it into a mystical battle and make sure you've got the power of the Creator of the Universe on your side. We're not making fun of Christian prayer, here; earnest, honest ritual magic—whether you're calling on Jesus or the Goddess or the Ascended Masters or dark conceptual Somethings from deep in the Jungian netherworlds—manipulates a shitload of internal psychic energy. If anything's gonna break the back of a devout smoker's Marl-

QUITTING

boro Monkey, it's gonna be Personal Jesus. The power or prayer is the power or self-hypnosis to work miracles.

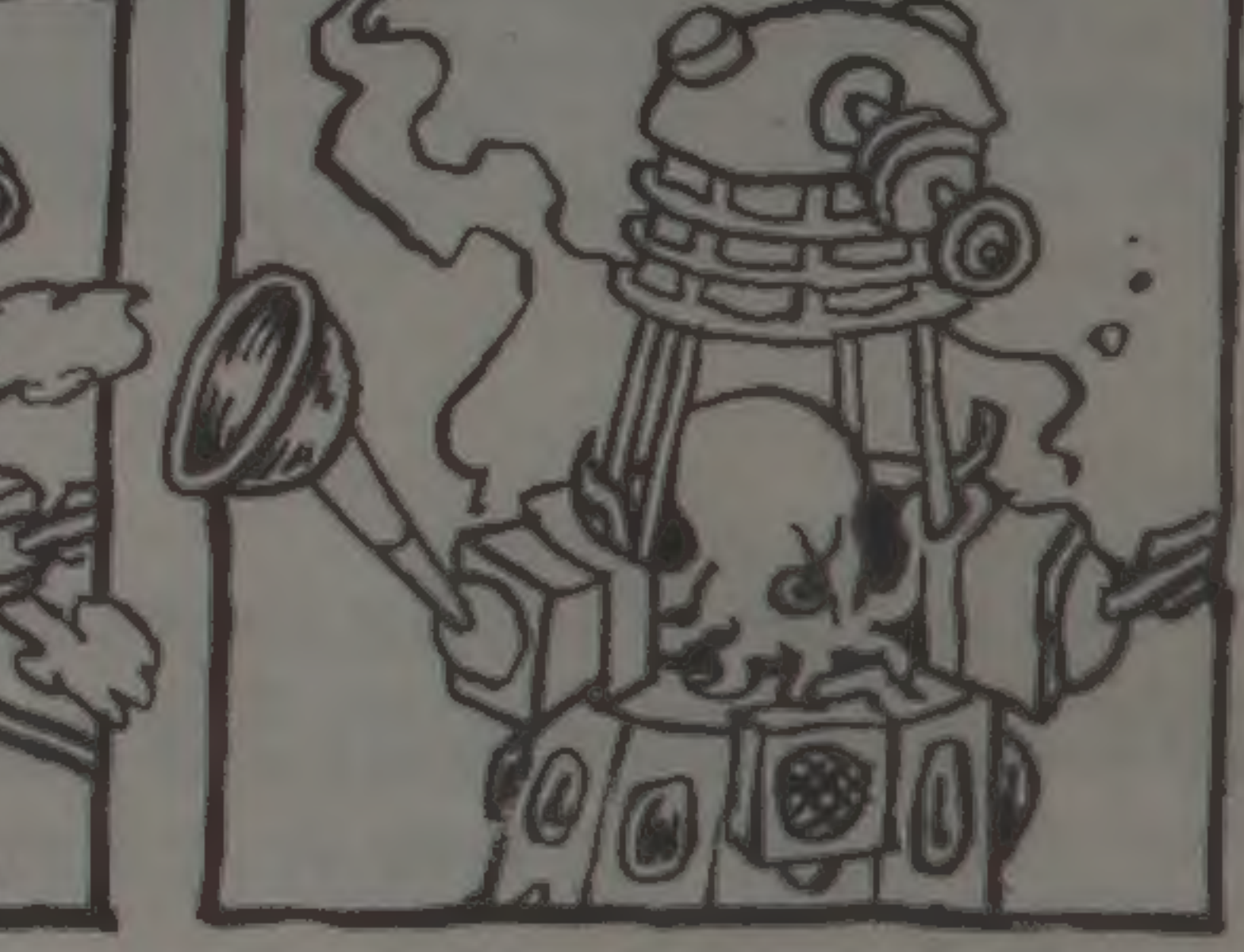
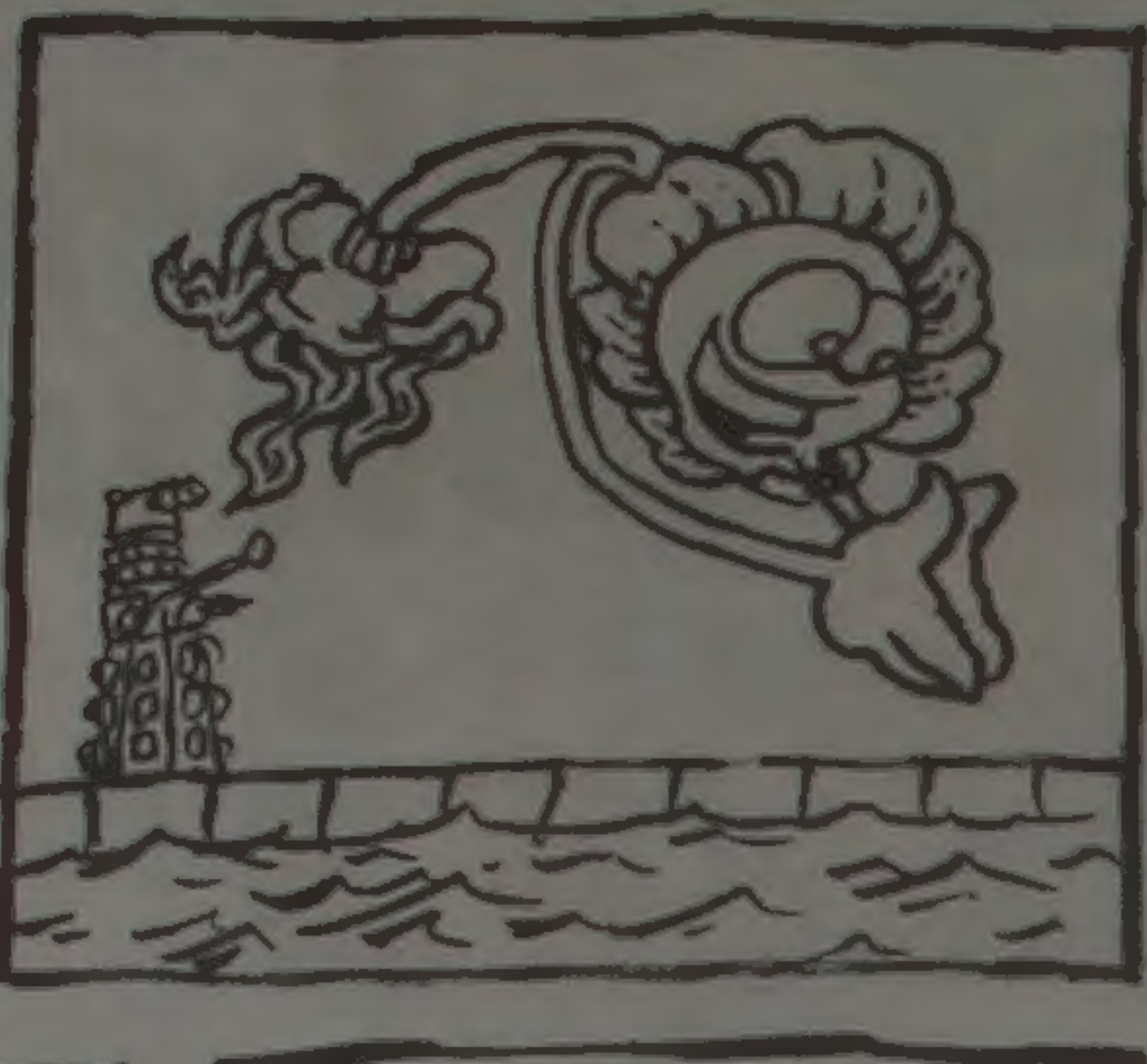
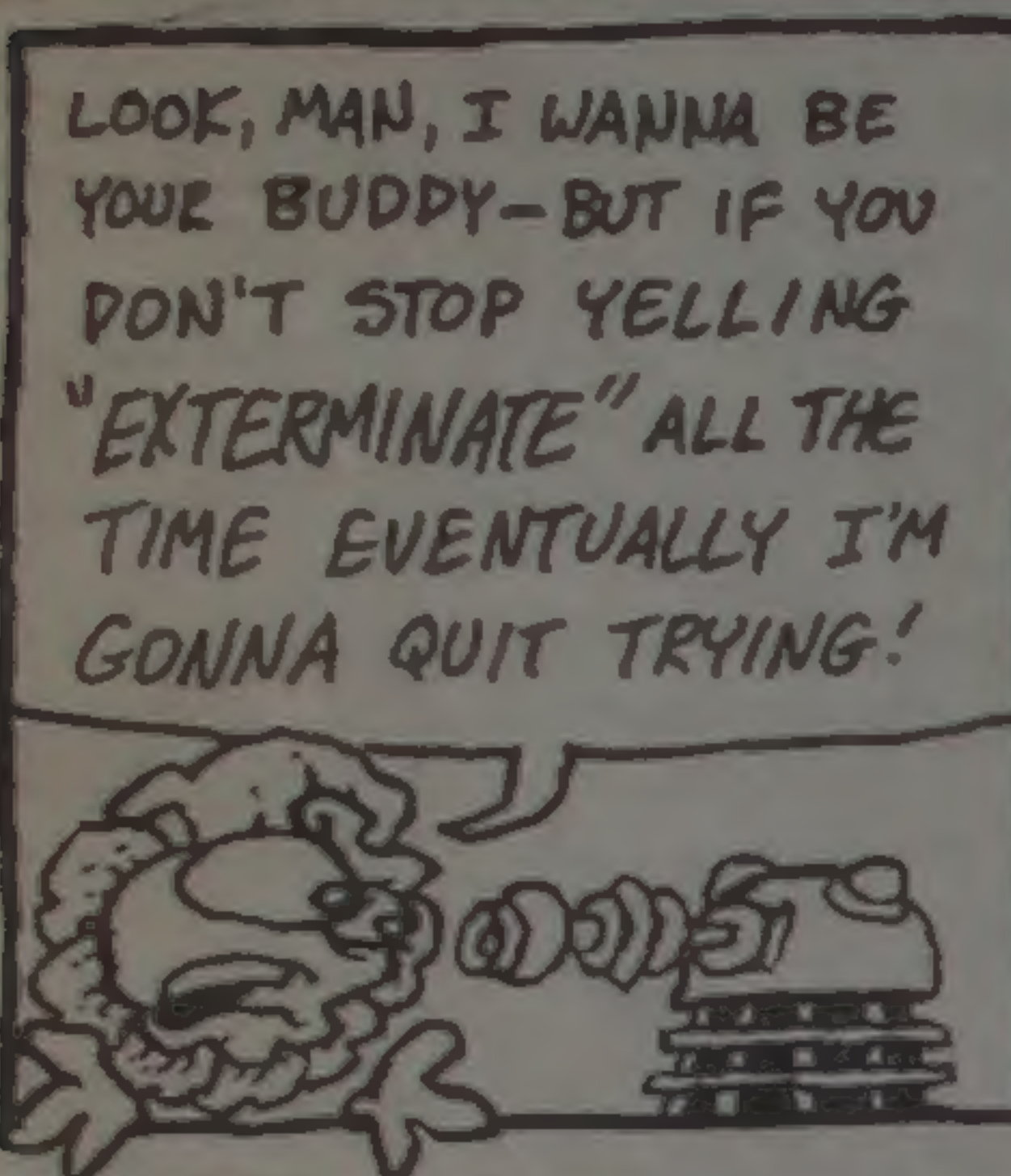
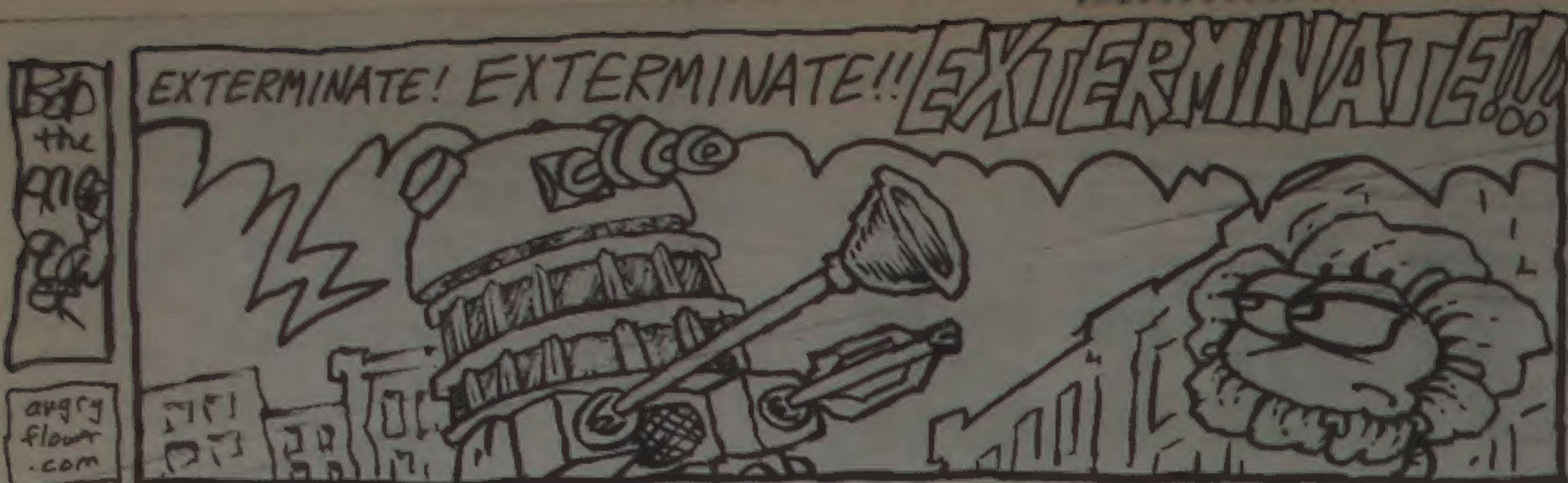
But, hey—who does anything for themselves these days? This is the First World, in the 21st Century, the Age of Indulgence. Those with real class would no sooner get their minds dirty hypnotizing themselves than they'd get their hands dirty fixing their own cars. Sure, they might putter around on weekends, but they leave stop-smoking (and stop-eating, and stop-nailbiting, and stop-crying-themselves-to-sleep-every-night) hypnosis to experts like clinical hypnotherapist Arone Eldan of Change Now Hypnosis.

"We treat causes, not effects," says Eldan, who learned his craft under Mark T. Gilboyne at the Hypnotist Training Institute of Los Angeles. "Hypnosis is different because it actually works with the subconscious mind. The other forms—pills, patches—they rarely work. I get about a 90 per cent cure rate. I was actually trained to work with heroin addicts in Los Angeles."

"What happens is, when you're growing up, smoking is an okay thing to do," he continues. "It's socially acceptable, it's neat; if Dad blows a smoke ring, God, you're hooked. It's magic. That program is in the inner conscious mind, so when you try to quit that program says 'You need it, you want it, it makes you feel good, it makes you relaxed.' So it's very easy to be pulled back to using tobacco again. What we do is we relax [the client] into the alpha level, which is hypnosis, and as the inner consciousness to change the program to 'I don't need it, I don't want it, I'm no longer a smoker.'"

Eldan (who, in addition to being a California-trained hypnotist and having an awesome *Lord of the Rings* name, is also a Master Dowser, in case you get thirsty or need to find your gas line while you kick the habit) offers one-shot treatments for \$155, and warns against charlatans: "Anyone who has to work with someone more than once is ineffective, doesn't know what they're doing."

SEE PAGE 13



06/27/2005—New City

Sharon Jones is sex. Not, you know, that cheap thing we call "sexy," but *sex*. Funk. Sexual sweat, body energy, movement, joy, *soul*. Damn, it's unbelievable what she and her Dap-Kings got done up on that stage, and what they got done down in the crowd. Dance clubs and such are one thing, but when it comes to live shows, no matter how funky, Edmonton dancefloors have a marked tendency to be more like *stand-floors* (zing!), jammed with place-riveted pylons (I know; I'm one too) who paid good money to nod their heads to the beat and maybe sort of subtly twitch their ass a bit. The fact so many hipsters were actually *moving*—not quite gyrating like crazed pagans, but at least showing some spinal flexibility—and grinning rather than bobbing blank-faced is a testament to the feel they were laying down.

She never spoke, you know? It was all singing. Even when she was sending signals for adjusting the sound—which, it needs to be said, was quite poor—she wasn't like, "Can I get some more reverb, please?"; she was "Can I-ah get-ah liddle more o' that REEEverb?" without breaking the groove. Total showmanship. Fantastic! All rhythm, all the time, even when the political material came out.

Now, I wasn't expecting this. I figured on the politics of love and sex, you know? Who's cheating whom, who's a mean man, why so-and-so ought not come 'round no more, how funky it's got to be... that kind of thing. But an anti-Bush spiel delivered with soul-preacher cadence, culminating in a barnburning motherfucker of a jam titled "What If We All Stopped Paying Taxes?" No. That was not foreseen. It was the hottest number in the set up to that point... and was immediately

topped by a searing rendition of Woody Guthrie's folk anthem "This Land Is Your Land." An open incitement to tax revolt and a funkified lefty standard? Mercy! I've since learned these two numbers are to be found on a 7" single, and have realigned my priorities accordingly.

Man, what a good time. This column isn't really the place for show reviews, I guess, but the Sharon Jones show is honestly the best thing I've seen in months. The classic soul-revue structure building up energy and excitement in the crowd, the nonstop groove, the musicianship, the attitude, the pure energy of Sharon's singing, the two funky mini-seminars on the origin and nature of African-American dance... if I'd missed it, I'd had to learn the trick of yogic levitation because both feet would have been busy kicking my own ass—one foot for this show, the other still busy giving me shit for missing Ween. I'd have looked like a guy in some amateur stop-motion video, pretending to "fly." Ridiculous... though I suppose I could *alternate*; whole different set of problems there.

And... what else? Oh, yeah! I tried Molson Kick for the first time that night. It's what they were serving in the Works beer gardens over in Churchill Square. Good thing they offer beer with caffeine, actually, since the combination of the most boring cover band in the universe and the bleak visual field of grey lowest-bidder concrete came close to dropping me into a coma. I guess all I have to say about Kick is that it's like drinking a beer and a coffee, but only getting a beer's worth of bad breath. Quite a breakthrough.

Also, a friend of mine got a warning from the city bylaw department because someone complained about his marvelously monstrous *Mad Max*-style backyard fence. What I want to know is, why isn't there a reverse complaint line? Like a praise line. You'd call in and tell the city when someone was being awesome, and if enough people reverse-complained, an officer would be sent out to give the individual a reverse warning. If they continued in their awesome activities they'd end up getting a reverse ticket, and everyone would go out and get drunk on the city's dime. Call your councilor! Let's do this thing! —DARREN ZENKO

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Thursday July 7.05
THE PINDOLLS, SINCLAIR, THE CALM BEFORE, SECLUDED, BRIGHTOP, SON OF MAN, EXIT 303

Sunday July 10.05
JUNE DUGAN, RADIO FOR HELP, NEVER AFTER, A WORLD ASLEEP, HELDEN, PRESSADO, MERVYN ALBIN

Monday July 11.05
BAKE, PUPPETT, CRYSTAL KID, SIX GUN, SHEGALLA, MODERN DAY GENOCIDE, SUNSET TRIP

Wednesday July 13.05
ROOM WITHOUT A VIEW, LONGWAY DOWN, AFTERTASTE, DEAD KING MOLLOSK, WHITENOD DRIVE, REHEAT THE REMAINS

Thursday July 14.05
PORTAL, AMATYRIA, THE LAST ACT, FACE FIRST, FROM THE GROUND UP, ON CADET, THE NEW VAIN

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Saturday July 23.05





three dollar bill

By RICHARD BURNETT

Rapid-fire round

96 degrees in the shade: Pride season went into overdrive last weekend with mega-parades in Toronto and New York City last weekend. But the other Pride events to watch are those in São Paulo and Jerusalem.

Brazilian authorities estimate more than two million people (including 700,000 tourists) attended São Paulo's May 29 Gay Pride parade along that amazing city's glittering downtown Paulista Avenue. That makes São Paulo's parade the biggest Pride event on the planet. "With this many people showing up, the parade is a major step to strike people's prejudice against gays everywhere," said parade spokesperson Pedro Almeida, underscoring the fact that Brazil, the world's largest Roman Catholic country with a population of 182 million, is also currently undergoing a same-sex marriage revolution.

While São Paulo's parade happened without incident (the city is also bidding for the 2009 OutGames), Pride in Jerusalem—whose Jerusalem Open House organizers were forced by the Israeli government to postpone their World Pride parade from this August to next summer because it would coincide with the Gaza disengagement plan—is challenging the City of Jerusalem in court this week to hold its fourth annual Pride parade.

Mayor Uri Lupolianski, who became the largely conservative city's first haredi mayor two years ago, has said of gays and lesbians, "[They are] the lowest form possible—one who does such a thing ought be tossed down the stairs." But JOH executive director Hagai El-Ad, a longtime friend of this column, insists the parade will go on. The *Jerusalem Post* reports Israeli Interior Minister Ophir Paz-Pines says he will force Lupolianski to hold the Jerusalem Pride March "Love Without Borders" today, June 30, as scheduled.

The parade—which I have no doubt Jesus would walk in were he still alive—is supposed to run from Ben-Yehuda pedestrian mall to Liberty Park. Stay tuned.

The boob tube: Lynda Verroneau, former Joliette cellmate and four-year prison lover of notorious Canadian schoolgirl killer Karla Homolka, told CTV affiliate CFCF that Homolka is a master manipulator able to convince friends and family she's the victim. Verroneau will reveal all she knows in her upcoming tell-all book and says American TV networks are interested. Is anyone surprised Hollywood wants to film yet another lesbian killer movie?

Play ball: It turns out former Montreal Expos outfielder Carl Everett, now with the Chicago White Sox, is a first-class asshole. "Gays being gay is wrong," the deep thinker spouts in the July issue of *Maxim*. "Two women can't produce a

baby, two men can't produce a baby, so it's not how it's supposed to be. I don't believe in gay marriages. I don't believe in being gay."

Everett's anti-gay outburst isn't exactly good PR for the Windy City a year away from Chicago's replacement 2006 Gay Games, which is also battling U.S. national boycotts of Chicago 2006 sponsors the Harris Bank and Kraft Foods. "[Consumers] have a right to say, 'If Kraft insists on sponsoring the Gay Games, I will be compelled to seek alternative brands at the grocery store,'" the Rev. Jerry Falwell stated last week.

Montreal's 2006 OutGames, meanwhile, have announced Québécois icon Diane Dufrense and Montreal's Cirque du Soleil are confirmed for their opening ceremonies. Producer Guy Latraverse, who also produced the opening ceremonies of the 2001 IV Games of La Francophonie, insists he will also sign international entertainers for the opening ceremonies, quelling my fears Montreal 2006 will be a Quebecois circle-jerk. BBCM (famed for their annual Black & Blue circuit party) will also announce later this summer all details and performers for their official Montreal OutGames mega-parties.

The closets of power: In a 1997 column, I outed the then-closeted Parti Québécois cabinet minister and now openly-gay PQ leadership candidate André Boisclair after Montreal gay activists were outraged that the \$20,000 he promised the cash-strapped anti-gaybashing support group Dire Enfin La Violence was several months overdue. Boisclair "officially" came out three years later in the pages of the French alt-weekly *Voir*.

"For me, coming out is a false



debate," Boisclair told *Voir*. "If coming out of the closet means being at peace with your family, friends and colleagues, I did it a long time ago. Besides, I refuse to wear labels imposed on me by others. Liberty also means the freedom to make one's own choices. I will not allow anyone to define my identity or group I belong to. I associate with my friends, my family and Quebec. Not with the gay community. I have never chosen to live in the [gay] community. And I'm not about to begin today."

Go back to Harvard, André. ☹

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Youth employment

Continued from page 2

grow up fast enough without having to worry about getting paid."

ACCORDING TO Alberta Federation of Labour President Gil McGowan, the hospitality industry has publicly said it's having difficulty attracting and retaining employees, but his organization feels the answer to this problem should be to raise wages and make the jobs more enticing, not lower the minimum age required to work them. "Essentially, what they're doing here is creating a new underclass of exploitable workers," says McGowan. "These are kids 12 to 14 years old—they're children, and as a result they don't have the level of maturity and experience to either know their rights or stand up for themselves in the workplace. It's a recipe for exploitation."

"And," he continues, "to tell you the truth, we're not entirely clear why the government chose to make this decision. But what is clear is that there was no demand for these kind of changes coming from kids or parents or the general public—so we're left to assume that this is just response to pressure from the restaurant industry itself."

But is it really even that big of a change? According to Sarah Doyle, a spokesperson for the Department of Human Resources and Employment, this is simply a case of the government streamlining an existing process at the operational level. There has been no major policy change made, she says, adding that she feels the issue has gotten blown way out of proportion. "First of all, it's not a policy change and we need to be clear about that," Doyle explains. "What we've done is take a lot of the paperwork out of a process that was really becoming quite cumbersome. We're not changing anything with the requirements necessary to hire 12- to 14-year-olds, nor are we changing the safety requirements that must be in place or the rules and regulations governing employment standards."

By removing the need for a special permit—the vast majority of which, says Doyle, the department was just rubber-stamping anyhow—the government states it's just eliminating any red tape that was preventing youth already inclined to take on certain employment opportunities. And, as it has been in the past, parental permission is always required.

STILL, THIS OFFERS little comfort to the likes of McGowan, who worries about the implications of introducing



children into the hospitality industry, which he says has historically demonstrated an inability to regulate itself and protect the interests of its own workers. And further, says McGowan, sure, this employment policy may have already been in place for years—but maybe this would be a good time to see if it's one the public even wants around at all.

"Getting rid of all the paperwork that an employer had to do before [to employ a young child] is just greasing the skids," says McGowan. "And what we're afraid is going to happen is that there'll be an increase in the number of 12- and 13-year-olds working in adult jobs, and that increases the chance that these kids will be exploited. I think that it's clear that the vast majority of Albertans would feel uncomfortable with this kind of change."

Martin feels much the same way, and is currently calling for the government to put the change on hold until the public can be properly consulted. "I think the public would be against it," says Martin. "I mean, to most people it doesn't make sense; these kids should be kids—they should be concentrating on their schoolwork. They'll have lots of time in their lives to be worrying about a paycheque."

Doyle, however, makes it clear that the government will be doing no such thing, and the public will have ample opportunity to voice its opinion on the issue during this year's review of Alberta's employment policies. "Frankly, it wouldn't be possible for government to function if every time we wanted to make an operational change there had to be a public debate," she explains. "We have to make decisions at an operational level every day, and probably 99.9 per cent of them go under the radar and business goes on as usual. But I think this issue has caught a lot of attention because people aren't aware that youth aged 12 to 14 were already permitted to work."

"But no," she continues, "I do not see this going on hold so there can be a public debate, because it's an operational change and it's part of our daily business. However, there is going to be an opportunity for Albertans to get their voices heard on all sorts of employment standards issues over the next year, and I think this is an indication that Albertans are going to be more interested in this issue than they have in the past." ☉

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Insane in the memoir-brane

Author explains how his first novel literally drove him crazy in *Nervous System*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

Jan Lars Jensen's *Nervous System or, Losing My Mind in Literature* is a memoir written by a sane man who recalls, with startling clarity, what it felt like to be a crazy person. Jensen wasn't always nuts; back in 1998, he was a happily married man with a steady (if low-paying) job at a small library in Fraser Valley. What's more, his dreams of becoming a published author had finally been realized—his novel *Shiva 3000* had just been purchased by a prestigious American publisher and was set to arrive in bookstores the following summer.

That's when everything started to unravel for him, though. *Shiva 3000*, you see, was a futuristic fantasy inspired by Hindu mythology, with Hindu gods and goddesses serving as some of Jensen's characters. And as the date of publication approached, Jensen became more and more terrified about the possibility that his novel would spark a huge controversy in the Hindu world. After a certain point, Jensen's fears became completely irrational—he didn't just imagine himself the victim of some kind of Salman Rushdie-style death decree; he literally became convinced that his book would touch off an international incident that would eventually lead to nuclear warfare and the end of human life on this planet as we know it. It takes a while for Jensen's friends and colleagues to figure out that he's completely flipped—his publisher attributes Jensen's peculiar behaviour to the jitters of a first-time author, and it's

only after an unsuccessful suicide attempt that his perplexed wife finally realizes that her husband needs to go to a mental hospital.

THAT'S WHERE *Nervous System* begins, and the first section of the book is the most compelling part of Jensen's story. What's so fascinating about Jensen's account of his madness is the utterly calm, matter-of-

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fact way in which he explains everything he did. In his mind, everything he did had a completely rational explanation: in one memorable sequence, for instance, he explains that the reason he spent the night sleeping on the floor in a pool of moonlight by the window was because he knew that there were gunmen looking for him outside the building, and so to make sure they didn't shoot any innocent people, he decided to give them a clear shot at him. To the outside world, he looked crazy; inside his mind, he was bravely risking his life to save the other patients.

There's certainly a messianic streak to Jensen's delusions, but isn't an inability to put your own fears and neuroses in the proper perspective one of the definitions of insanity? Jensen brings a droll sense of humour to this aspect of his story—the grim joke that he truly believed the world was about to end because of his book, which hardly anybody even bothered to buy. (Forget about the Hindus; even the reviewers were largely indifferent to it.) There's a frightening yet undeniably comical scene where Jensen sends his wife an e-mail containing instructions for containing the damage he believes his novel will cause—only to worry that the people of the future would see him as the Devil and do precisely the opposite of what he wants them

to. "I didn't dare delete the e-mail," he writes. "I decided the most honest option was to state my lack of certainty in a second e-mail.... But maybe this would cause a rift between two rival camps that arose in the new civilization, each side disputing the validity of the other's sacred e-mail, and a horrible conflict would arise out of that, too! I didn't know!"

NOW, I DON'T WANT TO cause a similarly apocalyptic conflict between rival book reviewers, but I feel I have to address the bizarre pan of *Nervous System* in last week's issue of *SEE Magazine* by Dana McNairn, whose hostile attitude toward Jensen's description of his recovery from mental illness can only be described as Scientological in its fury. (McNairn seems outraged by the very notion that Jensen credits the drug Xanax with correcting the

chemical imbalance that sent him off his rocker—as if a real man should have been able simply to will himself sane again.)

McNairn regards the book as nothing but an ego trip, a ploy from a desperate writer to get back in print after the commercial failure of his debut novel. But I don't see anything calculated or self-aggrandizing about this book at all—when a writer undergoes a fascinating, dramatic, emotional experience like the one Jensen did, isn't it natural for him to want to write about it? And isn't it lucky that Jensen was able to capture the whole ludicrous, scary story as lucidly and honestly as he has here? And who cares if *Shiva 3000* didn't sell well? Most midlist literary novels don't! Is that any reason to question Jensen's motives for writing his second book?

Call me crazy, but I think *Nervous*



System is a terrific, compelling memoir that brought me as close to mental illness as I ever hope to get. ⑦

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Smoking ban

Continued from page 5

less clear. Without a back door for people to huddle around, the Savoy is left struggling to find a way to accommodate their smoking patrons without blocking the doorway or the busy corner of Whyte and 104 Street. "As far as the smoking ban itself, I mean, I could care less, and I think the whole Savoy staff is really behind it," says Dimitriou, as server Jody Glenham nods in agreement.

"I guess we're just going to go with the flow and see what works," continues Dimitriou with a shrug. "We talked about what we were going to do about a month ago about doing some preparation—how are we going to accommodate smokers outside, or even how we're going to put smokers outside, because the ban says people have to be four metres away from the door. There have been some preliminary thoughts about putting smokers around the corner, but I don't know."

But figuring out how to put smokers outside, Dimitriou says, is only the start of their problems; once on the street, there's an increased chance that patrons could slip away without paying their tabs—or worse, that they'll start causing shit on what is already a highly shit-prone street. "On a busy Friday or Saturday night we all know that Whyte Ave is not, you know, safe," he says. "There's a lot of fights already on the Ave, and this might make it more likely with all the traffic."

An interesting point—and one the

Edmonton Police Service says they really haven't bothered to give much thought to. "You know, it's funny you bring it up, because I raised that question about a week ago, and we haven't really touched it yet," explains Constable Patrick Hannas of the Strathcona department. "With Canada Day being what it is, Whyte Ave beat officers are just swamped with direction there, so right now, we're just treating [the smoking ban] as though it's no big deal, and we'll get to it when we get to it. If problems arise, we'll deal with them."

And besides, says Hannas, the violent situations that already explode regularly outside Whyte's late-night pizza and donair places are probably far worse than anything that may be caused by a few extra bodies out on the sidewalk having a smoke. "With people smoking outside, I'm imagining it'll be the same size group of people all night—they'll finish smoking, they'll go back in," he says. "Compared with what you see at Chicago Deep Dish at three in the morning when you've got 40 or so severely intoxicated, angry, crazy men... I mean, you've gotta see that. You can just sit out there in the police car and watch them; it's like a TV show."

SO WITH THE CITY feeling well prepared, and the bars and police service eager and almost totally prepared to make this ban happen as smoothly as possible, it seems that the rest is up to, well, the rest of Edmonton. For Michelle Kees, a former smoker ("except for the one I

just had") sitting at the end of the bar at the Dog with friend Angela Thachuk, the smoke-free atmosphere is going to take a little getting used to. "Well, I just quit a month ago, so I'm kind of looking forward to it a little bit," starts Kees. "Actually, can I take that back? I'm not. I like coming to the bar and smelling smoke. Because then I don't have to smoke."

Thachuk agrees that she'll miss the atmosphere, adding she hopes it'll help her kick the habit. "I think it'll change my bar-going habits a bit, yeah," she says. "I just moved here from Vancouver, so I'm not used to being able to smoke inside—and that's what was so nice about coming back to Alberta. But if I don't successfully quit, I guess I'd probably end up staying home a hell of a lot more."

"I guess we don't have much of a choice," adds Kees. "And I mean, if it's worked everywhere else, it'll work here."

Despite all these preparations both mental and physical, whether or not Edmonton's smoking ban will ultimately prove successful remains to be seen, and it will surely continue to be a issue both hotly debated and carefully reviewed. But in the meantime, according to Dimitriou, people might as well just get used to it. "You know," he says, "it's just a sign of the times, and people are going to have to deal with it; it's just going to happen."

"I mean, if Ireland can do it, and New York can do it, and L.A. and the rest of California can do it, I'm sure that Edmonton, Alberta can do it too." ☺

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BY CHRISTOPHER WIEBE

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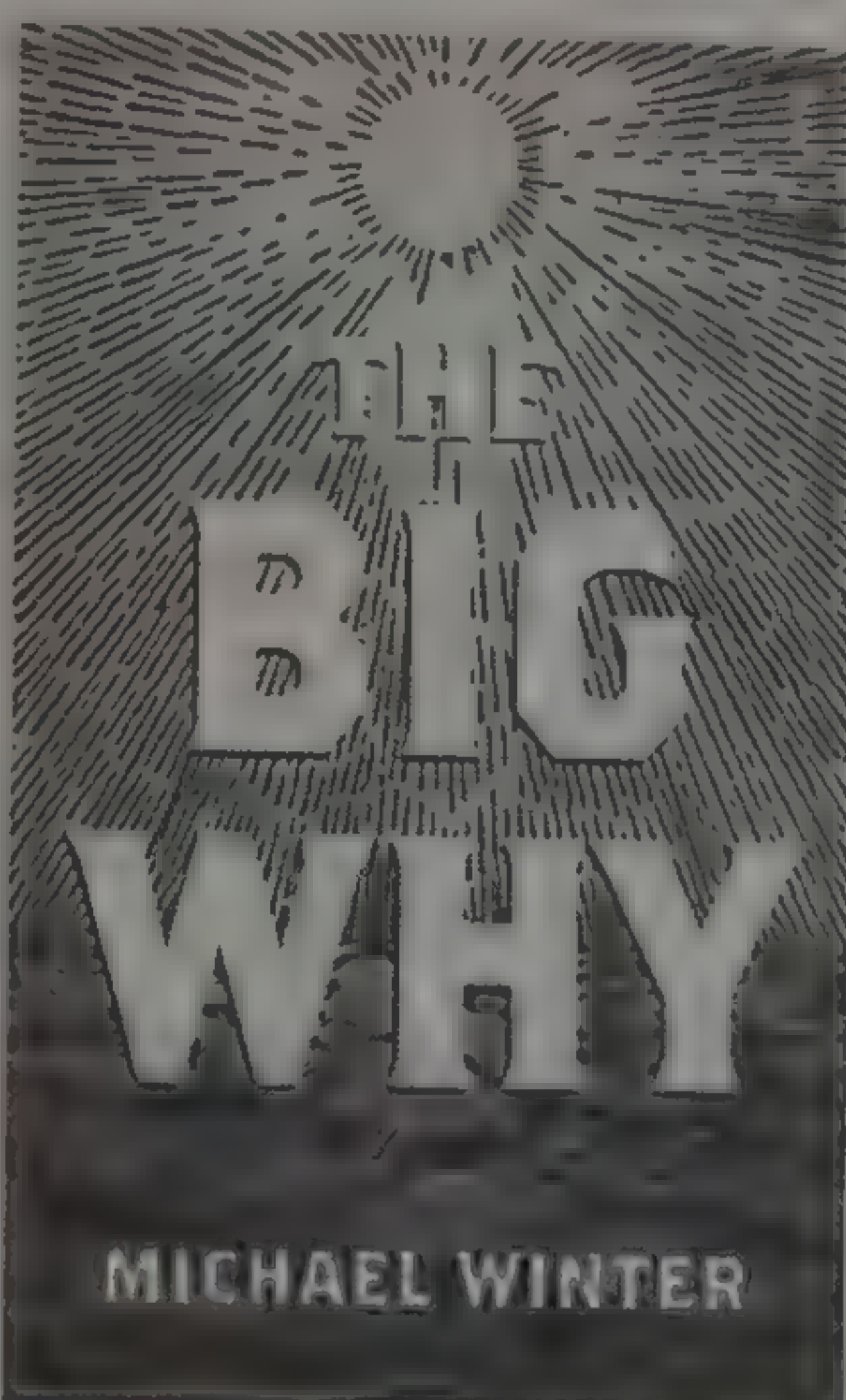
Of all the "new faces" and vaunted "stars" who have emerged in Canadian fiction over the past 10 years, perhaps the most consistently exciting and original one has been novelist and short story writer Michael Winter, who currently divides his time between St. John's and Toronto. His four books of fiction, to put it a bit reductively, emphasize the deep exploration of character rather than carefully resolved plots, and often circle around the confused and underexamined netherworld of male sexuality. And appropriately, there is a sinuous muscularity to his prose, the language has a chiseled and efficient poise, animated by ripples of baroque energy. The stories in his collections *Creaking in Their Skins* (1994) and *One Last Good Look* (1999) probe the miscommunications and inadequacies that creep into the relationships between men and women, often in clipped and dramatic dialogue. There is a winning combination of tough, outdoorsy masculinity and its "effete," geekish opposite in both Winter's choice of subject and way of telling.

Books need time to sink in, and so if you write book reviews long enough, you'll live to regret many of the petty judgments conceived and published on the fly. In a review of Winter's first novel *This All Happened* (2001), an acutely observed and very funny year-long journal of writer Gabriel English and his large circle of St. John's friends, I groused that English himself remained opaque. I was wrong. I didn't recognize that English's inability to see himself on a fundamental level was part of the way in which the novel achieved its remarkable verisimilitude. "A novel should be told by the voice of an authority," English writes, "but yet a voice that is still discovering the meaning of what the story is." In the end, *This All Happened*, with its raft of drifting thirtysomething characters and its gritty yet diaphanous style, has grown to be a work of fiction that keeps recurring in my thoughts.

Winter's exhilarating new "historical" novel *The Big Why*, published a few months back, shares some of the texture and cadence of *This All Happened* (in fact, in a neat piece of intertext, the first novel mentions the subject of the second). Both books have narrators who alternate between introspection and self-deception, between being sensitively responding to those around them and taking them utterly for granted. *The Big Why* pivots around Rockwell Kent, an American artist and socialist most commonly associated today with the Social Realists and muralists of the 1920s and '30s. Written in Kent's voice, the book follows him through the 16 months in 1914-15 when he and his family relocated to Brigus, Newfoundland. Kent, then 30 years old, wanted to escape

the artistic rivalries and erotic temptations of New York, but also discover "new" land and subjects with which to infuse his art. "How to make a name," Kent wonders, "when it seemed we had come to the end of things. Abstraction was the avant-garde, and I loathed it. An abstract painting is like a cat that ignores you and says, smugly, I am the reason for living."

And so, fuelled by the encouragement of famed arctic explorer Bob Bartlett, Kent moves to the small town of Brigus. Outwardly self-confident and quick with ruggedly patriarchal self-justifications, he initially charms the locals but soon rankles them when his big-city colours inadvertently show through. With the outbreak of war, his painting and independent income draw speculation that he is a German spy, and he and his family are forced to return to America. *The Big Why* marvelously captures the presumptuous nature of Kent's trip, and the agonized moralizing as he tries to remain faithful to his long-suffering wife. It is also a vivid chronicle of Newfoundland outport life (like Ondaatje, Winter is inter-



ested in examining work), including the horrible dangers of the spring seal fishery, and the compressed, subtle language of the landscape and the sea. And then there is the wry humour, as when a horn "sounds like a tongue depressor stuck up a cormorant's ass" or when ravenous dogs smash through the windows of a Labrador church and eat every leather object, down to the hymnal covers.

When I read through Rockwell Kent's 1930 memoir *N by E*, I recognized that details, outlines, even something of the timbre of Kent's writing had made their way into *The Big Why*. But Winter has made these materials emphatically his own. He has crafted a very loose kind of historical novel (not unlike Douglas Glover's *Elle*) wherein the historical record is understood as a point of departure, an elastic space within which to imagine, enter into and possess the distant past. Kent claims in *The Big Why* that art should be "full of sex, in a surrounding different from your own, and imbued with an unexpected intelligence. And there should be something unscripted in it." I would likewise identify surprise, sensuality and intelligence as hallmarks of Winter's fiction. With his latest novel, he once again proves himself to be a uniquely gifted observer of both place and human nature. ☐

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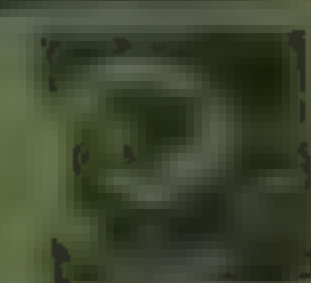
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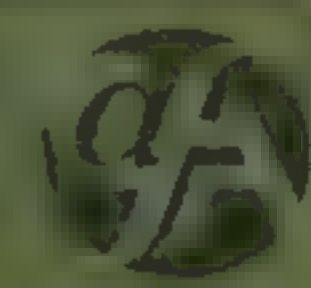
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Quitting smoking

Continued from page 5

More toward the sci-fi end of things is laser therapy. Now, we can all agree laser beams are wicked awesome... but how does a laser take out the Demon Weed? I imagined neural microsurgery, a hair-thin lance of hot light turning the neurons responsible for shoving the daily pack of Player's Lights into your lungs into wisps of smoke themselves (very poetic), or maybe, more fantastically, a spaceman holding a raygun to your head, threatening to do you *Mars Attacks!*-style if you dare to light up. Turns out, it's more like high-tech acupuncture.

"It's a non-surgical laser," says Holly Edwards of Affinity Laser Therapy Centres, "and it's combined with electro-stimulation of the 'reflex points' or acupuncture points on the face and hands. What it does is alleviate craving and withdrawal symptoms by increasing your natural endorphins in your body, your feel-good chemicals. So it's your body using itself to heal itself."

"It still requires people to be committed to it and want to quit," cautions Edwards, whose treatments run about 250 bucks for an initial session and scheduled booster shots, "but with regard to the actual treatment itself, I would say 95 per cent of my clients experience almost 100 per cent alleviation of craving and withdrawal symptoms within the first 24 hours."

That's an impressive claim, but not everybody trying to quit is going to be comfortable with something as spacey as being zapped on the face and hands by a one-two punch of laserbeam and electroshock. Some of us want... *earthier* solutions. That's where Dr. Radka Ruzicka of Living Energy Natural Health Centre comes in, with a alchemical cabinet full of herbs and tinctures tailored to help detox the nic-fits out of you.

"There are some herbs we use to help people quit," says Ruzicka. "They're all respiratory support herbs; they help the body to do a little bit of cleansing—but as far as I know there's no specific herb that I can say, 'Here, take this and it'll make you stop smoking.'"

"When I'm working with somebody to help them to quit smoking—or anything addictive for that matter—it's an overall approach," she continues. "There's support from a nutritional level, from an herbal level... and of course there's that whole mindset too; they're used to doing something with their hands. So there's a little bit of counseling. Some people need a little bit of extra help to mentally get them through that ability to give up cigarettes. Frankly, if someone says, 'Yeah, take my pills and you'll quit smoking in a week,' I say, 'Yeah, whatever.'"

The idea that a treatment is just one part of an overall lifestyle solution is echoed by Affinity Laser's Edwards, and the whole exercise starts to feel a bit like a Saturday-

morning cereal commercial—Cocoa Puffs are "part of a complete breakfast" as long as you're also getting milk, juice, eggs and toast. If you straightened out your diet, kept yourself hydrated, rationalized your sleeping schedule, got plenty of exercise and took up a stimulating hobby, would you still need the rayguns and homeopathic tinctures? Maybe; the psychological forces unleashed when you sink good money into something are powerful indeed. This is a central idea of classic psychotherapy, and the reason the shrinks in Woody Allen movies can afford those posh Manhattan townhouses.

STILL, there's alternative therapy and then there's *alternative* therapy—punk-rock, street-level DIY solutions. Take Curtis Ross, mastermind behind the wicked electro/funk project Bebop Cortez. When he set out to kick the habit, he sunk his therapy dollars into two key therapeutic aids: an Xbox and a copy of *Grand Theft Auto*.

"I bought the Xbox last summer because I was quitting and had the urge to kill people," says Ross, "so I would kill people in videogames. I haven't had a cigarette since then. The day I bought it, I quit smoking; I killed a lot of people. It was really satisfying to get up on the roof of a building and snipe people's heads off every time I felt like having a cigarette."

"I don't know who else it might work for, but it totally worked for me." ☺



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DISH



The eclectic Chair

Blue Chair Café finds room at the table for delicious food from all around the world

By IAIN ILICH

The menu at Blue Chair Café is the culinary equivalent of world music, in that it's sort of a catchall for a wide assortment of cuisines, offering dishes from Thailand, the Caribbean, Central America, Brazil and even something that hails from Germany. Go figure.

While the outside isn't much to look at, the inside tells a different story. The Blue Chair's décor could

best be described as *groovy*, what with the dangling frosted-glass lamps, the art-covered walls and what I'm positive were converted church pews—complete with orange upholstery—that had been creatively turned into bench seating. There was even a stage up front (with a blue chair), which apparently plays host to a wide range of live music on Saturday nights during the summer

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months. It was quiet on the Sunday night when my wife and I paid a visit, which was just fine by us.

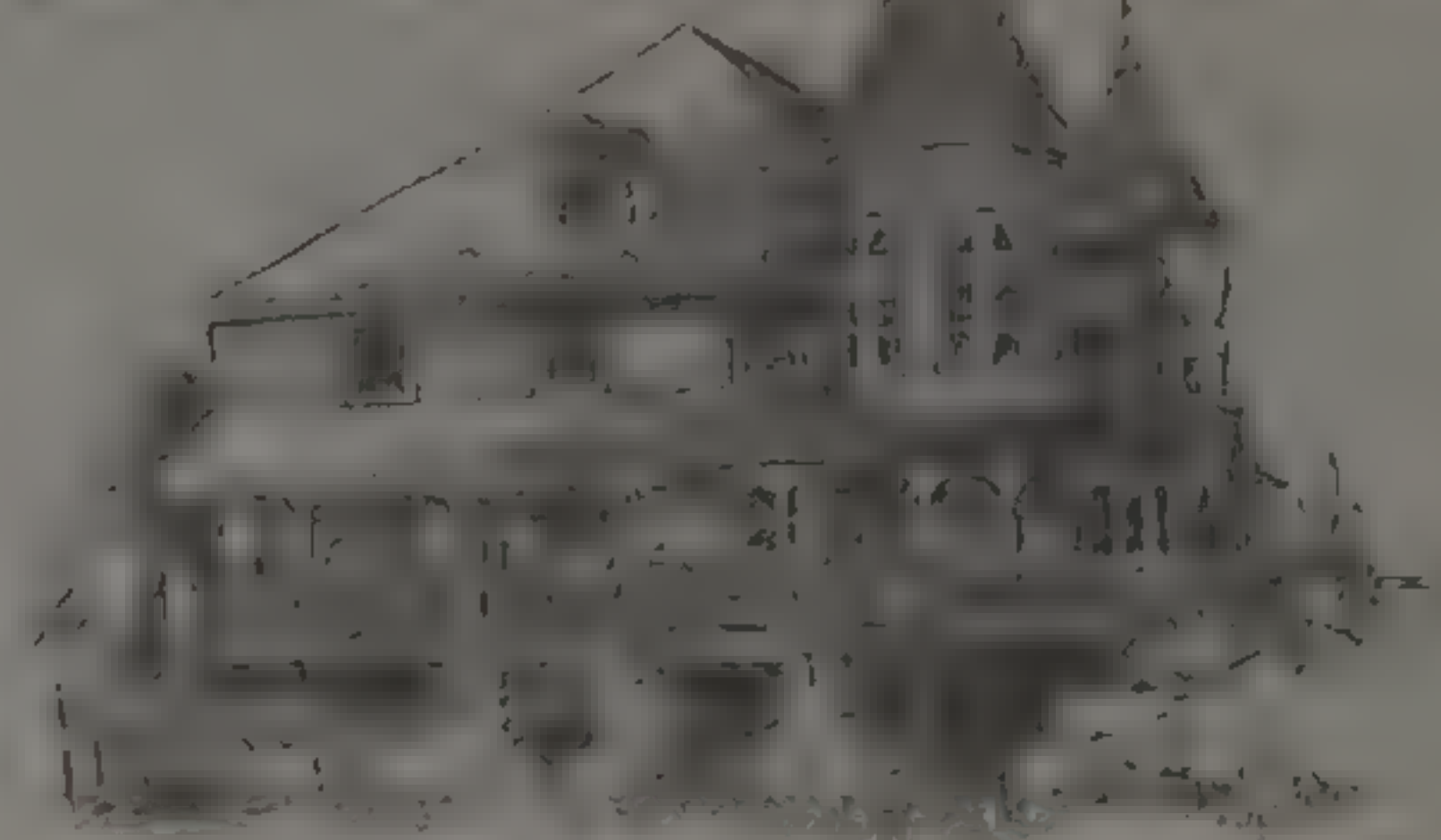
But back to the menu, which was the star of the show. There was a vegetarian green mango curry that sounded fantastic, though we were

warned beforehand by our server, who also happened to be the owner, that it was the only dish unavailable that evening. No worries, though. There was still plenty to choose from, and in the end we wound up settling for a couple of meaty dishes. My wife picked the Curried Goat (\$17), which combined two of her favourite foods, curry and goat, and was served with rice, a roti and some okra. With Simpsons-inspired visions of meat on a sword, I picked the 8 oz. Brazilian-style Churasco BBQ beef (\$18), which involved a special marinade with lime juice and salt.

For starters, my wife picked the spring mix salad (\$6, with a raspberry-maple vinaigrette), while I thought I'd try something a bit more exotic. The Salad Wraps (\$9, a mix of veggies and fruit, served with a homemade spicy peanut sauce) sounded particularly appealing, so I ordered a plate of those. To drink instead of an imported beer that had traveled thousands of kilometres to arrive in our glasses (or even a Big Rock, which had travelled a few hundred), we decided to split a pitcher of Alley Kat's smooth and delicious Amber Ale (\$13), which, between the kegging line at the brewery and the pint glasses at our table, had traveled somewhere in the neighbourhood of 20 city blocks. The meal may have been global, but at least the brew was local.

THE APPETIZERS were quite good from my wife's small but adequate serving of salad (she liked it), to the salad rolls, which were, to say the least, pretty funky-looking, wrapped in a gooey rice paper shell and cut in a sushi sort of way to expose the colourful innards. The owner informed us that the contents of the salad rolls can vary depending on what was on hand in the kitchen at any given time, though the main components in ours

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seemed to be stringy rice noodles (vermicelli), bean sprouts, carrots and red peppers. The peanut sauce was very good, and just spicy enough for comfort.

Seeing as how we had the whole place to ourselves—and therefore the whole kitchen to ourselves too—our main course didn't take long to arrive. My wife's goat curry was piled high on one side of her bowl/plate, with rice and the roti on the other side. While my wife kept the goat to herself, she broke off a piece of her roti for me, which, I'll admit, tasted nothing like what I thought it would. Instead of the typical naan bread/flour tortilla hybrid that I'm used to, the Blue Chair's version was sort of like a flattened croissant, with a buttery, flaky texture. It was sinfully good.

My Brazilian Churasco beef did not, unfortunately, arrive on a sword. (If only....) Still, the flavour was all there, with two sizeable slabs of beef dripping with meaty juices and fresh lime marinade, and the telltale grill marks from their fiery encounter with the BBQ. The meat was tender and not in the least bit dry, and the side dishes (plain rice, a "pico de gallo" salad, and a serving of tasty seasoned beans) went well with the light, limey flavour of the beef.

We were both fairly full after our main dishes, though since we were in no particular hurry, we thought we'd each sample something from the dessert menu. Always eager to dig into something chocolatey, my wife jumped at the chance to try their chocolate mousse (\$5, made with Callebaut chocolate, so you know it's got to be good), which she proclaimed to be her favourite chocolate mousse ever (and that's quite the praise, coming from her). I picked the baklava (also \$5), which was some of the best baklava I've ever encountered. It was served nice and hot, with plenty of honey, nuts and crisp phyllo pastry. Like the roti earlier on, it had a wonderfully buttery taste. Yum!

After we finished our desserts, we chatted with the owner for a while, sharing stories of past trips to far-away places. When we'd finished the last of our beer, we settled the bill, which had come to an entirely reasonable \$73 before tax and tip. Needless to say, our round-the-world dinner at the Blue Chair cost substantially less than a round-the-world plane ticket, and the service was leaps and bounds better than you'd find on any airline. In short, it was a trip well worth making. ♡

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Splendor in the Lemongrass

Asian restaurant is
setting for satisfying
Father's Day feast

By CHRISTOPHER THRALL

This year, I spent my first Father's Day in memory with my Dad. It's been 28 years since my mom loaded my sister and me into a yellow VW and brought us to Edmonton. We stayed in contact with Pops, but school and work always prevented a June visit. This year, however, he had retired and we held additional leverage: his granddaughter. He drove out from Dauphin, Manitoba with his wife and our baby's great-grandmother, so we celebrated at the **Lemongrass Café**.

The Lemongrass Café is a bright, open Vietnamese restaurant decorated in eggplant and celery. Glass bricks emphasize retro trendiness, while deliberate pieces of Asian art connect the space to its heritage. When my sister arrived, bleary-eyed from two weeks of nonstop partying, we decided to order some appetizers before we fainted away from hunger.

In university, I learned that lighting a cigarette was the best way to summon your bus. The same principle applies to dining: the rest of your party invariably arrives immediately after you order just enough for the people seated. The resulting single pot of jasmine tea (\$5.10), six-piece order of spring rolls (\$5.95) and four-piece order of salad rolls (\$5.95) was laughably insufficient for the hungry group of eight.

By hip-checking my grandmother out of the way, I managed to snatch a half of each type of roll before they vanished. The spring roll was one of the best I've ever tasted: a hot, crunchy tidbit tightly packed with shrimp and pork goodness. The steamed salad roll was stuffed to nearly bursting, its contents fresh

and delicious, if a little heavy on the basil. Rich hoisin peanut sauce was an outstanding accent and I enjoyed more than my share.

As our friendly waiter rushed to get more tea cups and menus, we bent to the task of choosing our meals. Only two of our party decided to "go it alone" with their own meal combinations, while the rest of us strategized for that perfect balance of delicacies to share. With most dishes around the \$10 mark, the menu was reasonably priced and boasted ample selection. As soon as anyone announced their choice, everyone would flip to it and "Oooh..." over the decision. (Our 14-month-old

aroma of my sister's sizzling curry seafood and vegetable dish (\$16.95) both attracted attention from around the room. The curry was a little strong for me, but I loved snatching entire tentacles off the platter and savouring their chewy texture.

Despite some superb options, my choice was the most popular: luscious chunks of chicken, apple and mango basked in a thick red curry sauce (\$11.95) that was less spicy than the seafood sizzler. The fruit's sweetness balanced the mild spiciness perfectly. Don't take my word for it, though: it was the first entrée completely devoured by my voracious family.

As with any Asian feast, however, the most exquisite morsels were the final bites of rice at the bottom of my bowl. Sauces and remnants too small for easy chopsticking had steeped throughout the meal, and the intense flavours combined for an experience that very nearly transcended worldly desire. My only regret was the absence of a spin-and-sample turntable. Not only did I have to keep asking for dishes to be passed, but they always ended up in the middle of our table where I was out of the post-dinner nibbling loop.

Gradually, two by two, chopsticks hit the table and our group let out a collective sigh of contentment. Each of us ended up chipping in \$17.50 including tax and tip. The only person shortchanged on the deal was my dad, whose contribution covered his \$9.25 combo and subsidized my sister's \$16.95 platter (Happy Father's Day!) I managed to smuggle the leftovers home, guaranteeing myself two days of spectacular, fragrant lunches. "There was nothing I didn't enjoy," my stepmother declared. Maelyn, wreathed with vermicelli noodles and a huge grin, obviously agreed. ♡

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VIETNAMESE

daughter Maelyn got into that part most enthusiastically, saying "Oooh..." whenever anyone else did.) Through the large window to the kitchen, I watched the burst of activity when our order hit.

I WAS QUICKLY SWEEPED INTO conversation and it seemed only moments before the first dishes arrived. My aunt's dish was first to arrive: an unbelievable spicy coconut sauce coated thin, tender strips of lemongrass beef and thick slices of onion for a sweet and spicy treat! This was going to be great. Dad's individual meal of savoury charbroiled lemongrass chicken (\$9.25) on a bed of rice looked tasty, but I was glad I had ordered something to share.

I swiped a lemongrass prawn and some chicken from two vermicelli bowls (\$9.95 each) that passed by. I didn't bother much with the noodles themselves, relying on our pot of fluffy white rice (\$2.50) for my base. Lemon chicken (\$10.95) was popular, though the meat was a little tough. Its breeding was tasty and it swam in a tart, gooey sauce that had just the right amount of zest. The sound and

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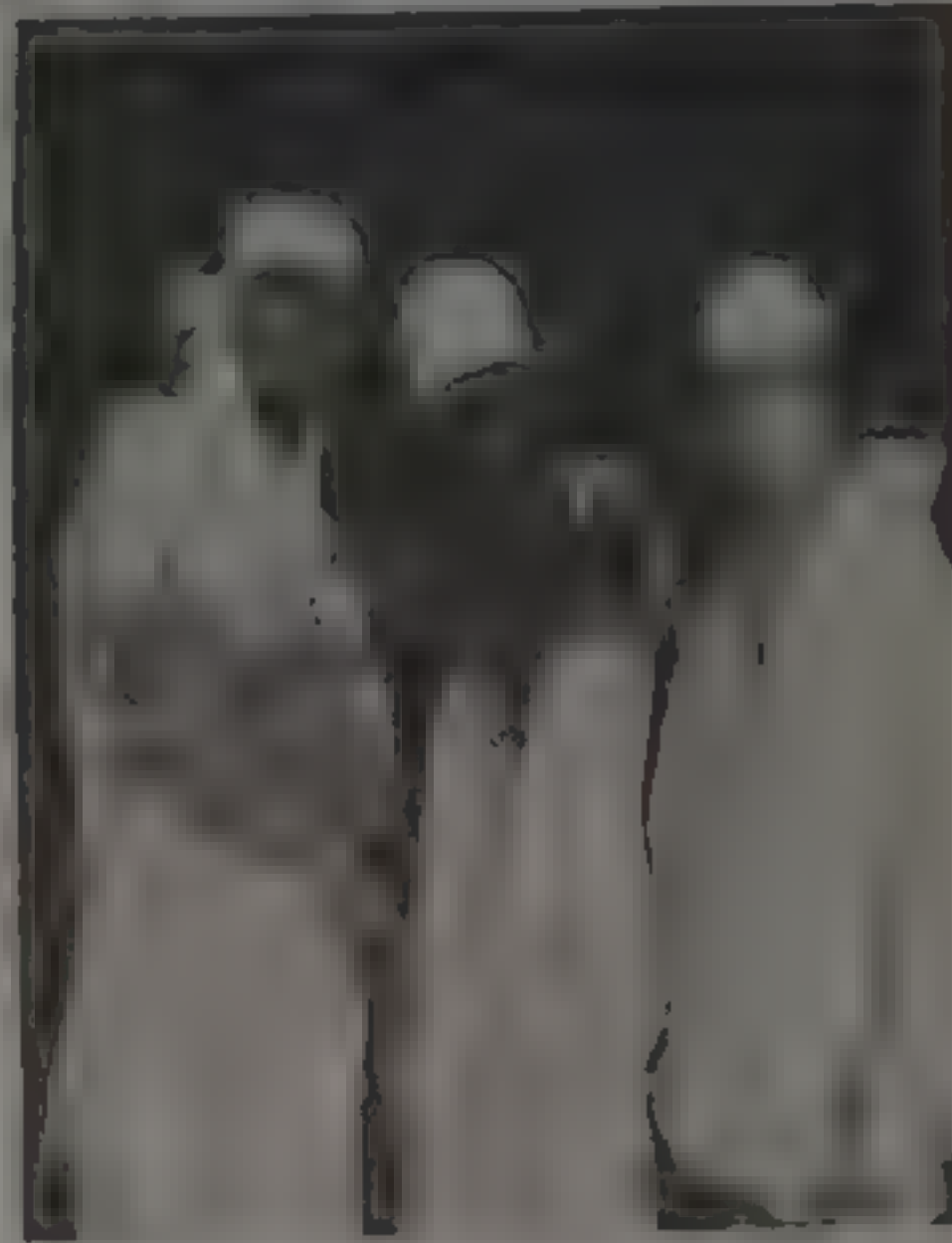
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K-OS

puts his life in order

Canada's number-one rap export plans temporary withdrawal from music scene

By DAVID BERRY

A couple Sundays ago, on June 19, Canadian rap kingpin K-os (born Kheaven Brereton) added four MuchMusic Video Awards to an already impressive list of credentials, most notably a 2003 *Source* Award for Best International Album. The awards pretty much cemented K-os's position as the grandmaster of Canadian hip hop, fanning the flames of the only rap fire that anyone seems to pay attention to beyond our borders (though, it should be noted, that's a pretty fair way to treat most of Canada's hazy hip-hop scene).

And though being the international representative of an entire country's scene is a remarkable enough feat in and of itself, it's made all the more interesting by K-os's unassuming musical beginnings. "I actually started my whole musical career with singing," he says with a hint of nostalgia. "I was a 10-year-old kid singing and playing my grandmother's melodica. Actually, it was a lot of circumstances and coincidences like that that led to who I was. The two biggest ones were that melodica my grandmother had and my dad's extensive, sick record collection. I hooked up with a few hip-hop kids who had samplers, and I

just started making beats and started rapping, but I definitely started with music at first. I was a singer—a little kid in a bedroom singing a song."

Fortunately for us, that little kid with a melodica has gone on to some big things in hip hop, including two albums—*Exit* and last year's *Joyful Rebellion*—that rank among the best rap to ever emerge from Canada. And while those two efforts have led some to call him a vanguard figure in hip hop, K-os claims he's making a different kind of music entirely: soul music. "Your soul is original, it's unique, it's your own," he says. "It's not anyone

PREVIEW HIP HOP


else's. Your soul is yours, and I can feel it; my soul is mine, and you can feel it, and music should come from your soul. It shouldn't come from your mind, or what you see on TV, or you trying to duplicate what another man's soul has in it. It doesn't mean that you won't find camaraderie, and you won't sound like someone else; it just means that when someone listens to you, they're hearing you. What my soul led me to do was to not just do hip hop, or this, that and the third, or to bang on drum machines. It made me want to pick up a guitar, it made me want to play the organ, it made me want to do all these things. I'm just expressing from my soul.

"I think that's why I say soul music," he continues. "No one would use that term anymore—music isn't about soul anymore; it's

about thinking."

THAT MIGHT BE part of the reason why, despite his accolades, K-os tends to get tired of music. Though he did return, he had long claimed that *Exit* was going to be his "first and last" album, and though he's not going so far as to say he's calling it quits, he does want to give the music industry a rest for a little while.

"I said that about *Exit* probably because I felt like how I feel now, which is I'm bored, and nothing inspires me," he says. "I want to be more reflective—I really am just a basement, bedroom kind of guy. I'm going to take that time to write, maybe literature or films. I want to try a different type of art and challenge myself. The fact that—well, I'm not saying I'm so good at music, but I pretty much have a formula that I've figured out, and that makes it kind of boring.

"That creative process needs to happen for me to be an alive artisan," he continues. "I need to feel that I'm not doing things up to par so I can go back and try again. And I feel that when I'm winning awards all the time and stuff like that, and people give me all these accolades, it can sort of kill you a little bit, because you start losing ambition. And I have for music, for sure, so I'm just going to shift the focus. But I'm not going to say, 'Oh, I'm done with albums.' I'll just say, 'Okay, I'm going to try a different kind of art. Maybe that will be interesting.'" 

K-OS

Show Conference Centre • Thu, July 7

Lords of the new search

Could one of these aspiring bands prevail in this year's lucrative Rock Search?

By PHIL DUPERRON

Local promoter Michael Dilts has always been committed to drawing attention to the well of untapped talent our city has to offer. So last year he organized Stripped Down, a massive battle of the bands, with the aim of giving one of Edmonton's many unsigned but talented bands a fighting chance in the competitive music industry. "Essentially I was trying to find a way to focus attention on Edmonton and the indie music scene," he says, "and find a way to get an Edmonton band signed—and I'm hoping that it will. There are some Edmonton signed bands but I'm trying to get the next big one."

While last year's competition was by all accounts a success and the winner, Marble Engine, is currently making its way up the industry ladder, the Molson Canadian Rock Search will be an even huger affair. With more than \$170,000 in prizes up for grabs—including a music video from Intraxx, recording time at BlackBox Studios and song rotation on 100.3 The Bear—the competition drew more than 200 hopeful bands from across Canada and even a few from the States. On-line judging through www.thesoundradio.com (where show details are also posted) cut the field down to 64 acts and attracted so many armchair judges in the process that the site briefly crashed. "We completely underestimated the number of people who were interested," says Dilts. "It was pretty successful."

During the nine-night live portion of the event, hosted by Bear DJs Yukon Jack and Park Warden, each band will get about 20 minutes onstage to put their game face on and blow away the competition. The 12 finalists will be chosen by the crowd and a panel of local judges. (The public voting will be controlled by computer to ensure everyone only votes once for their first, second and third favourite band. "We don't let you leave the terminal until you've voted for three people," says Dilts.)

Dilts is flying in a panel of producers, A&R reps and booking agents to help judge the final round and offer the aspiring rock stars some advice on how to make it big. Even though only one band will walk away with the big prize, everyone who gets this far in the competition will gain valuable experience, a paying gig at Red's and some recording time, making it well worth their time even if first prize eludes them. "It's huge for all the bands that make

it in," says Dilts. "Next year our goal is \$500,000 in prizes and selling out 1,000 tickets every night."

Although half the bands that made it in are from the Edmonton area, a few are coming from as far away as Toronto. Most of them play some form of rock, from indie to metal, but offbeat genres like jazz and funk are also represented. Here are a few acts who stick out from the pack and will definitely be worth checking out.

FIVE STAR AFFAIR (Tue, July 5)

This young Calgary five-piece plays a booty-shakin' mix of ska and funk with powerful harmonies and a throbbing horn section. "We're just doing our own thing and we're just making our own sound," says bassist/singer Jessie Robertson. "Definitely you're not gonna hear another band like us playing at the competition. I think we strive for that original feeling in our stage presence and the kind of songs we

PREVIEW BATTLE!

play—you're just not gonna see another band like us. So I hope that the judges are looking for something that's totally original and committed and about having fun and getting the audience going. We like to stand out, we don't like to blend in. We want everybody to turn and go, 'Who are these guys?' 'cause it's not something they've heard."

ROOM WITHOUT A VIEW (Fri, July 15)

Hailing from the southern Ontario town of Chatham, these guys play catchy and powerful modern punk with enough flair and intensity to win despite playing half a country away from their home crowd. Singer Rick Antaya hopes the element of surprise and a rockin' attitude will be enough to pull them through. "We've never been out west," he says. "We've been up and down Ontario and we do great here. So we were like, 'You know what? We could use \$170,000 of free stuff.' We have a van and a trailer, so we said, 'Fuck it, let's do it. Let's get out there and steal the prize right out from under all those Alberta bands'—in the nicest way possible."



SIX GUN

(Mon, July 11)

Edmonton's answer to Judas Priest, these young lads are bringing '80s metal back in a big way—nothing nü, rap, black or extreme about it. At the launch party they stuck out like an oozing herpes sore with their bullet belts and long, greasy hair amidst a sea of expensive-looking tri-coloured hairdos. And they don't mince words about what they'll bring to the competition. "I hate those emo b***hes more than they hate themselves!" reads their entry on www.thesoundradio.com. "We are here to clean up the music industry and destroy crappy Nickelback cover bands, as well as the stupid skater punk ass losers who think they are hardcore! Your metal hymen is about to be broken!"

THE OMEGA THEORY (Sat, July 16)

Combining elements of funk, punk and rock with esoteric mathematical theory, this local foursome will shake things up with a little musical blast from the past. "I think we're gonna be pretty hard to beat just because our sound is really different," says singer/guitarist Matt Misenas. "Every other band says they're different, but we have an original sound that's retro in that all of our creative roots are from bands like Sly and the Family Stone and Jimi Hendrix and stuff like that. I think we need to bring more of that sort of thing to the table as opposed to some of the more modern bands. Not that it's bad that people are influenced by modern bands and whatnot, but I think the golden age of music was back in the day and we should totally get back to that." ☉

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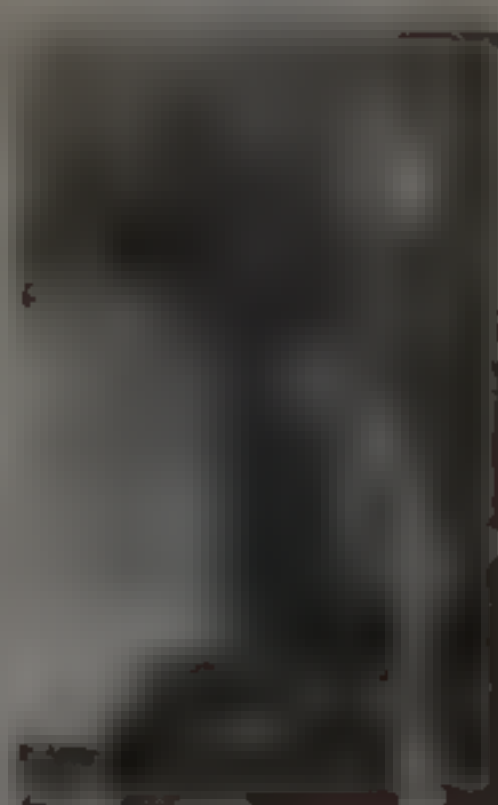
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MUSIC



music notes

BY PHIL DUPERRON
AND ROSS MOROZ

Who would have funk'd it?

The Omega Theory • With Portal, My Sister Ocean and A World Asleep • Cowboys • Sat, July 2 Since its heyday in the '70s, funk has, with the notable exceptions of Fishbone, early Chili Peppers and the irrepressible George Clinton, largely been relegated to hip-hop samples and adult film soundtracks. This phenomenon is not lost on Matteo Misenas, frontman of local funk-rock outfit the Omega Project—although he maintains his music has a lot more substance than the *Deep Throat* soundtrack.

"If you listen to our stuff," he says, "it's not like just a constant 'wacka-chikka wacka-chikka.' There's still a good chunk of rock in there—it's not just cheesy porn soundtrack stuff. You definitely hear the influences when you listen to us, but I don't think anyone could really compare us to the Chili Peppers or Sly and the Family Stone or anything."

The Omega Theory's funky flavour is surprising, given their decidedly unfunky origins. Misenas and guitarist Ryan Hommy were childhood friends in the suburban town of Devon who spent years wasting afternoons jamming aimlessly in the basement before a chance encounter with drummer Shaun Lorientz at a liquor store. Despite this Nickelback-esque confluence of circumstances, the band quickly embarked on a more experimental path and, after adding bassist Jon Butler, began playing shows around Edmonton, a scene not known for its

heavy funk influences.

"I don't think Edmonton's seen any interesting funk-rock projects lately," Misenas agrees. "I just don't think there's enough funk around here." And so, the Theory often finds itself lumped in with a widely disparate group of bands. "We'll end up playing with these, like, metal or math-rock bands or whatever," he says, "so people probably don't know make of us when we get up there. But I've seen a few people shaking their booties."

Booty-shaking is generally what one expects to see when one visits west-end pseudo-western dance bar Cowboys, but that shaking of booties is rarely caused by the music of a live band, which leaves the Omega Theory a little reticent about their upcoming gig at the nefarious club. "It should be an, um, interesting night," Misenas says cautiously. "We've, uh, never played Cowboys." (RM)

Have you listened to Ford lately?

Ford Pier • With Rodney deCoo and the Killers, Rae Spoon and John Gullak and the New Lougans • Sidetrack Café • Wed, July 6 (8pm) While it's been years since Ford Pier called Edmonton home, he remains one of the city's favourite sons. After a long stint playing keyboards with infamous alt-country pioneers Jr. Gone Wild, Pier left the City of Champions in the '90s, but he's always managed to breeze through town in the company of a wide variety of bands, from DOA to Carolyn Mark and Her Boyfriends. "The secret," imparts Pier from his current home in Toronto, "is you just sort of keep on showing up with an instrument in your trunk, and it winds up happening more and more until eventually you don't and someone goes, 'Hey, how come he's not here?'"

Although he's been focusing on his own music lately, Pier says he still finds time to play with friends like Christine Fellows and the Rheostatics when they ask. His last solo album, *Pier-ic Victory*,

is a madcap collection of songs recorded with a host of guest musicians like Keith Hille and Noreen's John Wright. This time around, however, Pier will be showing up with just his guitar to try out some new songs. "I've been doing some writing lately," he says, "so it's a chance to road test a few things I'm hoping to teach to my band and get some recording done in the autumn. The guys that I'm playing with are in a number of other bands—particularly the Weakerthans, who have been very busy this year—so their resource has been denied me. Their time is at a premium, and so we haven't been able to work together quite so much, but we're looking forward to some time later on in the summer to woodshed." (PD)

Welcome to the Tariq-dome

Tariq • With Paul Bellows and the Dead Canadas • Sidetrack Café • Fri, July 1 (9pm) If the five-minute fireworks and the strong possibility of a violent street riot that Edmontonians have come to expect on Canada Day aren't quite your scene, you might want to consider heading down to the Sidetrack Café to check out Calgary singer/songwriter Tariq (pronounced "terr-ick") as he releases his new album, *Goodbye Lonely*. The disc, Tariq's fourth, marks his first collaboration with producer Neilson Hubbard, and unlike some producers, Tariq reports that Hubbard is far from just a glorified recording engineer; in fact, he's an integral part of the record's sound.

"I've had that kind of relationship with most of the producers I've worked with," Tariq explains. "They just kind of say, 'Yeah, let's just make it sound like you.' In the case of this record, it's been me coming in with these songs, and we just assembled them as we went."

For Tariq, having a visionary producer makes up for the haphazard nature of recording without a consistent backup band. "The way we built this record was basically us two guys plus a sporadic

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www.sylvieuncut.com www.thenevidence.com www.wintersleep.com

FR JULY 13TH, 2005, SYLVIE UNCUT WINTERSLEEP, POWERPLANT, RESTAURANT & BAR, 1000 10TH AVE S.W., CALGARY, AB T2P 1C1. SYLVIE UNCUT WINTERSLEEP, POWERPLANT, RESTAURANT & BAR, 1000 10TH AVE S.W., CALGARY, AB T2P 1C1. SYLVIE UNCUT WINTERSLEEP, POWERPLANT, RESTAURANT & BAR, 1000 10TH AVE S.W., CALGARY, AB T2P 1C1.

STUDENT A Service of Your Students' Union for U of A Students, Staff, Alumni and Their Guests

group of people just sort of wandering in and adding their things and then going off on their way," he says. "It was sort of a mystery as to how it was going to turn out—there wasn't really a blueprint that we were trying to follow. Now there's a blueprint for the band as we head out on the road and try to play that record."

While being a solo artist offers a greater degree of creative control, going it alone introduces a lot of headaches that playing with a steady band can alleviate, so one has to wonder why so many of Canada's up and coming musical talents—Sam Roberts, Joel Plaskett and, well, Tariq—are going the solo route. "Sometimes I ask myself that question," Tariq admits. "I guess the reason I've always done it this way is partially because it's logistically easier: it's tough to find four or five guys that can be committed to be there the whole time. Musicians tend to have like three or four other projects on the go—you know, 'Oh, I have to go here' or 'I have to go play there.' So I just decided to go and make the record and then worry about that stuff once it's done."

He laughs and adds, "But yeah, maybe someday it will be 'The Tariq Experience' or something." (RM)

The ska and the cooked

Skavenjah • Festival Place • Fri, July 1 Regina's Skavenjah have been putting the "ska" back in Saskatchewan since the early '90s, and the eight-piece ensemble has no intention of slowing down. Guitarist and founding member Rick Gelsinger says when the band started out, they were heavily influenced by the English 2-tone ska of the '80s, but the band has evolved since then. To take full advantage of its talented horn section, Skavenjah has absorbed elements of other genres like jazz, punk and rocksteady. "Lately it's been kind of a mixed bag," Gelsinger says. "You can become a real one-trick pony pretty soon and people get tired of it. You



Shout Out Out Out Out • Freemasons Hall • Sat, June 25 • reVUE Under the all-seeing eye of the Freemason, a handle "Edmonton's Shout Out Out Out Out" kicked off the work-festival-style 45-weekers. With a sweaty mass of sceneries, both young and old getting down and playing in front of them, the Shouts whipped up a ready collection of weird and wonderful sounds. With a drum kit and up to three bass guitars, a once-smeared attack, bottom line, the Shouts played. With Nick Kozlov and Eric Bell, married the electronic gizmos, twisting and distorting their voices and giving the delicious mass form its rare and fantastic meat to see and hear. It was fun onstage as their audience—and best of all, it was totally free. (PD)

get tired of writing the songs, I think, and probably of playing them, so you gotta keep it varied for your own interest and your fans too."

Of course, keeping such a large band together hasn't been easy, and Skavenjah's music isn't the only thing that's evolved over the years. "Our lineup has changed so many times that some people don't recognize anyone in the band except myself," he says. "And even then, last year I

missed a couple shows, so it got to the point where there wasn't a single original member of the band. It's kinda cool thinking back to all the people who've kept this thing going over the years, and it sort of has a life of its own now. Now with almost everyone in the band having kids—I think we have seven kids now—we'll have a self-propagating band pretty soon. We'll be able to keep this going into the 21st century and beyond." (PD)

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CENTRE**

2 lucky winners will receive a pair of tickets to the show and a copy of JOYFUL REBELLION. An additional 8 winners will win the CD.

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NEW CITY
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 open from 11 am daily - new Menu - lunchtime specials

Thurs June 30th
The Fever
 With Columbus
 The Mark Birtles Project

THURS JUNE 7
7 AND 7 IS
DE VONDER
UNCLE OUTRAGE

Spinnings

Trasheteria Fridays
DJ Texas Chainsaw
Mascara
and New City Crue.
Punk, classics
new shit, electro, etc. etc

Brian
Jonestown
Massacre
July 13

FRASHETERIA FRIDAYS

Friday July 15
80's Drag Show
Jem vs Misfits
Show at 10
Benefit for Autistic Children
Trasheteria Friday to Follow

UNION

ROLL IN ROCK OUT



MUSIC WEEKLY

YOUR GUIDE TO LIVE MUSIC IN EDMONTON

Fax your free listings
to 426-2389 or
e-mail to Glenys at
listings@vuwweekly.com
Deadline is Friday at
3pm

YARBIRD SUITE
Beaudet Tno; 8pm (door),
9pm (show); \$20

DJS

ARMOURY Vintage
Thursdays: retro rock, dance
and old school hip hop

BACKROOM VODKA BAR
Animation Station: trip hop,
drum 'n' bass with MC
Deadly, Gundam, Dale Force

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE
Escapack Entertainment

BLACK DOG Extreme
Thump: intronica with the
DDK Soundsystem

BURBY'S NIGHTCLUB
Dj Squiggles

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE
Thursday Ladies Night: Top
40, R&B, retro with Urban
Metropolis

FIFTY MENASTY Time
Rock Bingo with DJ S.W.A.G.

GAS PUMP Ladies Nite: Top
40/dance with DJ Christian

GUILTY MARTINI
Substance Thursdays: urban
with Urban Substance Sound
Crew, Invoiceable, Spincycle,
J-Money, Shortround, Echo;

KAS BAR Urban House: with
DJ Mark Stevens; 9pm

**NEW CITY LIKVID
LOUNGE** Rub-a-Dub: with
Jebus and Anarchy Adam

**OVERTIME BOILER AND
TAPROOM SOUTH** New:
classic rock, R&B, urban
and dance with DJ Mikee;
9pm-2am; no cover

RED STAR Underground Hip
Hop Night: with DJ Mumps,
DJ Dusty Kratz, DJ Nato

THE ROOST Rotating shows
Sucky's open stage and the
Weakest Link game with DJ
Jazzy second and last
Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4
(non-member)

**SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT
AND LOUNGE** Thursday:
funk with DJ
Leanne Fong

SAVOY Funk and downtem-
po with Ben Jamin

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Top
40 dance, R&B

VICTORY LOUNGE WLCM
Thursdays: electro,
disco-punk, hip hop with DJ
Nik7 and guests

WUNDERBAR Up and Down
Thursdays: With Djs Loopin'
the 3rd, Big Slice

FRI LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL
Duff Robinson

**BELLA BEANS COFFEE
CAFÉ** Acoustic open stage,
7:30-10pm

BRAVO! BISTRO Black Mountain

CASINO EDMONTON Brian
Burn (pop/rock)

**CASINO YELLOWHEAD X-
Factor** (pop/rock)

CATALYST THEATRE CMA
Andrew Trio; 6:30pm (door),
7pm (show); \$15

CEILI'S The Kick It Bros; 9pm

CHURCHILL SQUARE DJ
Richards Quartet; 12pm; free

**COMMONWEALTH
STADIUM** Calico Drive, Non
Status, Les Fists, Wl, Randy
Bachman, Barenaked Ladies;
3pm

DUEL OF ARCADE Smile,
The Rat Pack, Sway;
1:30-11pm; \$5 (adv)

FESTIVAL PLACE the bands;
Skavenjah; \$10; tickets
available at Festival Place,
TicketMaster

**FIRST CITY SPORTS
LOUNGE** Kelly Alanna

FOUR ROOMS Lane Arndt
trio; 9pm; \$5

**HONESTY'S BAR AND
GRILL** The Poster Boys Band
(pop/rock); 9pm-1am; no
cover

HY'S STEAKLOFT Sillan and
Young

J.J.'S PUB Heralibi

JEKYLL AND HYDE Headwind ('60s/'70s),
9:30pm; no cover

**NEW CITY LIKVID
LOUNGE** Black Mountain

RENDEZVOUS Sentient,
Microbiosis; 8pm

ROSE AND CROWN PUB
Rhonda Withnell, Don
Bradshaw

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Tariq (CD
release party), Paul Bellows
and the Dead Canadas

STANDARD All New Q107
Fridays: hosted by Harman B
and DJ Kwake, live to air

STARLITE ROOM Yesterday
Was Everything: Mister
Signals, Eighteen Visions,
Time is the Enemy Shout Out
Out, E-Town Beatdown; 7pm
(door), 8:30pm (music); no
minors; \$10; tickets available
at Blackbyrd, Megatunes,
Freecloud, Farside, Listen, CD
Plus

URBAN LOUNGE Typhoid
Mary; \$5

WINDY HALL Road; 9pm (door)

YARBIRD SUITE Joel Miller
Quintet; 8pm (door), 9pm
(show); \$24

DJS

ARMOURY Fishbone Fridays:
Top 40 downstairs/retro 80
upstairs

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE
Escapack Entertainment

BURBY'S NIGHTCLUB Dance
party with DJ Alvaro

CALIENTE Funktion Fridays:
urban with DJ Invoiceable;
10pm (door); no minors

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE
With Urban Metropolis

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance
with DJ Christian

HALO DJ Blue Jay, DJ Trav VD; \$5

IRON HORSE Dance party

**NEW CITY LIKVID
LOUNGE** Your Weekly AA
Meeting: with Jebus and
Anarchy Adam

NEW CITY SUBURBS
Trasheteria: Punk, classics,
electro, new with DJ Texas
Chainsaw Mascara and New
City Crue

ONE ON WHYTE Retro, top

40, R&B with DJ Crownroyal

**OVERTIME BOILER AND
TAPROOM SOUTH** Retro to
New: classic rock, R&B, urban
and dance with DJ Mikee;
9pm-2am; no cover

THE ROOST Upstairs: Euro
Blitz: best new European
music with DJ Outlawak
Downstairs: DJ Jazzy; \$4
(member)/\$6 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Peoples DJ
Spinning

**SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT
AND LOUNGE** Deep House:
with Friday resident DJ Luke
Morrison

SAVOY DJ Busy B; no cover

**SPORTSWORLD ONLINE
AND ROLLER DISCO** Top 40
request, mix of retro and
disco; 7pm-12am

STANDARD All New Q107
Fridays: hosted by Harman B
and DJ Kwake, live to air

STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40
with DJ Tysin

VICTORY LOUNGE Camille
Day with DJ Jason LP and the
Victory All Stars, Nik 7, DJ Eli;
no cover before 9pm

WUNDERBAR Sergio
Georgini's Friday Wind Down:
With DJ Calibar

SAT LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL
Duff Robinson

BLACK DOG Rob Szabo; 4-
6pm; no cover

BRAVO! BISTRO Black Mountain
Trio; 9pm; \$5

CASINO EDMONTON Brian
Burn (pop/rock)

**CASINO YELLOWHEAD X-
Factor** (pop/rock)

CATALYST THEATRE Dominelli
Quartet; 6:30pm (door), 7pm (show); \$15

CHURCHILL SQUARE
Toque, Bill Jamieson Quartet,
Mo LeFever Quartet, Don
Berner Quintet; 12pm; free

DRUID (JASPER AVENUE)
The Shufflehound with
"Uptown" Freddy Brown
(blues/roots); 4-7pm

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE
Kardinal Offishall

**FIRST CITY SPORTS
LOUNGE** Mo LeFever; 9pm;
\$5

FOUR ROOMS Kelly Alanna;
9pm; \$5

J.J.'S PUB Heralibi

**JEFFREYS CAFE AND WINE
BAR** Christina Schmolke
(pop, jazz singer/songwriter);
\$5

RED'S Yesterday Was
Everything: Drive By Punch,
Ten Second Epic, Sleeping
Girl, Wednesday Night
Heroes, Roses Dead, The
Georgious, Calico Drive,
Vying for Solace, Savannah,
He Is Legend, Nikola Tesla,
Live, Far From Ruin, Goodbye
Model Rocket, Hundred Acre
Wood; 12pm(door), 1pm
(music); all ages event; \$18;
tickets available at
TicketMaster

RENDEZVOUS Sos,

Amazania, Jeremiah; 8pm

ROSE AND CROWN PUB
Dave Babcock; 9pm; \$5

**SECOND CUP (118
STREET)** Enroll Zastre and
Second World; 8pm;

SIDETRACK CAFÉ The
Wildfire, Ten Ways from
Sunday, The Strange

LA TABLE DE RENAISSANCE
Rhonda Withnell, Don
Bradshaw; 9pm; \$5

URBAN LOUNGE Typhoid
Mary; \$5

WINSPEAR CENTRE
Ladysmith Black Mambazo;
8pm; \$34-\$39

YARBIRD SUITE Sangster's
Obsessions Octet;
8pm (door), 9pm (show),
\$10

DJS

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE DJ
Escapade Entertainment

BOOTS Flashback Saturdays
retro dance, house with
Derrick

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB DJ
Arrowchaser

DEADEND with Lo and Tomek

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE
Urban Metropolis

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance
with DJ Christian

GUILTY MARTINI Supreme
Saturdays: urban with
Invoiceable, Big Sun, DJ
Game; 9pm (door); no
minors

HALO Those Who Know
house with DJ Jr. Brown,
Winston Roberts, Remo; no
minors

IRON HORSE Urban dance
party

**NEW CITY LIKVID
LOUNGE** Ass Shakin' Funk
with Cool Curt and guests

NEW CITY SUBURBS
Punk/alt/pop/dance with Blue
Jay and Nikrofeelya

ONE ON WHYTE The Masses:
retro, top 40,
R&B with DJ Crownroyal

**OVERTIME BOILER AND
TAPROOM SOUTH** New:
classic rock, R&B, urban
and dance with DJ Mikee,
9pm-2am; no cover

RED STAR Indie rock, hip
hop, rock, 80s pop with S
Master F

THE ROOST Upstairs:
Monthly theme parties, new
music with DJ Jazzy
Downstairs: Retro music
with DJ Dan and Mike; \$4
(member)/\$6 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Rum Jungle
legendary Saturdays: hip hop,
old school and R&B

**SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT
AND LOUNGE** Unique house
beats with Saturday resident
DJ Trpnswhich

SECRETS DJ Saturday with D,
(Naughty)

**SPORTSWORLD ONLINE
AND ROLLER DISCO** Top 40
request, mix of retro and
disco; 7pm-12am

STANDARD Live to Air 96X

STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40
with DJ Tysin

VICTORY LOUNGE USA vs.
UK/Hiphop vs. House: with DJ
Jason LP; 8pm

WUNDERBAR Soundcheck

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GRAND PRIX
EDMONTON

THE BEACH

JULY 15-17 2005

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THU LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL
Denna

BACKDRAUGHT PUB Open
stage

**BACKSTAGE TAP AND
GRILL** Battle of the bands:
Good Fer Nuthin, From the
Ground Up; 9pm; \$2

BLUE CHAIR CAFÉ Jim
Hepler; no cover; 7pm

BRAVO! BISTRO Toque

CEILI'S Screech; 9pm

CHURCHILL SQUARE Ken
Hoffman Quartet; 12pm; free

**CHRISTOPHER'S PARTY
PUB** Open stage hosted by
Alberta Crude; 6-10pm

DUSTER'S PUB Jam hosted
by Bgan Petch

**FIRST CITY SPORTS
LOUNGE** Marc Beaudin Trio;
9pm; \$5

ELITE ROOMS Toledo Tno; 9pm; \$5

GRINDER Open stage hosted
by Audrey Lidster; 9-12pm

HY'S STEAKLOFT Don
Berner Tno; 9pm; \$5

J AND R BAR AND GRILL
Open stage with The Poster
Boys (pop/rock/blues),
8:30pm-12:30am

JEKYLL AND HYDE Headwind ('60s/'70s),
9:30pm; no cover

KIS CLUB Richard Fness (CD
release party); 9:30-11pm;
free (member)/\$5 (door)

MACLAB THEATRE Sheila
Jordan and Friends; 7pm
(door), 7:30 (show); \$33;
tickets available at Citadel
Theatre box office

NEWCASTLE PUB Tobacco's
Last Stand: Jerry Jerry and the
Sons of Rhythm Orchestra,
guests; 9pm

**NEW CITY LIKVID
LOUNGE** The Fever,
Columbus, Mark Birtles
Project; tickets available at
Blackbyrd, Megatunes, Listen,
Freecloud, New City

ROSE AND CROWN PUB
Shucker; 9pm; \$5

RUM JUNGLE Murder City
Sparrows; \$10 (adv)

**SPORTSWORLD ONLINE
AND ROLLER DISCO** Top 40
request, mix of retro and
disco; 7pm-12am

STANDARD Live to Air 96X

STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40
with DJ Tysin

VICTORY LOUNGE Purpose
Voltage Heroes, Lazernake,
DJs Nik7 and
Cadence Weapon; 8pm; No
Minors event; \$8

WUNDERBAR Up and Down
Thursdays: With Djs Loopin'
the 3rd, Big Slice

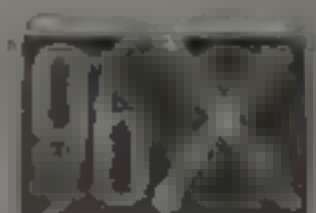
YARBIRD SUITE Beaudet Tno; 8pm (door),
9pm (show); \$20

YARBIRD SUITE Beaudet Tno; 8pm (door),
9pm (show); \$20

YARBIRD SUITE Beaudet Tno; 8pm (door),
9pm (show); \$20

YARBIRD SUITE Beaudet Tno; 8pm (door),
9pm (show); \$20

DAVID USHER
SUNDAY JULY 17TH



SOME TICKETS

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ARM
MCCRELL

FRIDAY JULY 22ND TICKETS \$15

TICKETS

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Saturdays With DJ Shumba
and guest

SUN LIVE MUSIC

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE
Reclaim Sundays: Funky jazz
hosted by Rubim Metha,
Lane Arendt and guests,
9pm, no cover

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL
Carmen's Sunday live

**CARGO AND JAMES TEA
SHOPPE** Open stage with
Bob Robichaud, 7-10pm

CHURCHILL SQUARE
Littlebirds Big Band, 12pm;
River City Big Band, 1:30pm

CHURCHILL SQUARE The
Stone Merchants, 7:30-9pm;
live

O'BYRNE'S Joe Bird's Irie
jam, 9:30pm

ROSEBOWL Jam with the
Swampflowers, 10pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Under the
Covers Sundays: DJ
Dudeman, Mortimers Big
Nut, 9pm; \$6

STARLITE ROOM Inspectah
Deck, Afu-Ra, Planet Asia, LBA

WUNDERBAR Rob Jarvis's
open stage country jamboree

DJS

**BACKSTAGE BAR AND
GRILL** Industry Night: with
Atomic Improve, Jameoki and
DJ Tim

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Sexy
Sundays: all night and all
request dance party with DJ
Eddy Toonflash

CALIENTE Urban Ladies
Night Sundays: 91.7, The
Bounce, DJ Invinceable;
Game, Weapon X, 10pm; no
minors

THE GRINDER Soul Sundays:
with Rocko

**NEW CITY LIKWID
LOUNGE** Bust A Nut: with

Remo and Cool Curt

ONE ON WHYTE Sunday
Hospitality House Party: with
DJ Crownroyal

THE ROOST Hangover Clinic
Show Beer Bash: with DJ
Jazzy, \$2

RUM JUNGLE Service
Industry Night

SAVOY French pop mixed
with Deja DJ

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE House
Arrest Sundays: With Johnny
Dangerous, Andy Inertia

VICTORY LOUNGE Self Help
Sundays: punk rock, hip hop
with DJ Slipped Disc

WUNDERBAR A Whole Lot
of Shakin' Sundays: rockabilly,
psychobilly

MON LIVE MUSIC

**HONEST MUR'S BAR AND
GRILL** Open stage/jam every
Monday hosted by the Retro
Rockets Band; 8pm-midnight

L.B.'S PUB House band;
9:30pm-1am; no cover

RED'S Molson Canadian Rock
Search; 8pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Open
stage Mondays, hosted by
Ben Spencer; 9pm; no cover

STARLITE ROOM Eternal,
All Shall Perish, Into
Eternity, Krisium, Jungle Rot;
\$17; tickets available at
TicketMaster, Megatunes,
Blackbyrd, Listen, FS (WEM),
Victory

TAPHOUSE Monday Live:
with Big Tickle; 8:30-
11:30pm; no cover

DJS

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE DJ
Pennyentiary

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB
Ashley Love and DJ Alvaro

FILTHY McNASTY'S Metal
Mondays: with DJ S.W.A.G.

GUILTY MARTINI Urban
Substance Thursdays: with
Urban Substance Sound
Crew, Invinceable, J-Money,
Shortround, Echo

**NEW CITY LIKWID
LOUNGE** DJ Dusty Grooves

O'BYRNE'S Hip Mondays:
industry night with DJ
Finnegan, live music

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Manic
Monday: old skool R&B, hip
hop with Harman B and DJ
Kwake

VICTORY LOUNGE iPod
Mondays: be your own DJ,
bring your iPod

WUNDERBAR Rod
Torklesons Armada: Rock and
Roll with Herman
Menderchuck

CLASSICAL

WINSPEAR CENTRE 17th
Nidarosdomen Guttekor
(Nidaros Cathedral Boys
Choir); 8pm

TUE LIVE MUSIC

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL
Open stage with Mark
Ammar

DRUID (JASPER AVENUE)
Open stage with Chris
Wynters and guest

LEGENDS PUB Open jam
hosted by Gary Thomas

O'BYRNE'S Celtic night with
Shannon Johnson and friends;
9:30pm

PEPPERS Bluesday: Tim Lee
and guests host acoustic and
interactive blues in patio tent;
9pm

RED'S Molson Canadian Rock
Search; 8pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Courtney
Wing, Brian Dunn, Andrea
Revel

URBAN LOUNGE Salsa and
the City; 9pm; Salsa dance
lessons 8pm; \$5 (door)

DJS

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE
Viva: with DJ Sean

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Top
40 with DJ Stephan

CALIENTE Bashment
Tuesdays: reggae with Bomb
Squad, Q.B. Chrome Nine,
Southside Sound, open mic;
11pm; no minors

FILTHY McNASTY'S Twisted
Trivia with DJ Whit-Ford

NEW CITY SUBURBS Bingo
with DJ Dildozer and MC
Fistinyourface

NEW CITY LOUNGE
Dominion with DJ Scott and
goth-metal guests

THE ROOST Flamingo Bingo:
with DJ Janny; 8-midnight; \$1
(member)/\$4 (non-member)

**SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT
AND LOUNGE** Tapa Tuesday:
popular house beats with DJ
Kevin Wong

VICTORY LOUNGE
Liberation Tuesdays: emo,
hardcore, punkrock, scream-
core, classics and more with
DJs Leithal and Liam Harvey
Oswald

WUNDERBAR Tuesday
Night Shakedown: Featuring
Hug Patrol

WED LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL
Open mic; 8pm

FESTIVAL PLACE Qualico
Patio Series: All Boys Pipe
Band, John Wort Hannam and
Tyler Bird (folk/roots), Shuyler
Jansen (roots/country/
electronic); \$5

O'BYRNE'S Chns Wynters
and friends; 9:30pm

PLEASANTVIEW HALL
Northern Bluegrass Circle
Music Society bluegrass jam;
7-10pm

RED'S A Flock of Seagulls,

SIN featuring Michael
Scote, 8pm

**ROSSDALE COMMUNITY
HALL** Little Flower open
stage hosted by Brian Gregg
8pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Rodney
DeCroo and the Killers, Rae
Spoon, John Guliak and the
New Lougans, Ford Pier

URBAN LOUNGE Blackwater
Transit, Sinclair; \$5

DJS

BACKROOM VODKA BAR
Wild Cherry: deep house/pro-
gressive/breaks with
Tripswitch and guests

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE
Glitter Gulch: with DJ Buster
Friendly; no cover

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Punk
rock, electroshock with DJ
Eddy Toonflash

I.J.'S PUB Subculture Night:
psychobilly, rockabilly, punk
with DJ Kustom

LEGENDS PUB Hip-Hop/R&B
with DJ Spincycle

**NEW CITY LIKWID
LOUNGE** Glam, punk, indie
with DJ Skinny I, G-Wiz

RED STAR FUNK 'n' Soul-
funk, disco, soul with Junior
Brown

THE ROOST Amateur Strip:
Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky with
DJ Alvaro; \$1 (member)/\$4
(non-member)

STANDARD Wednesday
Gone Wild Feat: with DJ
Nestor Delano

STARLITE ROOM Wednesdays
Revisited: '80s,
alt rock, progressive dance
with DJ Jason L.P.; 8pm

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Blue
Velvet: urban electronica with
Derelect and Souls

VICTORY LOUNGE Weena
Our Souls For Rock 'n' Roll
classic/retro rock, new hits
with the Juggernaut; no cover

WUNDERBAR Psycho Nite
With DJs Seizures, Jony
Bologna, Take it to the Hill
Rahil

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THURSDAY-SATURDAY JUNE 30-JULY 2

TYPHOID MARY

COME AND JOIN US JULY 1ST FOR CANADA DAY! 🍁

WEDNESDAY JULY 6

BLACK WATER TRANSIT AND SINCLAIR

THURSDAY JULY 7

Knights of York

FRIDAY-SATURDAY JULY 8-9

OZZY OSMUNDS

BAHMA
PRESENTS

SALSA AND THE CITY

EVERY TUESDAY!
DANCING LESSONS START AT 8PM
\$3.75 BOTTLES OF A MARCA BAVARIA

WEEKDAYS AT THE ONE

WEDNESDAY - SUNDAY

LOUNGE OPEN FOR LUNCH - 11:30 AM
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DRUID (South) 2940
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St. Albert, 460-9100

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ROSEBOWL 10111-117 St,
442-2000

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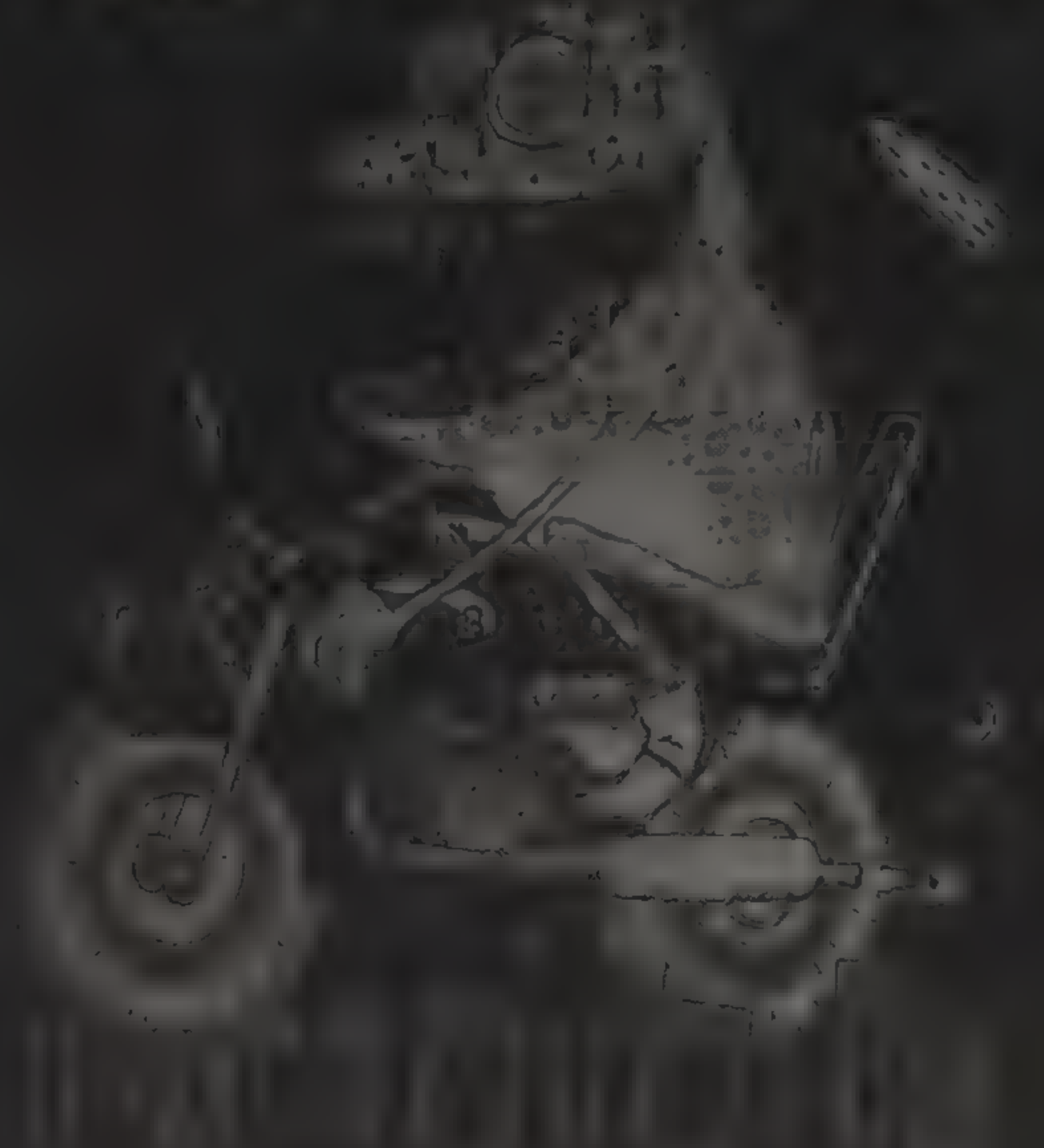
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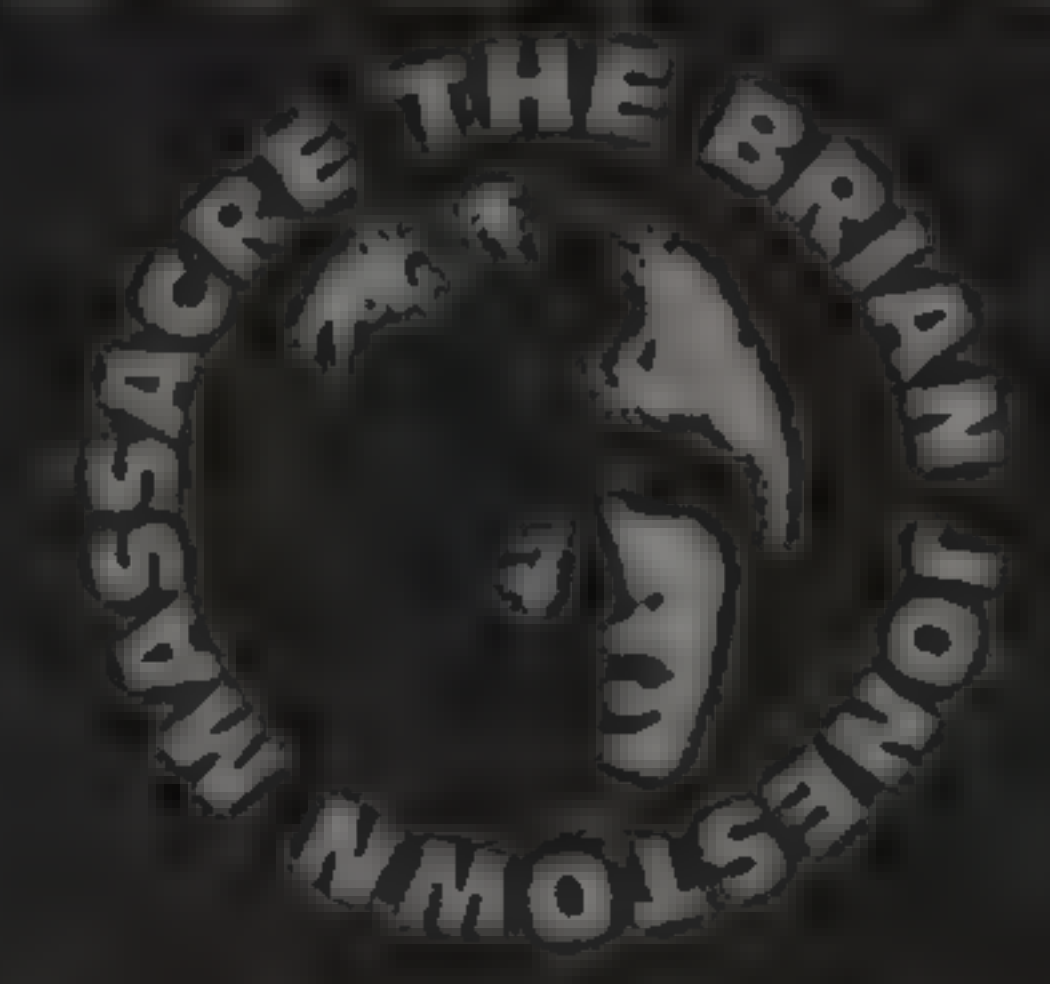
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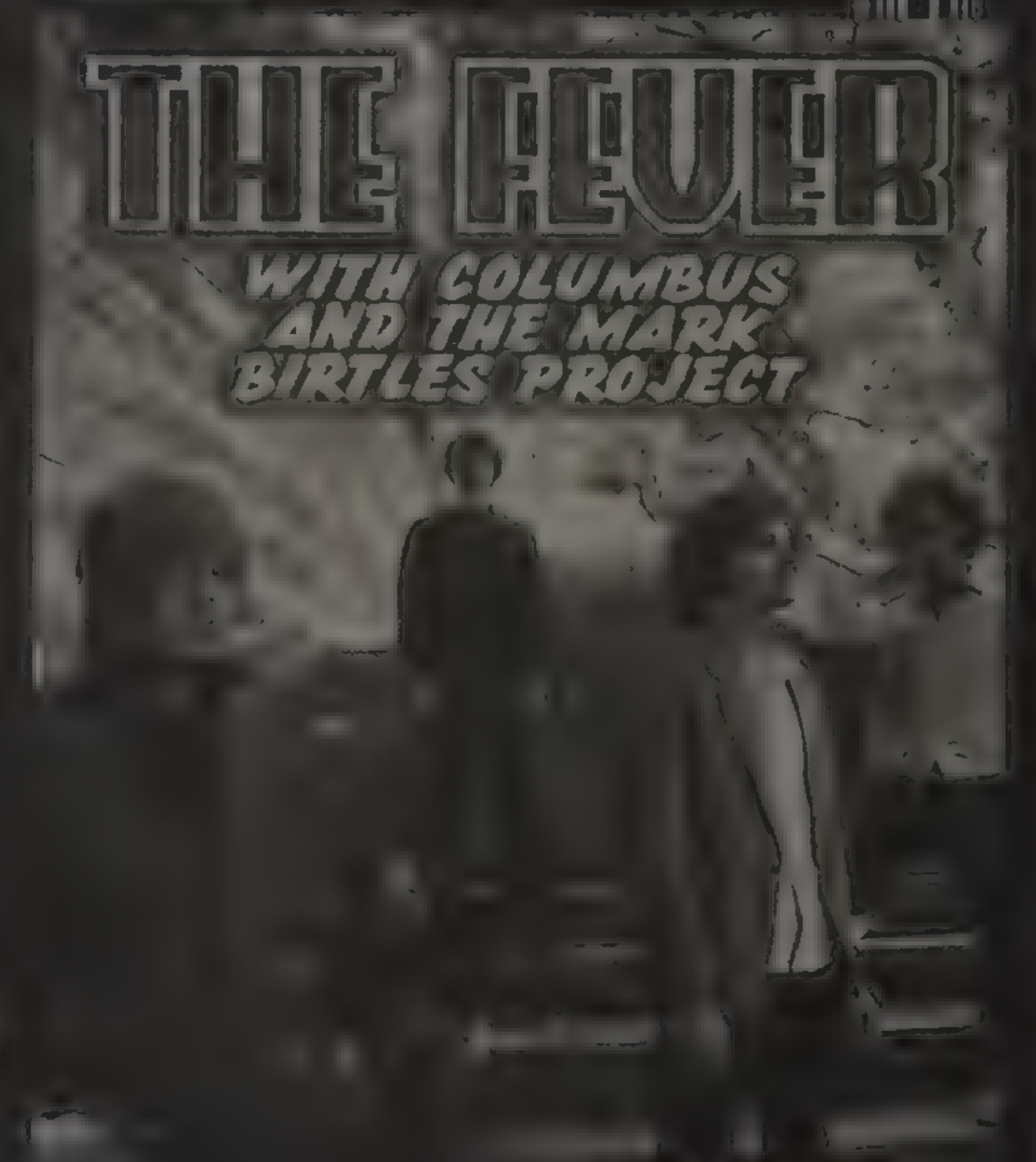


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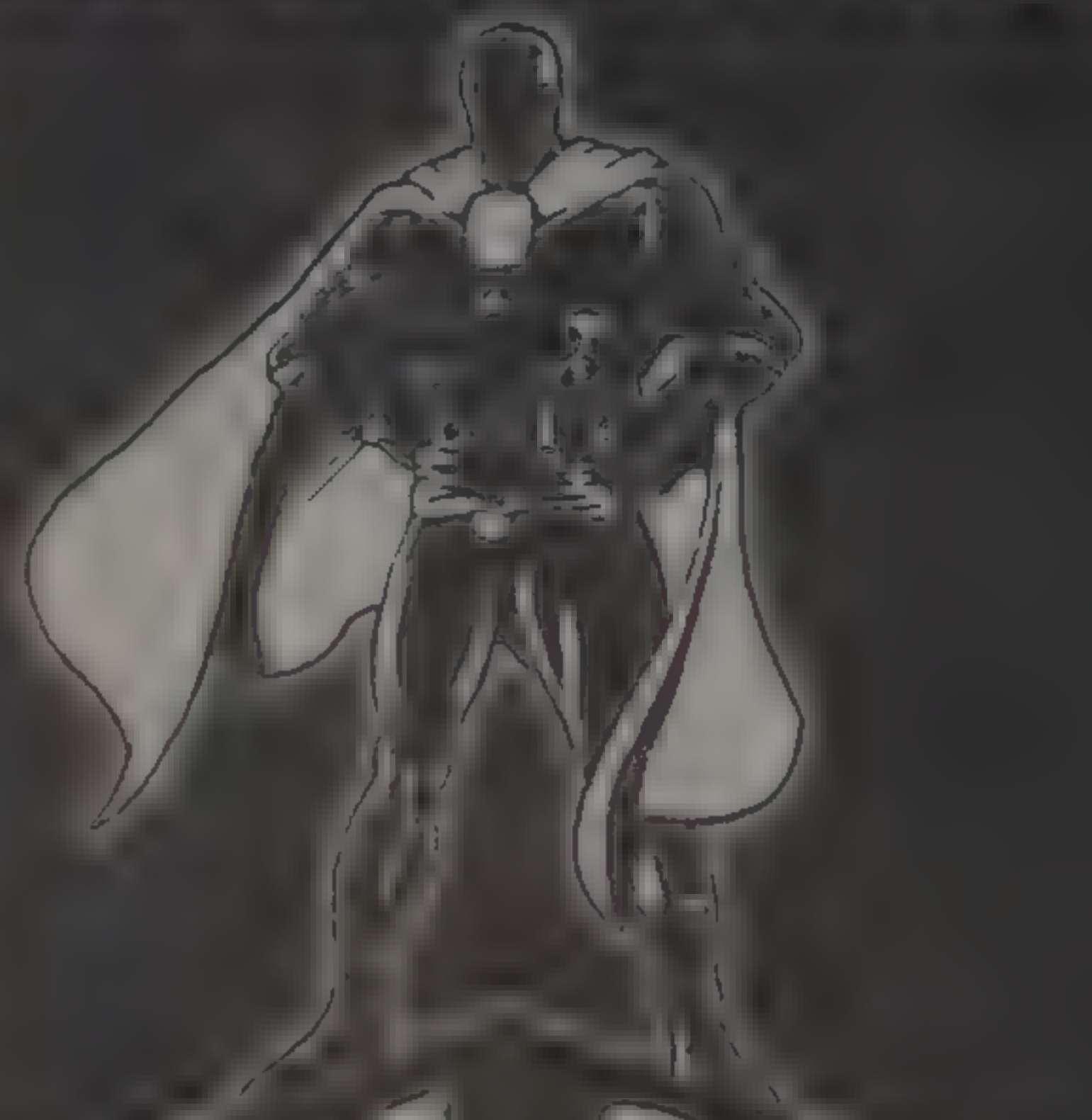
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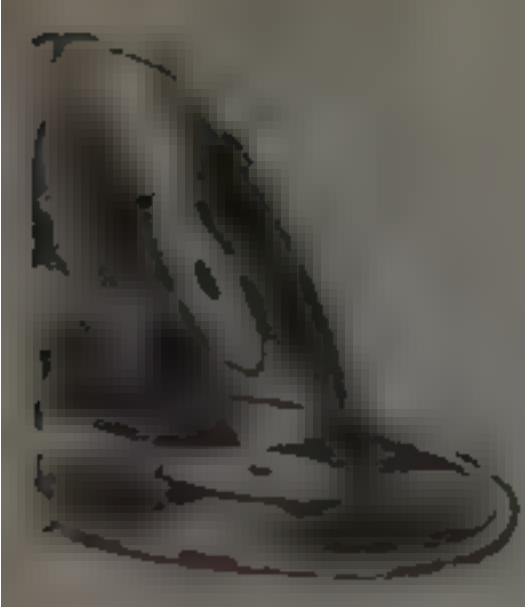
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 SUBURBS: BINGO!! With dj Dildozer and MC Fistinyourface
 LOUNGE: Dominion with dj Scott & guests Goth-Metal
- WEDNESDAYS**
 LOUNGE: DJ Skinny J & G-Wiz Glam-Punk-Indie
 SUBURBS: Closed unless there's a live show
- THURSDAYS**
 LOUNGE: Jebus & Anarchy Adam - Rub-a-Dub
 SUBURBS: Live Shows & Special Events
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 LOUNGE: Jebus & Adam
 SUBURBS: Trasheteria:
 DJ Texas Chainsaw Mascara and New City-Crue.
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- SATURDAYS**
 LOUNGE: Cool Curt & Guests - Atmosphere
 SUBURBS: SATURDAY SUCKS!! DJ Nik rofeelya & BlueJay
- SUNDAYS**
 LOUNGE: Bust'a Nut - DJ's Remo & Cool Curt
 SUBURBS: Closed unless special event live show



distant replay

By STEVEN SANDOR

THIS WEEK: Evilglen discusses Megadeth's *Rust in Peace*

When it comes to the Edmonton metal scene, the undisputed kings of all things loud, black and downright heavy are the four men who make up the aptly-named Dead Jesus: singer Calvin Fehr's pro wrestling experience (expect to see lots of stunts onstage), the band's punishing riffs and rhythms and lyrics that mock some of society's most sacred institutions, have made the band the top black metal attraction in the city.

For Dead Jesus guitarist Evilglen (his real name is Glen Blochlinger, but since it doesn't sound that evil, we'll use "Evilglen" instead), the album that helped set him on his metal path was Megadeth's *Rust in Peace*. Released in 1990, *Rust in Peace* was perhaps the most progressive and technically difficult of all of Megadeth's records. While band founder Dave Mustaine's lyrics weren't as snarky as they were in

Megadeth's three other trademark releases (*Killing Is My Business... And Business Is Good!*, *Peace Sells... But Who's Buying?* and *So Far, So Good... So What!*) but "Hangar 18" still saw Mustaine poke fun at UFO conspiracy types, while "Holy Wars," the album's scorching lead track, saw the band take a more serious stand against American foreign policy.

"I'd never heard guitar structure so rudimentary in songs before," says Evilglen. "It changed the way I look at music forever."

Mustaine formed Megadeth after he was thrown out of an up-and-coming little band called Metallica in 1983. He was tossed out for drug abuse, but he felt wounded at being dismissed so unceremoniously, without getting a second chance. That bitterness has stayed with Mustaine even today (as evidenced by his bitter meeting with his former bandmates in the recent Metallica doc *Some Kind of Monster*) and fueled his passion for Megadeth. On *Rust in Peace*, as with previous Megadeth albums, the listener can sense that Mustaine is not only screaming for attention, but daring fans to compare him to his former band.

"I remember being in my friend's basement listening to that album and just being completely amazed as Mustaine and Friedman cranked out riff after riff," says Evilglen. "And I thought to myself, 'Wow—music

doesn't have to be centred around some beboppy catchphrase chorus; you can crush listeners with relentless pounding guitars, drums and bass, and finalize the audio assault with an actual message delivered by a taunting trademark sneer. I hear music from a totally different perspective now, and if I can capture even a hint of myself and my own style in Dead Jesus, then I can be happy with my art."

A remastered edition of *Rust in Peace* was released in 2004, but it's better to get an earlier version of the album. Mustaine decided to re-record the vocals for the reissue, and they actually don't hold up as well as the originals. Some things are best left alone.

And speaking of albums, Dead Jesus's 2004 disc *...Let Them Suffer* can be found on the shelves of your local record shop. **V**



TOP Megatunes

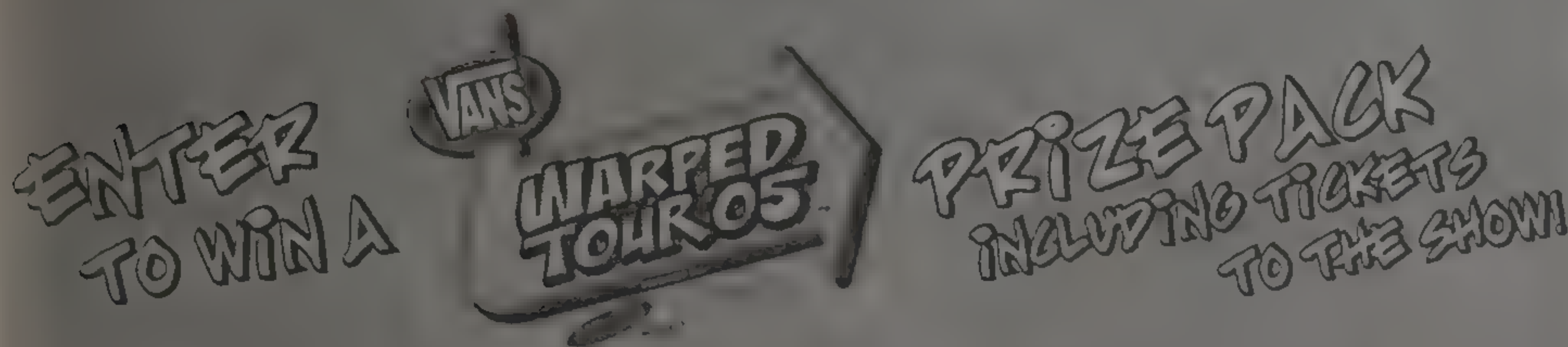
Your Music Destination

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 30, 2005

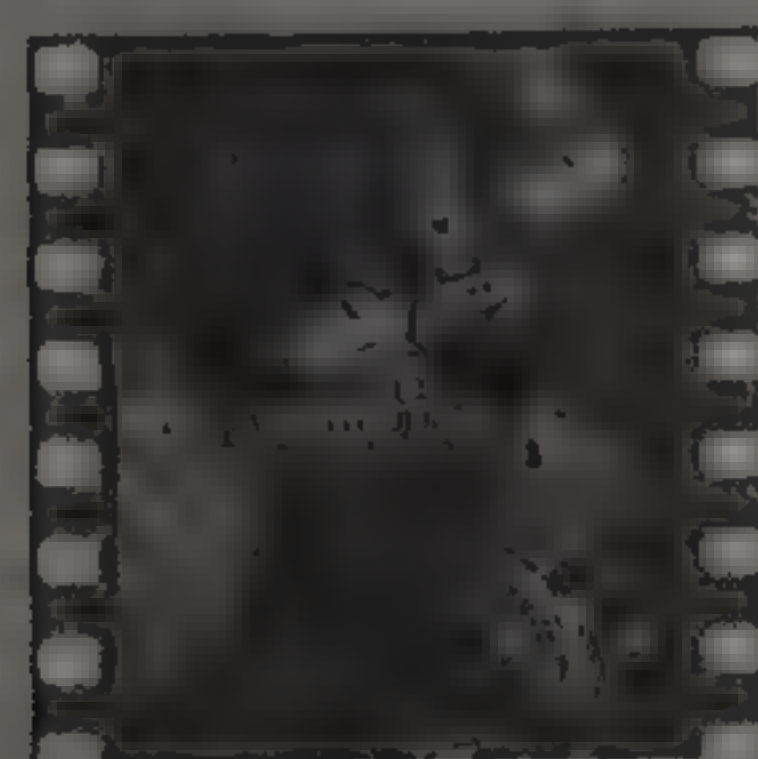
1. System Of A Down – Mezmerize (American)
2. John Prine – Fair & Square (oh boy)
3. Whitey Houston – Whitey Houston (rectangle)
4. Gorillaz – Demon Days (parlophone)
5. Martha Wainwright – Martha Wainwright (maple)
6. Lucinda Williams – Live @ The Fillmore (lost highway)
7. The White Stripes – Get Behind Me Satan (V2)
8. Nine Inch Nails – With Teeth (interscope)
9. Joni Mitchell – Songs Of A Prairie Girl (nonesuch)
10. Sharon Jones & The Dap Kings – Naturally (daptone)
11. Mary Gauthier – Mercy Now (lost highway)
12. As I Lay Dying – Shadows Are Security (metal blade)
13. Spoon – Gimme Fiction (merge)
14. The Floor – Personnel (six shooter)
15. John Hiatt – Masters Of Disaster (new west)
16. Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez – Red Dog Tracks (train wreck)
17. Foo Fighters – In Your Honor (rca)
18. Architecture In Helsinki – In Case We Die (bar none)
19. Daniel Lanois – Belladonna (anti)
20. Coldplay – X&Y (emi)
21. Arcade Fire – Funeral (merge)
22. Ryan Adams – Cold Roses (lost highway)
23. Sleater-Kinney – The Woods (sub pop)
24. Jack Johnson – In Between Dreams (brushfire)
25. Carolyn Mark – Just Married: An Album Of Duets (mint)
26. Stutterfly – And We Are Bled Of Color (maverick)
27. Funeral For A Friend – Hours (atlantic)
28. Van Morrison – Magic Time (exile)
29. Connie Kaldor – Sky With Nothing To Get In The Way (coyote)
30. Sonny Landreth – Grant Street (sugar hill)

Megatunes

Your Music Destination



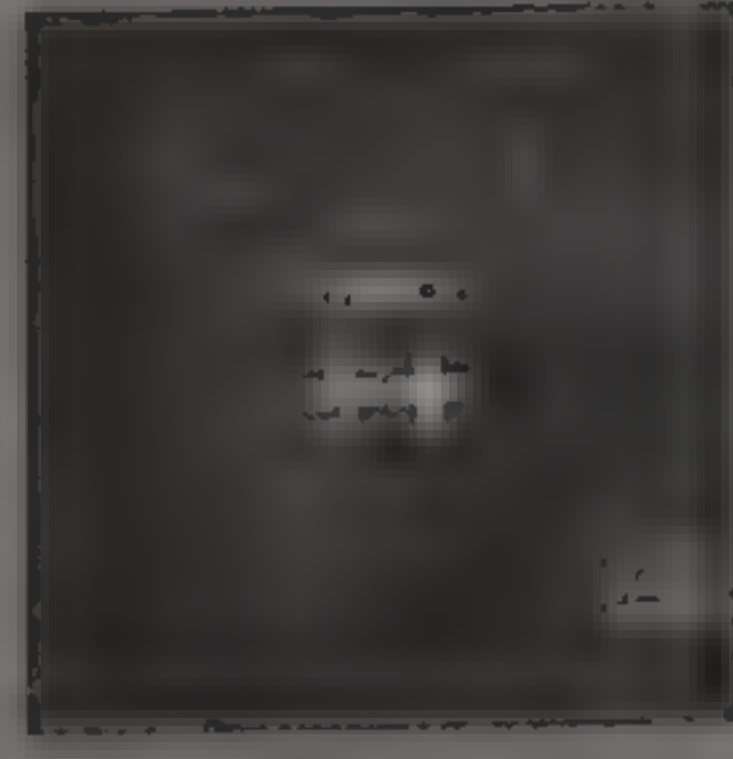
July 14th, Race City Speedway, Calgary



The Starting Line



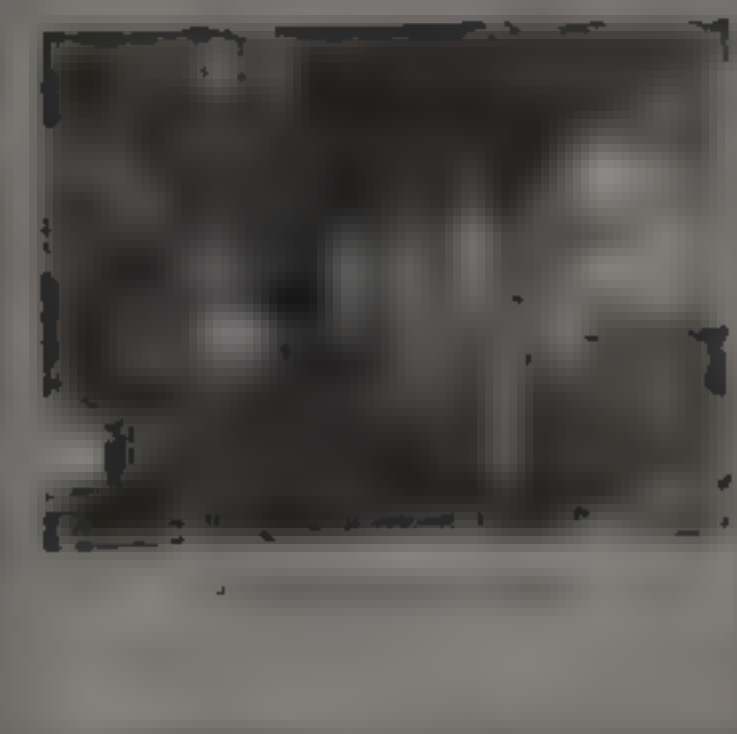
Fall Out Boy



Thrive



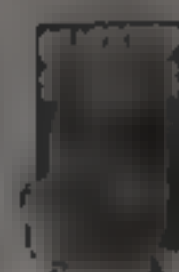
Senses Fail



Reggie and the Full Effect

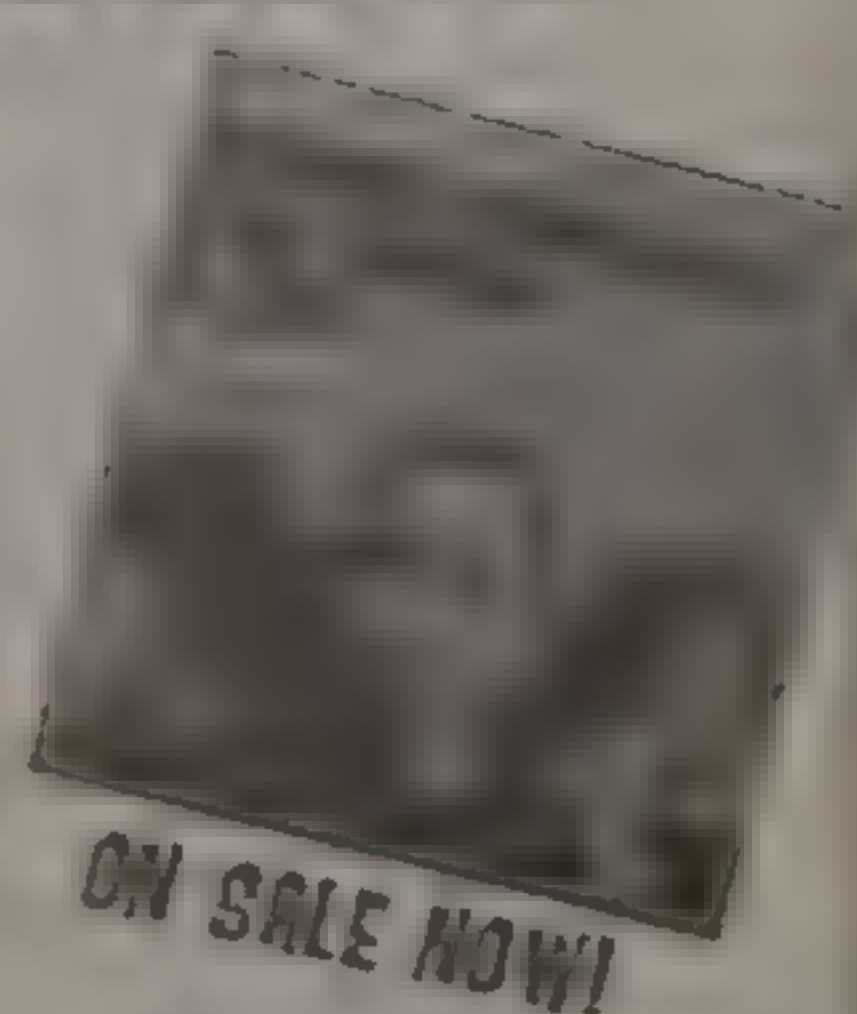


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Strange bedfellows

St. Catharine's band braves mosquito bites and industry snubs on their way to the top

By LEAH COLLINS

With neither hesitation nor a drop of sarcasm, singer Chris Vegas is happy to say exactly where his band, the Strange, is headed. "We want to be the biggest band in the world, if possible," he says matter-of-factly in his Liverpoolian accent. "That'd be alright."

For now, though, Vegas—along

with Eric Bo Derek (drums), Melody Van Schaik (bass) and Brandon Sloggett (guitar)—is part of an independent Britpop-inspired rock band that hasn't yet strayed much from its St. Catharine's, Ontario, home base. But that hasn't stopped him from pre-

PREVIEW **POP ROCK**

emptively addressing the challenges of full-blown rock godhood—foregoing the piddling details of smack addiction and groupie management for issues that have unfortunately already surfaced very close to home. "Hopefully someday it *does* get huge," he says, "but I think we really want to hope and pray that we wouldn't

become one of those bands that didn't have time for people. I think that's what worries us, because we see the way we get treated and we wouldn't want other bands to play with us and think we were a bunch of dicks."

Vegas's voice gets a bit weary as he thinks back on the few-too-many times he's been burned by old friends who turned up their noses and tossed their fashionably mussed hair at still-struggling musicians like him once they broke their first single or signed to a major label. "Well," he says, "between you and me and the wall there, I don't know, we've been around the block a bit in the last few years and we've played with a lot of bands. We're friends with—well, I wouldn't use the word 'friends,' but

91. THE BOUNCE

BOUNCE TOP 30

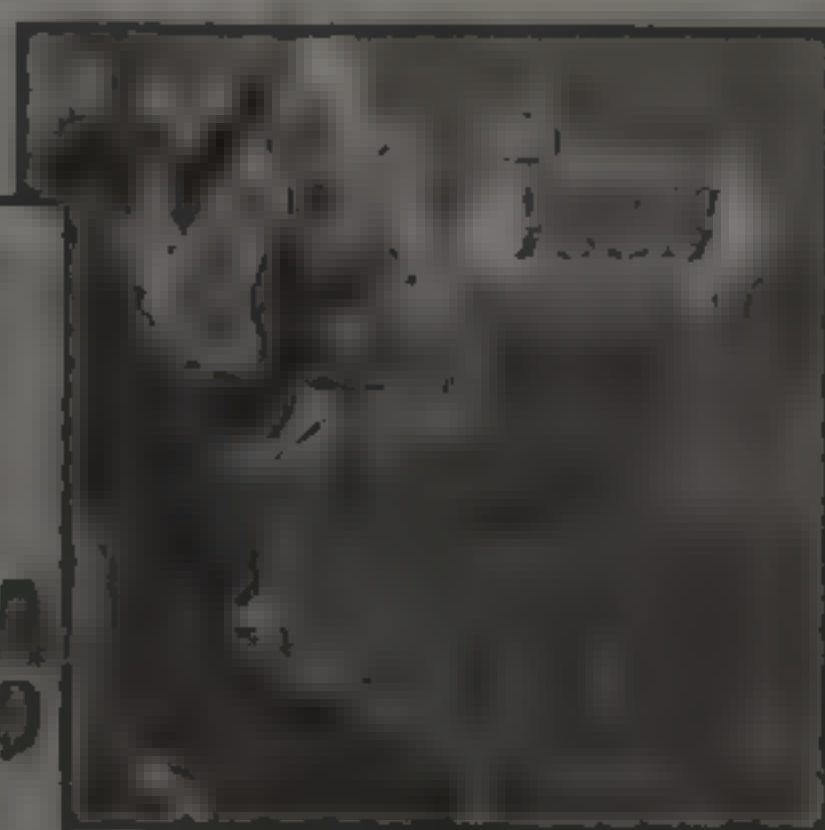
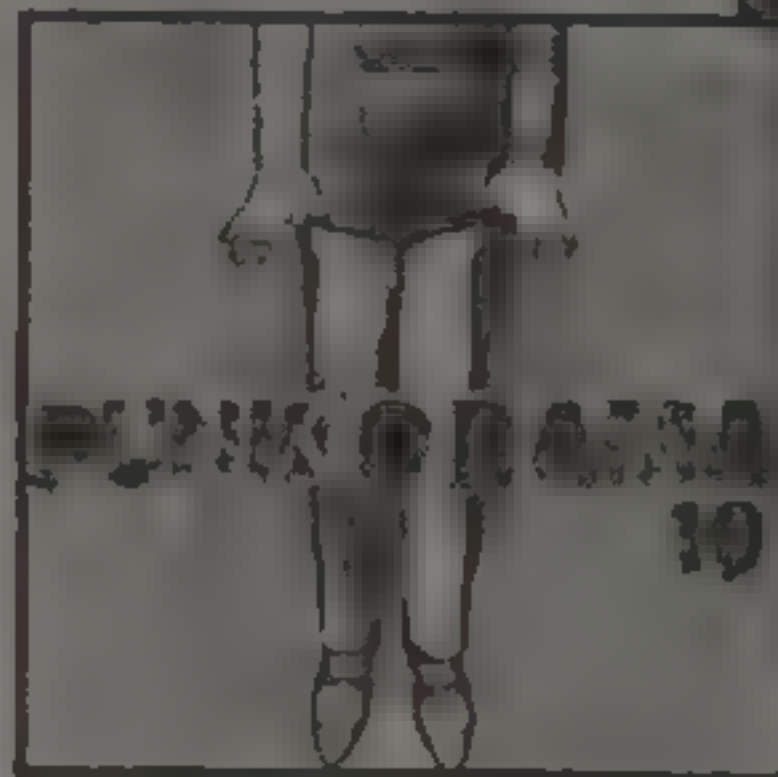
- 1 - MARIAH CAREY - WE BELONG TOGETHER
- 2 - BLACK EYED PEAS -
DON'T PHUNK WITH MY HEART
- 3 - 50 CENT - JUST A LIL' BIT
- 4 - CIARA - OH
- 5 - NATASHA BEDINGFIELD - THESE WORDS
- 6 - BABY BASH - BABY I'M BACK
- 7 - THE PUSSYCAT DALLS - DON'T CHA
- 8 - MASSARI - BE EASY
- 9 - FAT JOE/ NELLY - GET IT POPPIN'
- 10 - RIHANNA - PON DE REPLAY
- 11 - GWEN STEFANI - HOLLABACK GIRL
- 12 - K-OS - CRUCIAL
- 13 - TARAS - I LOVE U
- 14 - JULLY BLACK - SWEAT OF YOUR BROW
- 15 - LUDACRIS/ BOBBY VALENTINO -
PIMPIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD
- 16 - DIVINE BROWN - OLD SKOOL LOVE
- 17 - D.H.T. - LISTEN TO YOUR HEART
- 18 - SWEATSHOP UNION - BROKEN RECORD
- 19 - MISSY ELLIOTT - LOSE CONTROL
- 20 - MAX GRAHAM VS. YES -
OWNER OF A LONELY HEART
- 21 - E3 - MUS BE U
- 22 - FRANKIE J - HOW TO DEAL
- 23 - TRICK DADDY & LUDACRIS - SUGAR
- 24 - PRETTY RICKY - GRIND WITH ME
- 25 - CORY LEE - GOODBYE
- 26 - PRAS MICHEL - STILL HAVEN'T
- 27 - NATALIE - ENERGY
- 28 - LIL' ROB - SUMMER NIGHTS
- 29 - MOKA ONLY - ONCE AGAIN
- 30 - AKON - BELLY DANCER

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SILVERSTEIN - HALIFAX - HAWTHORNE HEIGHTS
HOPEFULLY NEGOTIATING THE FULL EFFECT
GREELY ESTATES - THE UNSEEN - RUFIO
THE EXPLOSION - THE BLED - UNDEROATH
YESTERDAY'S RISING - MIDDEN IN PLAIN VIEW
BEDDOWN SOUNDCLASH - STRIKE ANYWHERE
BOMBS OVER PROVIDENCE - HORRORPOPS
EMERY - ULTIMATE POWER DUO - MORNING CALL
PROTEST THE HERO - DEADBEAT ROMEO
OUT OF YOUR MOUTH - TEN SECOND EPIC
THE MATCHES - GYM CLASS HEROES - KAIROS
BOYS NIGHT OUT - FROM FIRST TO LAST
AC6 - VALIENT THORR - KANE HODDER
MY AMERICAN HEART - MONTY'S FANCLUB
BLEED THE DREAM - BIG D AND THE KIDS TABLE
OPIATE FOR THE MASSES

JULY 14

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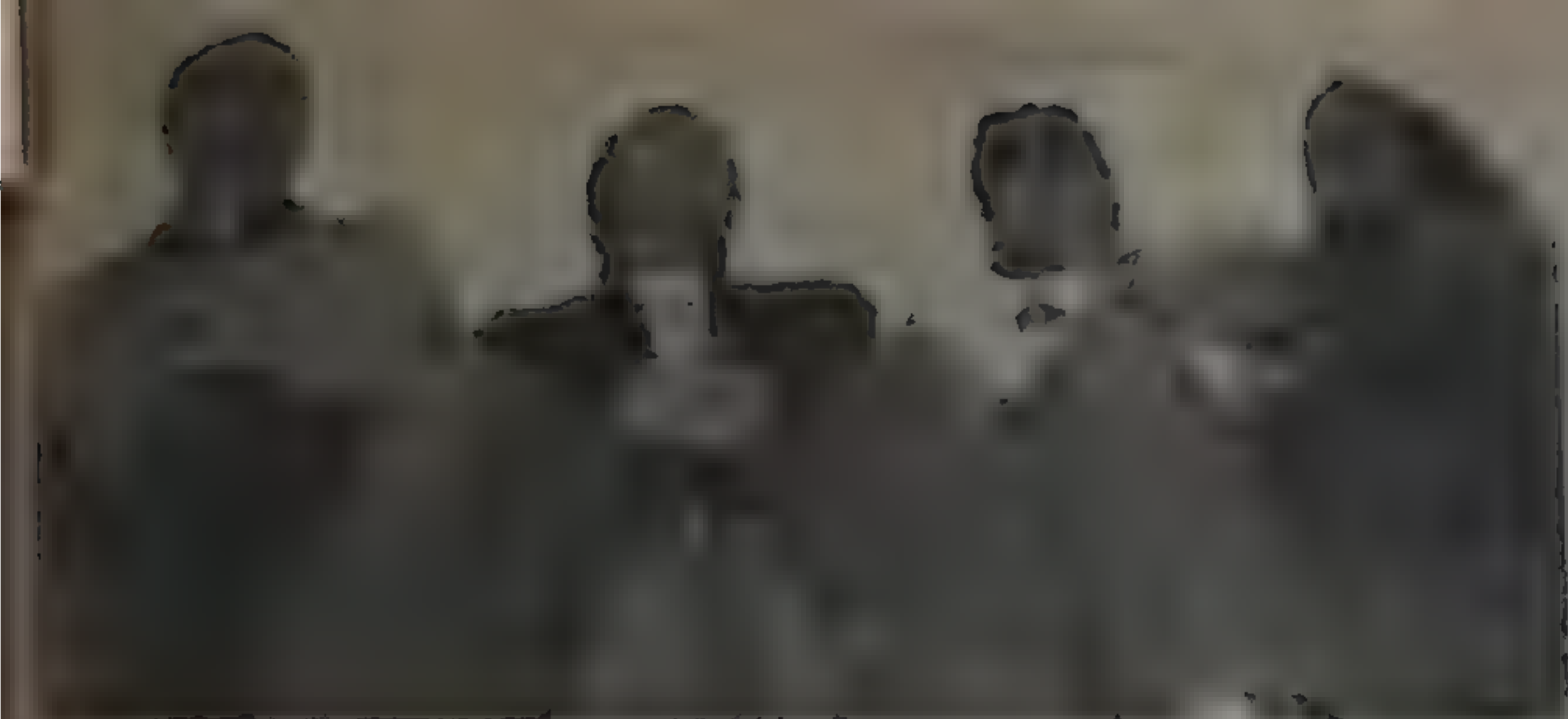
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disgusting," Vegas says. "My mom packed me a thing of alamine lotion, so it's been my saving grace so far."

For Vegas, though, his collection of bug bites have become rock merit badges. The way he sees it, most of the major-label snobs who've snubbed the Strange wouldn't be caught dead roughing it from club to club, and they're the worse for it. "I think you've got to pay your dues. I think right now a lot of bands, especially from our neck of the woods, seem to have got picked up very, very quickly without ever touring the country on their own or doing any kind of touring on their own," he says, before cheekily adding that he "might" be talking about fellow St. Catharine's residents Alexisonfire, before confessing they're "actually not dicks," like some other previously mentioned groups.

"There are other bands that have snubbed us and it's been weird," he continues, "but I think the way to avoid it is—those bands, they didn't go out and do things on their own and struggle and camp and get bitten by bugs and stuff. We're living the dirty side of it right now."

Not a bad trade: a few itchy spots now, and some years down the road, say, while playing Wembley Stadium, Vegas'll remember the humble beginnings he came from. "I'll remember the mosquito scars," he concludes. "Right before I throw my guitar at the guitar tech for not tuning it properly, the mosquito bites will stop me." ♡

THE STRANGE

With the Wildfire and Ten Ways from Sunday • Sidetrack Café • Sat, Jul 2 (8pm)



we're acquaintances with certain bands that have blown up or whatever and we don't even exist to them. And it can piss you off because you've got to wonder what happens between when we were playing with them and they were normal people and they were fun to hang out with and then all of a sudden they're too good for us. You're kind of wondering then, what happens there? You know, when do you suddenly become a dick from being an okay guy?"

Vegas's experiences have led him to the conclusion that the blame for most of that rock star dickery falls on the corporate end of the music business. "I think for a large part, major labels will push a band towards seeming a bit more aloof and a bit grander than your average person, and too good for everyone," he hypothesizes. "I think that's just what it probably comes down to. It's like, 'We're better than you and you're not worthy,' and it's just bollocks, really."

VEGAS DOESN'T MINCE WORDS when it comes to opining about the

state of the music industry, either, and it's clear he has no love for the major labels. Still, he says, he'd take a big-time offer if the chance arose—he just hopes that the Strange will be more prepared if the time comes due to their brushes with the *nouveaux fameux*.

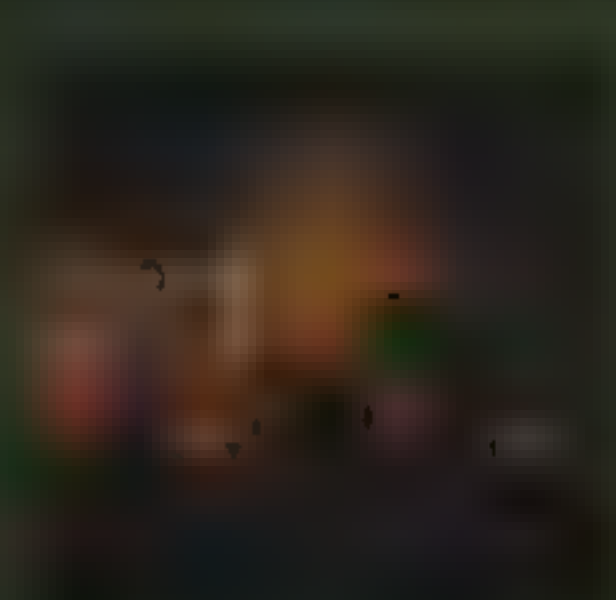
Anyway, all this talk of signing record deals and staying "real" seems a bit far off, considering Vegas is calling before playing a small pub show in Vancouver. But the Strange has experienced enough success back in St. Catharine's to keep them hopeful for the bigger things. Their first EP, the three-song *Volume One*, sold out twice back home, and the Strange hopes to continue their sales streak by bringing their bouncy and melodic feel-good rock across western Canada before returning with the soon-to-be-released *Volume Two* EP. The Strange will be touring for the next few months, camping on their way out west, pitching tents from Manitoba to Alberta, having first-time run-ins with prairie dogs and being bitten alive by the various insects of the Canadian Shield. "Everyone's covered in red ones—it's

SOUNDS OF UNDERGROUND

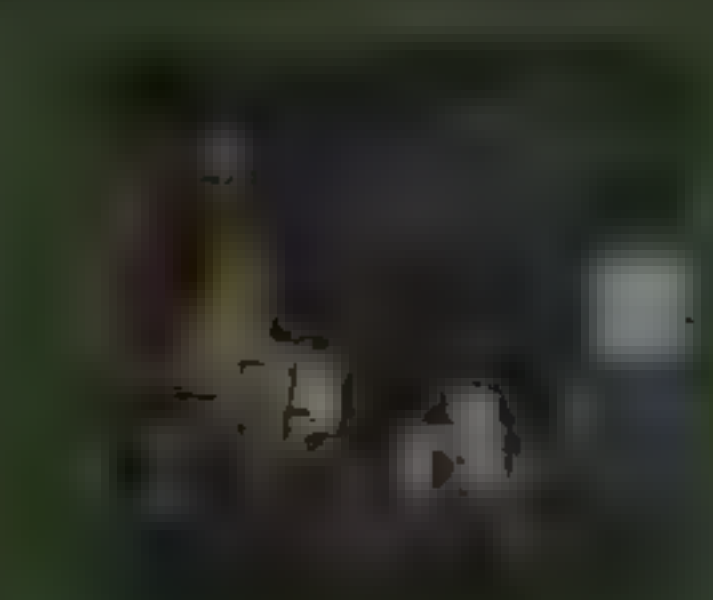
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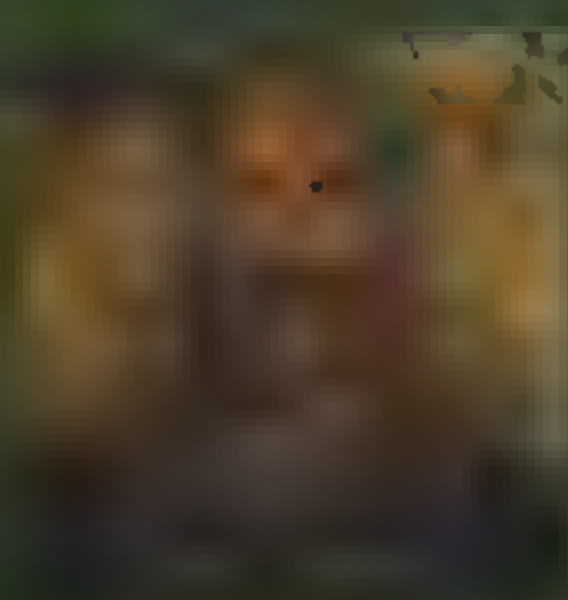
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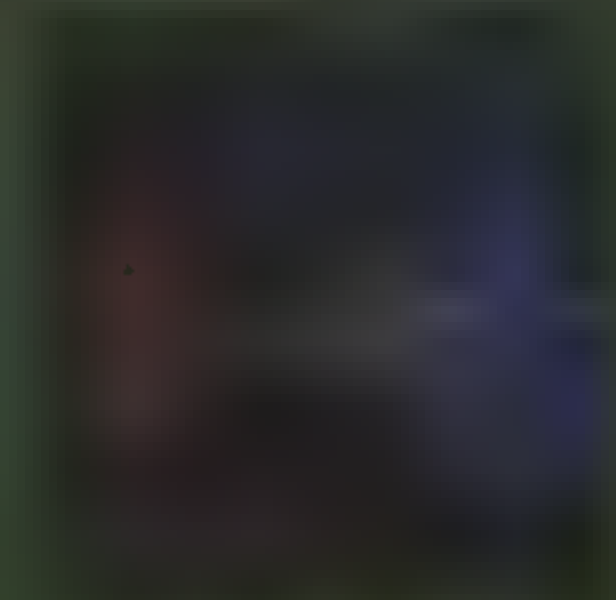
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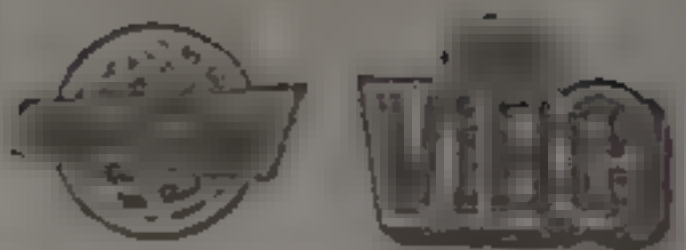
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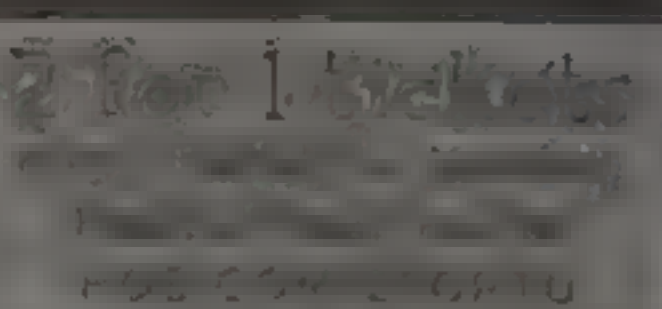
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The Enemy gives away its secrets

Grueling work ethic and U.S. management help Time Is the Enemy build successful tour

By MIKE LAROCQUE

You may not have heard much about them, but Vancouver-based metal band Time Is the Enemy's upcoming appearance at the Everything Was Yesterday festival won't be the first time they've played Edmonton. In fact, not only have they played here before, but when they did, they were living here.

"We're actually the product of two bands from Edmonton," explains lead singer C.T. Cade, who, along with guitarists Lemmer and D-Rock, drummer Matt Murder and bassist Kyle Steele, make up the hardcore quintet. "I played in Soul Farmer, and Matt and my brother played in Perceptual Distortion. After a while, we felt that if we got out of Edmonton we could push the band more, and there was also a bigger scene. We were over Edmonton and went to Vancouver for a change of scenery."

After that standard run of lineup changes that faces any emerging band (they replaced their keyboardist once and bassist twice), they settled on the current ensemble—but the band still faced a daunting obstacle: even in Vancouver, the hardcore scene was lacking. So Cade, a U.S. native, decided to depart from the band and head to California, where he now lives and manages the group. "When it got to the point where the band was solid and I could trust them to write the music,

I moved down to Hollywood to pursue the business end of it and push the band as far as I could," says Cade. "Hardcore music is quite a bit more accepted down here, and the music industry is so tight that everybody talks about everybody and we have A&R reps at our shows. We now do all of our recording in L.A. and play the Whisky a-Go-Go and the Roxy, and we've gained a pretty decent following in L.A."

"People always ask how we manage to be a band with me being so far away," he continues. "Basically, they send me what they are working on and I work out the vocals, and then they come down and we record. We've done a hundred times what we managed to do before this, though."

AND FOR THE average indie band coming out of Canada, they haven't done too badly. Although they're still without a debut full-length recording or record deal, Time Is the Enemy has managed to put together a respectable 23-date tour that will see them traversing western Canada and heading down into the States for the majority of their shows at a time when Canadian acts struggle to find a live audience south of the border.

In his travels, Cade has seen the hardcore scene grow in Canada and abroad, a development that he both relishes and abhors. "Five years ago," he says, "labels were just starting to sign hardcore and metalcore bands, but now it seems like every frickin' kid is in a metal band, or a hardcore band, or a post-hardcore, emo, screamo or whatever-band. Nowadays, it seems like they are doing it just because it is cool to be in a band; their parents can buy them instruments and put them in guitar lessons, and they can say they're in a band,

but to me, that's not what music is about. These kids come out and they all look and sound the same."

For Time Is the Enemy, the trick to staying in the game isn't money or fame, but remaining true to yourself in a genre that, as they see it, is filled with as many imitators as it is with bona fide artists. "The bands that are going to stick around are the ones that have paid their dues," Cade says, "being on the road and sleeping in the van. The bands that will stay around are the ones who have played shows in front of five people." ♪

TIME IS THE ENEMY

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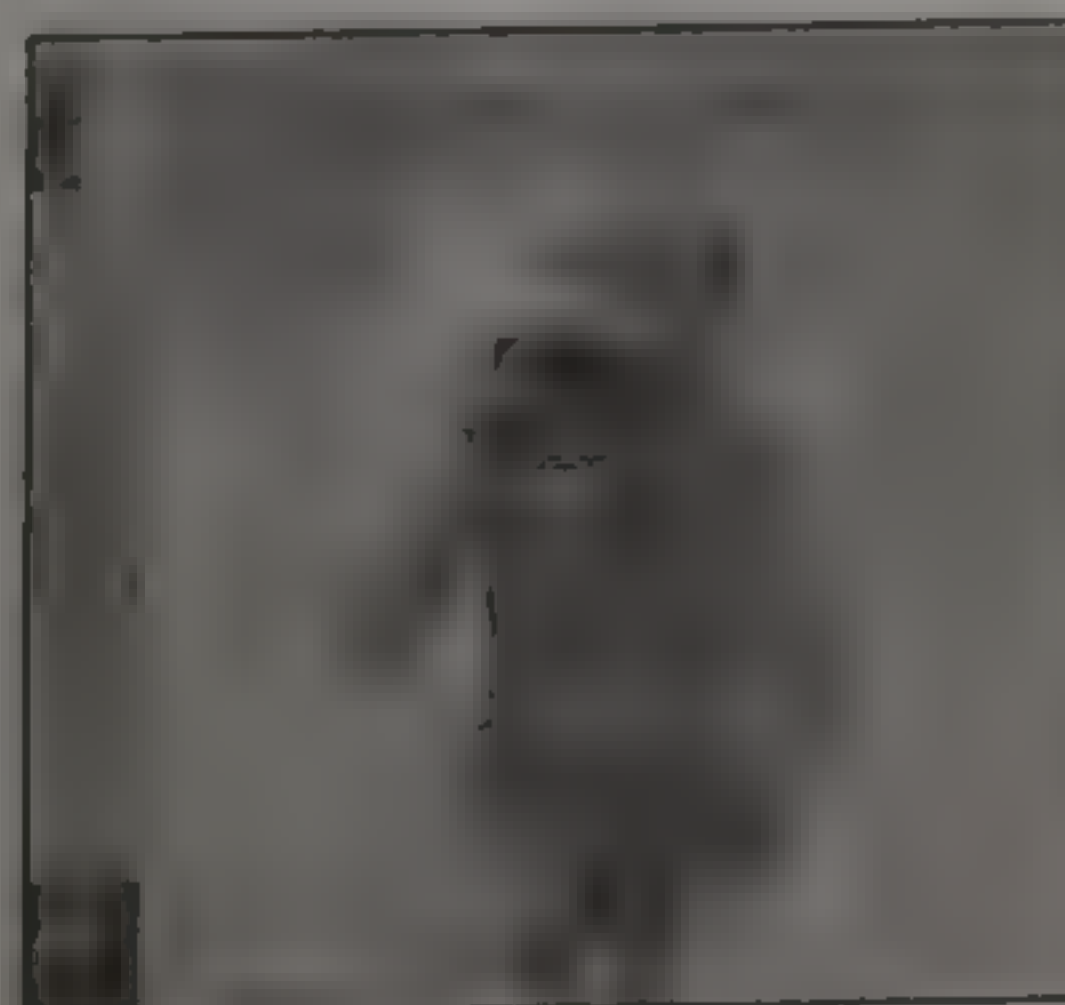


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IN BETWEEN DREAMS

NEW SOUNDS

FOO FIGHTERS IN YOUR HONOR (RCA)

The Foo Fighters have always seemed a little too... well, *familiar* to me. Sure, their albums have been harmless fun and all, but ultimately, I've always felt they were a pretty forgettable band. Nevertheless, I found myself genuinely intrigued to hear they were doing a double album; there's just something about these sprawling two-disc behemoths that can bring out the best (or the worst) in a band, and it's a challenge that Dave Grohl and company tackle with gusto, even when they stumble.

The first disc of *In Your Honor* is the electric half. On the opening title track, Grohl wails "Can you hear me/Hear me screaming?" Yes, Dave, we can. It's kind of hard not to, since that's pretty much as quiet as the vocals get throughout this set. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, though, because Grohl's got a hell of a voice, and the music supports him well. Full of crackling, intense songs that end up

at completely different points from where they started, the highlights of Disc One include the staccato riffing and desperate chorus of "DOA," the rolling drums of "Hell" and the spy-movie bassline of "Free Me."

The acoustic Disc Two, has a little more diversity and a lot more missteps. Some of the songs ("Still" and "What If I Do?") sound like the Foos could have easily cranked the distortion, sped up the tempo and included them on the first disc—there's no apparent reason to have written them for an acoustic setting in the first place. Other tunes, however, display more variety and some strong songwriting. Highlights include the trudging chords of "Another Round," the Nirvana-esque "Friend of a Friend" and "Virginia Moon," a jazzy duet with Norah Jones.

Ultimately, I'm inclined to agree with those who suggest that these two discs could have been pared down to one; it might have worked well to break up the pounding guitars of the first disc with the relaxed sounds of the

second. Then again, the result might have been just another harmless, unsurprising Foo Fighters album. Only time will tell if the two-disc version will hold up, but right now, all I know is that this is the first time I've kept listening to a Foo Fighters album past the third spin. ★★★★★ —EDEN MUNRO

AT THE DRIVE-IN THIS STATION IS NON-OPERATIONAL (FEARLESS)

This Station Is Non-Operational is billed not as a greatest-hits package, but as an At the Drive-In "anthology," and the distinction is an important one. Fans looking for a tidy repackaging of the band's best tunes will be disappointed, as many of At the Drive-In's better tracks—indeed, a couple of their singles—are missing. What *This Station Is Non-Operational* does provide, however, is a look at the evolution of a band from their humble beginnings in El Paso, Texas to becoming the first rock act signed to the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label in 1999 to the release of the career-defining *Relationship of Command* in 2000, when they were hyped as the band that would save guitar rock to their inexplicable decision to call it quits and split into two decent if not amazing bands, the proggy rockers Mars Volta and emo-pop darlings Sparta.

The anthology goes to great pains to show that At the Drive-In were more than the one-album band most music fans know them as, and many of the rarities showcased on this disc—including odd covers of songs by the Smiths (!) and Pink Floyd (?)—leave the listen-

er wondering what might have been had the band not split on the cusp of a major commercial breakthrough. For Drive-In fans, *This Station Is Non-Operational* is essential listening, but for the listener struggling to remember a time when "emo" wasn't the trash heap it is today, downloading the first five cuts off of *Relationship of Command* might make for a better introduction to the band. ★★★ —ROSS MOROZ

LEMONGRASS FLEUR SOLAIRE (MOLE)

On his seventh album as Lemongrass, drummer/producer Roland Voss takes a cannabis-fueled walk through fields of sunflowers and daisies, and the result is a luscious feast of creamy, downtempo, trip hop and mellow drum 'n' bass beats just waiting to be slathered on your soul. All of the songs here have a magical, almost youthful quality to them, especially the six tracks featuring German chanteuse Skadi. Her voice is like melting vanilla ice cream on a hot summer day; she brings a coy sexiness to the jazzy electro beats, a combination that would not be out of place on any of the *Saint Germain des Pres Café* compilations.

For his part, Voss has got the mix down to a science, as he leads you through "Fairylane" and the beautifully dreamy "Jardin." He adds just the right amount of provocative piano, titillating triangle and delicious drums to give the tracks depth—nothing overly complex, and nothing too hard on the ears, so even if you don't like it, you won't

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haiku QUICK SPINS

BY WHITEY
AND T.B. PLAYER

be shocked out of your stupor. But it also means that Voss isn't taking any chances, and that is what sometimes happens when you smoke too much ganj. ★★★ —CAROLYN NIKODYM

GLENN HUGHES SOUL MOVER (SANCTUARY)

Glenn Hughes has been in two of rock's most influential bands, Deep Purple and Black Sabbath (albeit not in either group's most famous incarnation), and since those days, he's carved out a solo career with a reputation as a solid songwriter and impressive vocalist. His latest foray into the recorded medium pretty much delivers what you'd expect from the man: 12 hard rock songs that are good but which will never be mistaken for the best work of his former bands. If anything, much of what's here sounds like a throwback to the pre-Seattle rock of the early '90s.

Hughes does have a powerful set of pipes, and he calls on a couple of heavy-hitter musician friends for help. Red Hot Chili Pepper's Chad Smith handles the drums and former Chili/Jane's Addiction guitarist Dave Navarro shows up for a couple of tracks. Smith's bongos on "She Moves Gently" and "Isolation" make both songs better, but for the most part he plays it safe, keeping a decent beat and nothing more. Likewise, Navarro's presence is wasted; he adds nothing that main guitarist JJ Marsh doesn't offer elsewhere on the disc.

Soul Mover is by no means terrible,

but it should be said that "Miss Little Insane" just plain sucks. I think my ears have earned the right to not be abused by stupid nursery-rhyme lyrics like "There's something wrong with your brain/You've been dyin' in vain/You're miss little insane." Sadly, Hughes doesn't seem to agree. ★★★ —EDEN MUNRO

SWEATSHOP UNION UNITED WE FALL (BATTLEAXE)

If there's one thing to be learned from Sweatshop Union's third release, *United We Fall*, it's that hooks are incredibly important to a rap song. And if there's a second thing to be learned from it, it's that if you're going to rap about political things, you should probably be timely.

It's sort of shocking how many bad choices are made on this album, and how significantly they distract from a few otherwise good songs. On "Never Enough," for instance, Kyprios has a pretty clever verse about the danger of love over a decent beat from Swollen Members' Rob the Viking, but it's sandwiched between a chorus with lines like "Money in your pocket, never enough/The girl that you got is never enough," sung in a boring call-and-answer format. And as for timeliness, the next song on the album, "Office Space," has a verse (which is also borderline misogynistic, but we'll ignore that for now) about sexual harassment in the office. I realize that I don't exactly have a real office job, but is this really still an epidemic? Do you people not know how to file a sexual harassment suit? ★★ —DAVID BERRY

Hungry Hill
Hungry Hill
(Caribou)
Old-timey bluegrass
Corn-smokin', cousin-pokin'
Good times mit banjo

Avenged Sevenfold
City of Evil
(Warner)
Fierce metal riffage
Plus hilarious lyrics
Make *Vue* staff giggle

Miles Davis
'Round About Midnight (Legacy Edition)
(Legacy)
How many times will
jazz dorks buy the same record?
Only time will tell

Funeral for a Friend
Hours
(Atlantic)
No screaming here, mate,
Just some British emo lads
Playing Maiden licks

The Offspring
Greatest Hits
(Sony)
Nothing else quite says
"Out of ideas" like a
Greatest hits CD

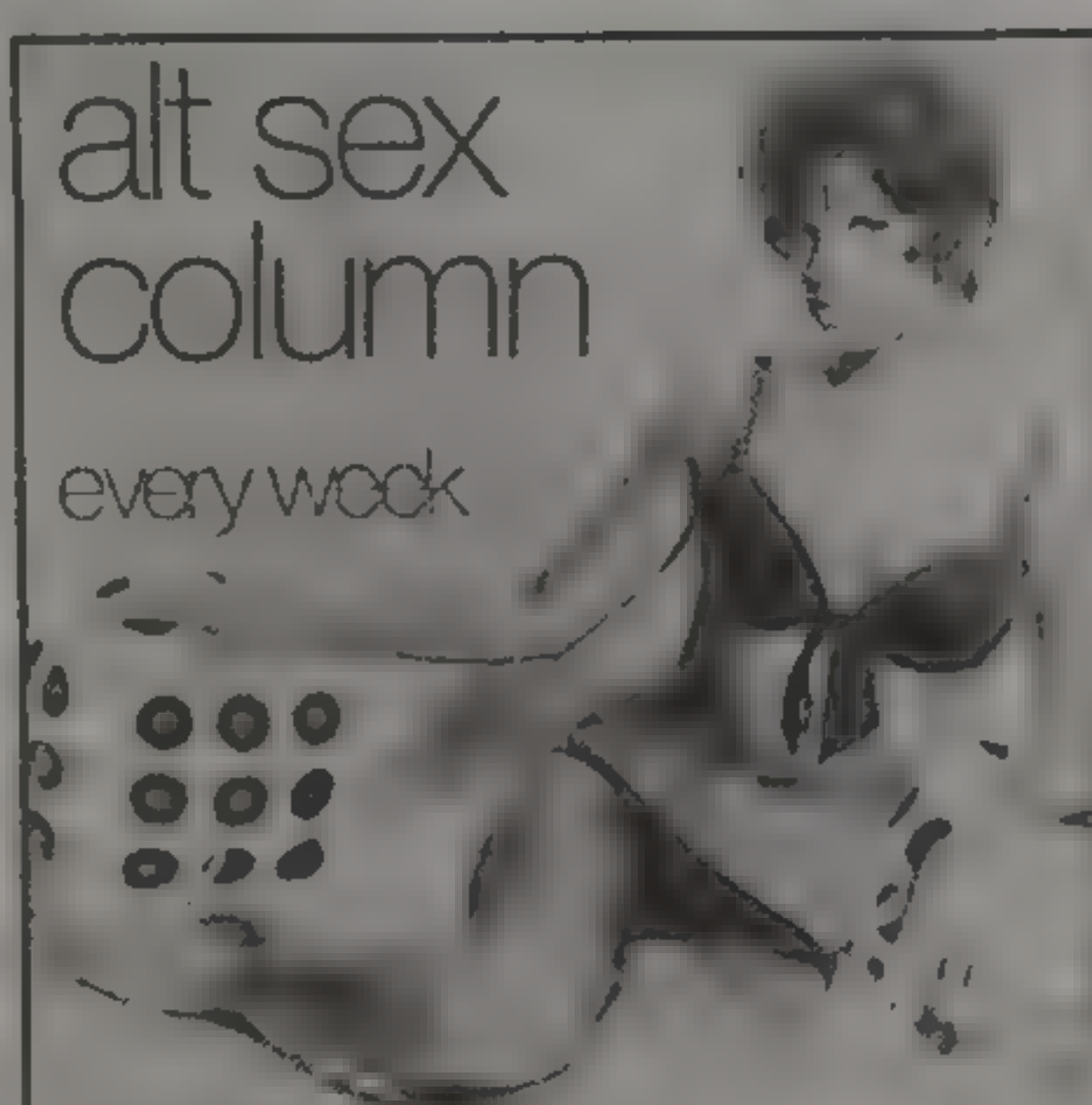
Eisley
Room Noises
(Reprise)
God-bothering band
Plays lush, quirky arrangements
Quite precious, but good

Dream Theatre
Octavarium
(Atlantic)
Pretentious wankfest
No, really. Just 'cuz you can
Doesn't mean you should

Two Hours Traffic
Two Hours Traffic
(Universal)
Stripped-down pop-type rock
These guys reek of the east coast
Like fish and B.O.

Odawas
The Aether Eater
(Jagjaguwar)
Droning, jangly noise
And musical kookery
Kinda fucked, yet good

ElekTro4
Keystroke One
(Bully)
Breakbeats and samples
In the hands of a master
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Edmonton still has jazz

Twin jazz festivals featuring local artists take the place of defunct Jazz City

By ROSS MOROZ

For the last 25 years, Edmonton jazz fans have looked forward to Jazz City, the yearly festival featuring Canadian and international jazz acts performing in a variety of large and small venues around Edmonton. The event had become arguably the premier jazz festival in western Canada, and Edmontonians had become accustomed to taking in world-class jazz every June.

So when Jazz City fell on hard times this spring and the festival's board was forced to cancel the 2005 edition of Jazz City, several local musicians, club owners and promoters sprung into action to pull together a replacement event. The result is two complementary events—the Yardbird Jazz Festival and the Downtown Jazz Series—that, while less ambitious in scope than Jazz City has been in the past, bring the focus back onto local musicians playing in small, intimate venues, something the events' organizers feel will help distinguish their festivals from Jazz City.

"I always thought the club scene was never properly represented by Jazz

City," explains Henry Song, one of the organizers of the Downtown Jazz Series and the owner of Four Rooms restaurant, a popular downtown jazz venue. "It's great to have big concerts in big rooms, but what really sustains a scene is the clubs. I wanted to get it to be more like a real festival—you know, let's get four or five other clubs, let's keep it in a central area and let's give it a real downtown vibe."

While he admits that patrons expecting to see the big-name international performers Jazz City was known for may be disappointed, Song

PREVIEW JAZZ

believes that the lack of world-renowned superstars will make festival-goers take more notice of the high calibre of local jazz talent. "We have very talented local musicians in Edmonton," he says, "and since I showcase them here all the time, I thought it would be great to try to get them all playing within a four- or five-day festival and feature them all properly—as opposed to the Jazz City format where they're playing all across town at all these various venues."

"Definitely one of the things we were going for was to feature Canadian and Edmontonian musicians specifically," agrees local musician Don Berner, who is both organizing and performing in both festivals. "People play as well here as they do anywhere, and we need to give them

the exposure they deserve."

ACCORDING TO Berner and Song, the demise of Jazz City had nothing to do with poor attendance or lack of interest from the general public; in fact, both men are staunch in their belief that Edmonton is one of Canada's premier jazz cities, despite its relatively small size and off-the-beaten-path latitude. "It's probably the strongest scene in western Canada, and I don't know what to chalk it up to," says Berner. "For years I was convinced it was the presence of Tommy Banks and P.J. Perry, but looking back even further than that, this city has always had a very strong scene."

Local jazz musicians seem to echo this sentiment, including versatile local artist Rubim de Toledo, who will be giving a solo performance sans his regular band ¡Bomba! as part of the Downtown Jazz Series. "Edmonton was one of the first cities out here to have a jazz festival," he says. "It's kind of a legacy we've had, and it was such a disappointment when we heard that there wasn't going to be a festival this year. It's great that a few local musicians and club owners decided to get behind their own independent festival, which I think might turn out to be even better and stronger than what we had before."

De Toledo has enjoyed Jazz City in the past, but recently he felt the festival had lost its focus. "I just think that the festival was getting



too large," he admits. "This is a much more feasible concept."

For Song, though, Jazz City's downfall is rooted simply in poor management. "As far as reputation goes, Jazz City was probably the biggest festival in western Canada—it was just poorly run," he explains. "From what I hear, without really knowing a lot of the details, Jazz City basically burnt their bridges."

EVERYONE AGREES that the main reason Jazz City's board was forced to cancel this year's event was because of their inability to secure an Edmonton Arts Council grant, but in Song's mind, the government made the right decision by not supporting Jazz City this year. "Jazz City got grant money," he says, "but the musicians never saw that money. The clubs paid the musicians and the clubs also paid a fee to Jazz City, and got basically nothing in return for it. When you hear rumours of people not getting paid on time and that the festival is in debt, how can you fault the government for not wanting to fund this organization?"

Regardless of how this year's situation arose, everyone involved is looking forward to putting on shows that bring the focus back onto Edmonton and Alberta-based musicians, hopefully whetting the public's appetite for great local jazz. "You can't say you have a jazz scene without having great local musicians," enthuses Song. "You need to have that stable base in place, and then you can build upon that and show people that there is great jazz available at a local jazz club."

"There's so much great talent here, and most of the time they get overlooked by the general public, so this is a good opportunity for them to get recognized," agrees de Toledo. "People come out for the festival and see these names and these faces and realize, 'Wow, these people live here, and I can come out and see them whenever I want.'"

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An Inspectah calls

Wu-Tang Clan's Inspectah Deck wants to pull the plug on "microwave" hip hop

By DAVID BERRY

Complaining about the state hip hop is pretty much *de rigueur* these days. From Fiddy to the Black Eyed Peas, anyone looking to poke holes in urban culture has any number of knives at their disposal, and pretty much everyone with even a vague idea of what's going on in the rap world seizes every available opportunity to point out what the community should be doing to right itself. But it's something pretty special to hear one of the people who helped usher in this new age of rap tell you that it's all gone wrong.

With their seminal album *Enter the 36 Chambers*, a heavyweight contender for the best rap album of all time, and some well-regarded solo follow-ups, the Wu-Tang Clan changed the direction of rap in the early '90s: old school, long since in its death throes, virtually disappeared, and West Coast gangsta went into its

downturn. Thanks in no small part to the Clan's contribution, mainstream rap turned to a game of extended metaphors and too-clever names, and started down the path to where it currently sits. And, as Inspectah Deck—one of the least-heralded but most talented of the original nine members of Wu-Tang—tells it, that place is nowhere he wants to be.

"People respect [what we did] because it's real," says Deck (a.k.a.

PREVIEW HIP HOP

the Rebel INS a.k.a. Jason Hunter) over the phone from L.A. in the middle of his latest tour. "It's not rolling in a Bentley with some half-Asian models up in your video. Your outfits are nice and your female dancers, but you haven't said a word up there that made me feel anything. I might as well have went to the strippers if I wanted to look at the chicks. That's what I call pre-rehearsed, or cosmetic, or my new word for it, I call it microwave—microwave, because it's nothing compared to the home cooking. They got the microwave shit, we've got Martha Stewart pots and pans over here—Teflon-coated, we're cooking it up non-stick for

you. You can deal with that microwave shit if you want."

STILL, DECK RECOGNIZES the part that Wu-Tang has played, for better or worse, in guiding hip hop to its present state. But he also feels that rappers have only picked up some of the more negative aspects of Wu-Tang culture—"Negative and positive is what balances the universe," he explains—while ignoring the Wu-Tang's social conscience. More than anything, that's what's pushed Deck in the direction of songs like the Wu-classic "C.R.E.A.M.," socially aware music that speaks about life in the ghetto.

"As I got older," he says, "I realized that, man, I'm not trying to be the gangsta, I'm not trying to be the richest dude in the world. I'm trying to be the dude that, you know, two generations from now, there's a statue in the hood of the Rebel INS. I'm just trying to stand for, or just continue to stand for, the people who died and allowed me to have this chance."

Which is why Deck's found himself more and more drifting towards the '70s—a time when black culture was more powerful, more aware, more real. "Everything that was dealing with African-Americanism at that point in time, from the '70s on, had



an aura of soul, and also power, with it," he says earnestly. "I'm a child of that—I'm a child of the rebels, the ones who stood up. I have the soul of the blacks that had nothing, but made something out of everything they could get their hands on, as opposed to this generation that, you know, they're born with PSPs. I feel like the '70s for the soul and the self-empowerment that was going on at that time, and even though the obstacles were greater, it made the challenge greater for them, and they stood up to that."

And these obstacles and challenges, Deck says, are what make a culture strong, and which are sadly

lacking in the community today. "African-American people as a whole, we don't have much," he says, "so when we do get something, we do the dumbest shit sometimes. That's what hurts me, man—that hurts me more than anything else. A lot of blacks blame the white man, blame they girl, they fucking blame everybody but themselves. A lot of our shit be our own problems sometimes, man, and right now, I be trying to tell people to snap out of it and wake up."

INSPECTAH DECK

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Weight, watching

Look at Me is a profound comedy about a large girl who feels invisible

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

The central female character in the new French film *Look at Me* is a young woman named Lolita, but she has very little in common with the enchanting nymphet of Nabokov's novel. Far from being the centre of erotic attention, this Lolita (beautifully played by Marilou Berry) is ignored by nearly everyone around her. She's overweight, with a nondescript hairdo and a frumpy fashion sense—she's constantly hiding her body underneath baggy black sweaters. Most men ignore her, and doormen routinely refuse to even admit her into nightclubs. And yet she's surrounded by thin, beautiful Frenchwomen, whether it's the sleek, anonymous models on the billboards and the TV commercials that director Agnès Jaoui constantly places on the periphery of the action, or her father's new wife, a much younger blonde who looks at herself in the mirror at a clothing store and moans, "I'm enormous!", seemingly oblivious to Lolita sitting morosely on a chair behind her. Lolita's father customarily greets her by calling her "my big girl," a cruel term of endearment that you can tell cuts her like a knife every time he uses it. In fact, you half-wonder whether Lolita's name is her father's idea of a joke. I wouldn't put it past him.

Lolita's dad is Étienne Cassard (Jean-Pierre Bacri, who co-wrote the screenplay, a Cannes prize-winner, with Jaoui), a monstrously narcissistic novelist, publisher and all-around superstar of the Parisian cultural elite. You can get a general idea of

what Cassard is like in the party scene where he's told that a fellow publisher would like to meet him; he nods and continues to stand where he is. "Did you not hear me?" he's asked. "M. Tessier would like to meet you." "Well," Étienne serenely replies, not budging an inch, "here I am!" And never mind party guests; Étienne refuses to accommodate even the people closest to him. The one joy in Lolita's entire existence is her work with a classical vocal group; she makes her father a cassette of her singing in a rehearsal

REVUE FOREIGN

hall, but six months after she gives it to him, she discovers the envelope sitting on a bookshelf, still unopened. At the end of the film, Étienne finally deigns to attend a concert she's helped organize, only to duck out of the auditorium just three minutes into the performance when he's suddenly seized by an idea for a new novel.

I HOPE I HAVEN'T MADE Lolita and Étienne sound like cardboard caricatures, because one of the beautiful things about Jaoui and Bacri's script is that none of their characters can be reduced to a simple label, and almost none of them act entirely honourably or dishonourably. Lolita, in her way, is just as exasperating a character as her father: she's immature for a 20-year-old, sullen and prone to sloppy crying fits, and when an aspiring journalist named Sébastien (Keine Bouhiza) takes an interest in her—as an Arab, he identifies with her outcast status—she treats him with horrible callousness, casually abandoning him time and again to chase after a handsome, aloof boy she has an obviously doomed crush on. And yet, you can also see where a lot of Lolita's antiso-

cial behaviour comes from—so many people have shown an interest in her simply because of her famous surname that she suspects every new friend she makes is really just using her as a stepping stone to her father. And she's usually right; even Sylvia, Lolita's singing coach (subtly played by Jaoui herself), only begins taking a special interest in her career after she finds out who her father is.

Sylvia and her husband Pierre (Laurent Gréville), a floundering novelist who attracts Étienne's attention after his third novel becomes an unexpected literary sensation, constitute the other major relationship in the film. We see Sylvia looking on skeptically as her newly rich and famous husband gradually abandons his bohemian friends, but you're left wondering whether Sylvia is really any better than he is—after all, she's just as keen to bask in Étienne's reflected glory as Pierre is.

It all adds up to a film that is many things: a wry satire of the hypocritical world of French intellectuals; an unusually subtle examination of the painful effects our society's ideals of female beauty can have on women who don't live up to them; and a celebration of the power of art to redeem every human soul and allow us to briefly transcend our petty, downtrodden lives. It's a film in which none of the characters is recognized for the person they really are underneath, and it makes you realize that you probably don't properly appreciate any of the people around you, either. *Look at Me* is a wonderful, sophisticated entertainment that's too good to be ignored in the same way. Make sure you give it your full attention. **V**

LOOK AT ME

Directed by Agnès Jaoui • Written by Agnès Jaoui and Jean-Pierre Bacri • Starring Marilou Berry, Jean-Pierre Bacri and Agnès Jaoui • Opens Fri, July 1

Martian sickness

Despite usual Spielberg jingoism, *War of the Worlds* is a nerve-rattling thrill ride

By BRIAN GIBSON

1898: H.G. Wells publishes the Martians-attack-London novel *The War of the Worlds*. Many critics now see the book as a criticism of the "might-is-right" justification for imperialism. Wells, who died in 1946 after seeing two world wars, said, "Reality has taken a leaf from my book and set itself to supersede me."

Oct. 30, 1938: Orson Welles broadcasts the novel on radio as a series of news bulletins which cause mass panic when many listeners believe the announcements of aliens landing in New York.

In this reality-faking, CGI century, we've moved beyond the war of words and the power of pictures, so the latest retread of Wells's novel (there was also a 1953 film and an '80s TV series) can't terrify a naive public. But even in our jaded new world, the old tricks can still work some magic. Steven Spielberg's version is not so much a sci-fi film as a horror movie where the ghosts are aliens and the entire planet is haunted by them. Not as interested in effects as it is in generating chills through eerie, ambient sounds, slow-panning camera shots and pants-pissingly scared characters, *War of the Worlds* is a nerve-grIPPING, full-throttle roller-coaster ride of a summer blockbuster.

Ray Ferrier (Tom Cruise, not too believably playing a father), a stevedore at the New York ports, has custody of his kids Robbie (Justin Chatwin) and Rachel (Dakota Fanning, in yet another preternaturally wise, Salingeresque child role) for the weekend while his ex-wife Mary Ann goes to Boston with her boyfriend to visit her parents. Soon after reports of a total power outage in Ukraine, a massive electrical storm descends and lightning starts to take bites out of the Big Apple. These flashes help activate long-dormant Tripods, three-legged steel machines which come out of the ground, pulverizing people and buildings with their death rays.

As Ray and his kids head for

Boston, the world becomes a hellscape of marauding Tripods, human corpses and spreading, blood-red vines. If plot points seem murky (the storm cuts all power but vehicles, camcorders and other devices seem to work at the most opportune moments; stranded cars have been politely cleared to make an escape route for Ferrier's van), the post-9/11, post-tsunami overtones of mass confusion and an apocalyptic death toll are intriguing. Ferrier is, literally, a perpetually fleeing ferryman trying to transport his kids to their mother (even, at one point, on an actual ferry) while evading the constant, surrounding presence of death

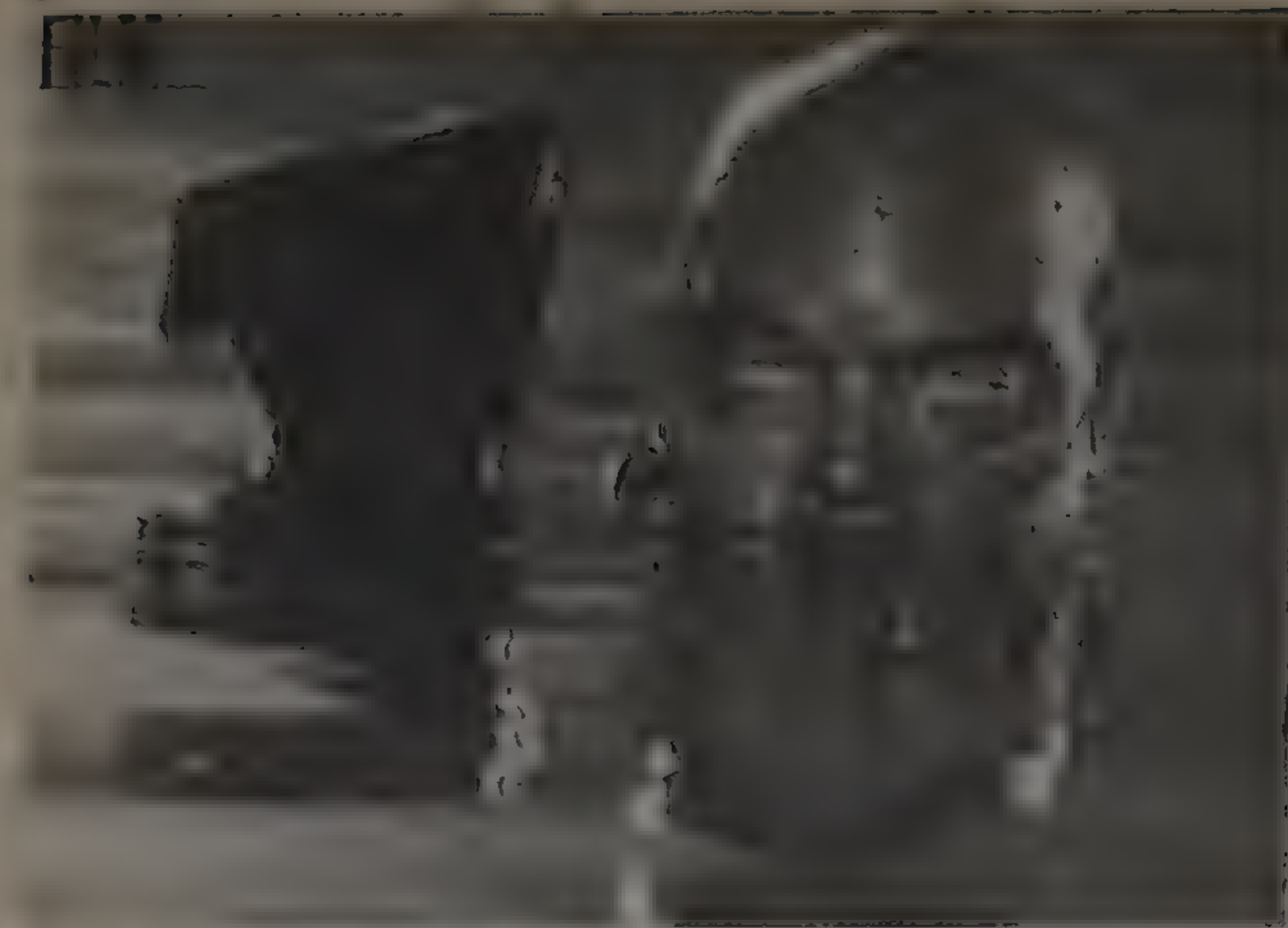
UNTIL THE END, the film conveys this miasma of doom nicely. The ashes of the Tripods' lasered victims cover Ferrier like a pall after one attack; bodies float down a river; clothes of the dead flutter down into woods at night. Spielberg's favourite cinematographer, Janusz Kaminski, builds suspense through slow pans around corners and glimpses of the aliens and their machines through slats and cracks, while the foghorn

calls, quaking rumbles and crackling booms of the Tripods jolt the senses.

Spielberg tosses in an allusion to the network that broadcast Welles's radio play with a scene involving a CBS news crew, but he can't resist his usual jingoism. Ferrier is the type of All-American, white-bread father who doesn't know what hummus is and hates the taste of it, lives on a block where every house has an American flag and helps us see a Boston statue of a revolutionary soldier as a symbol of triumph. Still, even with Spielberg's attempt to spin the ending into a golden moment of reunion, in a world where Ferrier's family remains ludicrously immune from an invasion that kills millions, I kept thinking of Tim Robbins's character, an ambulance driver unhinged by the loss of his family, and what Ferrier does to him. Try as Spielberg might to suggest otherwise, as Wells learnt, in any war in this world, it's the victims who matter, not the surviving conquerors. **V**

WAR OF THE WORLDS

Directed by Steven Spielberg • Written by David Koepp and Josh Friedman • Starring Tom Cruise, Dakota Fanning and Tim Robbins • Now playing



Zombie dearest

George A. Romero proves he's still the king of the ghouls with *Land of the Dead*

By JOSEF BRAUN

Once again, America is overrun by feeble-minded ghouls, wreaking anarchy and suffering from an insatiable urge to do nothing but perpetually consume. No, this isn't the beginning of some crass comic jab toward Republicans but, in fact, the premise of legendary horror director George A. Romero's *Land of*

the Dead, the fourth in his series of apocalyptic undead films that began nearly four decades ago with his brilliantly repulsive, murky black and white, low-budget debut *Night of the Living Dead*. There have been innumerable remakes, imitations and homages to Romero's sick and satirical vision over the years, but *Land of the Dead* serves to remind us that for all the highs and lows to be found in Romero's résumé, he clearly remains the master of this peculiar and altogether unsavoury domain.

Though I wouldn't call it the scariest, *Land of the Dead* is in many regards the most ambitious and sophisticated in the series. While zombies dominate most of the terrain seen or referred to in the film, a number of survivors have come together in a precariously secured urban centre (an unnamed Toronto) where Romero has imagined the rapid development of a social hierarchy and several layers of barbaric exploitation that exist within it. Those who can afford it live in a massive luxury highrise lorded over by one Mr. Kaufman (an unnervingly emotionless Dennis Hopper with a few canny hints of George W. Bush woven into his wardrobe and dialogue), where an eerie shopping-mall calm lets inhabitants delude themselves into believing they can continue to maintain a normal lifestyle of work, play and commerce. All others are left to fend for them-

selves in the streets below, where a lack of food, running water and electricity exacerbates the stress of never knowing when the rampant zombie hordes will break the barrier to feast on their skin and entrails.

Yet while they're obviously the film's object of fear and disgust, from its first scenes (which follow a nice little prologue of monochromatic shadows and static), the zombies are infused with surprising sympathy. We're first introduced to our protagonist Riley (the handsome but unfortunately quite dull Australian Simon Baker) as he spies on a community of zombies crowding around a small-town gas station, going through what appear to be the

REVUE HORROR

motions of normal, pre-apocalyptic life—there's even a small zombie band in the town gazebo making laughably pathetic attempts to play their instruments.

RILEY IS ONE OF a group of hardened mercenaries who raid the surrounding zombie-infested small towns for supplies, but unlike his cohorts, such as the greedy, resentful Cholo (John Leguizamo), he's not too numb to take note of some strange tendencies emerging within the ranks of the dead. He realizes

that they are desperately trying to cope with the chaos surrounding them, that they're just looking for a place to be in a God-forsaken world, that in a sense, they're no different from most of those still living. And his realization makes the carnage in *Land of the Dead* that much more complicated and intense.

It should probably be emphasized that *Land of the Dead* is, unsurprisingly, a pretty nightmarish movie, full of impressive bodily desecration and repulsive gore, and Romero is more than happy to fortify his moments of horror with humour—in one scene, a soldier about to toss a grenade has his hand ripped off just before his body collapses on the grenade-wielding hand and blows up. Having said all that, Romero is hardly obsessed with the banal extremes of grossness, and even uses shadows in some moments to suggest precisely those horrors he knows will strike us harder in our imaginations. All in all he maintains a solid balance of all the ingredients that make this particular subgenre work—work on our minds, hearts, guts, and even our souls. ☐

GEORGE A. ROMERO'S LAND OF THE DEAD

Written and directed by George A. Romero • Starring Simon Baker, John Leguizamo, Dennis Hopper and Asia Argento • Now playing



Mississippi crooning

EFS musical series leaves the dock with dated but still-seaworthy *Show Boat*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

You don't need to be a fan of musicals to enjoy the films of a duo like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, whose dance routines have a playful elegance that makes them as enjoyable and accessible today as they ever were. Filmed in black and white, performed against stylized Art Deco sets, the dances of Astaire and Rogers still seem enchantingly modern—or

maybe it would be more accurate to say they still seem pure and timeless; even someone who's never seen a musical or an old movie before can see how great they are.

The appeal of Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel, on the other hand, is more difficult for a modern audience to understand. Grayson and Keel both rose to fame making musicals for MGM in the early '50s. They made only three films together—*Show Boat*, *Lovely to Look At* and *Kiss Me Kate*, all of which will be screened at the Provincial Museum over the next couple of months as part of the Edmonton Film Society's summer series of classic Hollywood musicals—but they complemented each other so well that their names are forever linked in the memories of movie buffs. They could

both dance a little, but they were more famous for their robust, stage-trained voices: listen to Grayson's coloratura and Keel's manly baritone duetting on "Make Believe" in the 1951 version of *Show Boat* (which kicks off the EFS series on July 4) and you'll instantly be transported back to an era when

REVUE MUSICALS

microphones were anathema on Broadway and musical stars were expected to fill the entire theatre through sheer lungpower alone. It's a singing style that has dated badly—nowadays, it's the unpretentious, more "natural" delivery of guys like Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly that we tend to feel more at home with.

It's ironic that *Show Boat* seems so musty nowadays, since when the original show debuted on Broadway in 1927, it was a true groundbreaker: the first major musical in which the songs advanced the plotline and revealed character instead of serving simply as interpolated novelty numbers, not to mention the first musical to tackle serious social issues like racism and broken marriage. But if you can get past the occasionally corny staging and the ornate singing of the romantic leads, Edna Ferber's melodramatic plot, involving four showbiz couples whose lives are all connected to a riverboat in 1890s Mississippi, is still pretty irresistible. Plus Marge and Gower Champion deliver a couple of wonderful, nostalgic dance routines; Joe E. Brown and Agnes Moorhead are a delight as sentimental Captain Andy and his hard-headed wife Parthy; and William Warfield pours his heart into a powerful rendition of "Ol' Man River."

OF THE OTHER TWO Grayson/Keel collaborations, *Kiss Me Kate* (July 11) is the clear standout—a witty, high-energy film version of Cole Porter's musical riff on *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which Grayson and Keel play egocentric Broadway stars whose volatile offstage relationship mirrors their onstage roles as Petruchio and Katharine. The film also features some of Ann Miller's best moments onscreen, including "Too Darn Hot," "From This Moment On" and the beguiling "Always True to You in My Fashion."

Ann Miller also stars opposite Grayson and Keel in *Lovely to Look At* (August 15), and she steals the show in that one too, singing "I'll Be Hard to Handle" accompanied by a chorus of male dancers in wolf masks. The film is a remake of Jerome

Kern's *Roberta* (filmed in 1935 with Astaire and Rogers) and concerns a trio of Broadway producers who get mixed up in a Parisian dress salon.

A pair of rarely screened Fred Astaire pictures show up back-to-back in the EFS series: on July 18, it's *The Belle of New York*, in which Astaire appears as a New York playboy struggling to prove to a Bowery mission worker that he's worthy of her love; and on August 1, it's *Blue Skies*, an Irving Berlin tribute in which Astaire battles Bing Crosby for the affections of dancer Joan Caulfield.

Crosby finds himself in the middle of another romantic triangle the very next week in *High Society* (August 8), the fondly remembered musical version of *The Philadelphia Story*, featuring Grace Kelly at her most beautiful, as well as Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong and some of the most effervescent songwriting in Cole Porter's entire repertoire.

The series concludes with a pair of Don Ameche vehicles, of all things. He's the least interesting thing, though, in *Down Argentine Way* (August 22), which contains a starmaking performance by Betty Grable as well as a showstopping tap routine by the high-flying Nicholas Brothers. And there's a few dozen more Irving Berlin songs waiting for you in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (September 5), a 1938 musical that a lot of people seem to like, although I find the passive, self-sacrificing behaviour of Ameche's character to be more frustrating than noble. Does Tyrone Power have to get the girl every damned time? ☐

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In dullest Africa

In My Country is a painfully well-meaning but contrived post-apartheid drama

BY DARREN ZENKO

It's a weird feeling when you walk out of the theatre after seeing a film dealing with the aftermath of decades of soul-breaking, world-changing, diabolically routine atrocities and find yourself... bored, annoyed, glad to be done with it. Apartheid was real, the suffering was real, the Truth and Reconciliation hearings were real, and yet *In My Country* struck me as phony, contrived, overdramatic. The kicker—arising from the usual soft-liberal complexes, I imagine—is that I feel embarrassed and guilty for disliking such an earnest treatment of such an important topic. An intensely unpleasant experience in every sense.

In My Country is the story of two journalists covering the work of South Africa's post-apartheid Truth and Reconciliation Commission, a body with the unprecedented task of gathering testimony from victims and perpetrators of the abuses and atrocities of the segregated police state, with the goal of laying the demons of the past to rest by hauling the ugly truth into the light and granting amnesty to those who could demonstrate that their actions were carried out under orders. This non-retributive system, informed by the holistic African justice-concept of *ubuntu*, doesn't sit well with American reporter Samuel L. Jackson, who pushes for rolling heads and purges.

His counterpart is Juliette Binoche, a sensitive poet-turned-reporter working for South African radio. As she follows the hearings, the constant revelation of horror and genocide batters down the walls of her worldview—which battering is assisted by the angry, browbeating challenges posed by Jackson. As the two married-with-kids reporters hear horrific testimony, argue and rail at each other and make a few grisly discoveries of their own, a sort of shell-shocked foxhole romance develops between them.

Nothing wrong with a movie about an illicit love affair; lies, eva-

sions, sneaking, the wild pleasures of forbidden passion all make for good drama. But John Boorman, directing Ann Peacock's screenplay based (very loosely, I'm told) on Antjie Krog's book, fails to provide the necessary spark, that feeling of doom that arises from comprehensible motivations. There's simply no real reason these two are even hanging out together, let alone entering into an affair. Far from the wrenching feeling of inevitability that powers tragedy, the consummation of *In My Country* "love" story feels forced, not to mention creepy. Their totally transparent post-coital puppylove behaviour—to the point of canoodling under a tree in the front yard of her parents' home—is just ridiculous.

THE ROMANTIC (ICK) PLOT is only a framing device, though, for the portrayal of the work of the TRC and the examination of the horrors of apartheid that supposedly make this an important film.

When Binoche and Jackson aren't reading flat, didactic lines at each other, they're sitting in various venues, listening to the testimony of grieving victims and abashed murderers. While this is painful to listen to—moreso because it inevitably directs the viewer to consider that atrocities like these and worse are ongoing, right now, all around the globe—it's still *testimony*. It's people sitting in chairs, speaking into microphones. It's the apotheosis of telling rather than showing, and as harrowing as the words themselves are, it makes for terrible cinema.

Boorman's a fine director, and he's proven himself capable of creating indelible images on film (a shining chrome skullcap and a floating stone head that barfs guns come to mind), but with *In My Country* he's crafted a well-meaning (oh, how well-meaning!) film that fails as both drama and document. Beyond reminding the amnesiac people of our 24-hour-news-cycle world that something terrible called "apartheid" happened, and happened not long ago, this overearnest piece of social-issue cinema does nothing worthwhile. ❖

IN MY COUNTRY

Directed by John Boorman • Written by Ann Peacock • Starring Juliette Binoche and Samuel L. Jackson • Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Sat-Sun, July 2-3 (9pm) and Mon, July 4 (7 and 9pm) • Metro Cinema • 425-9212

REVUE DRAMA

Little films from the prairie

Eclectic *Prairie Tales* anthology shows breadth of Alberta filmmaking talent

BY CAROLYN NIKODYM

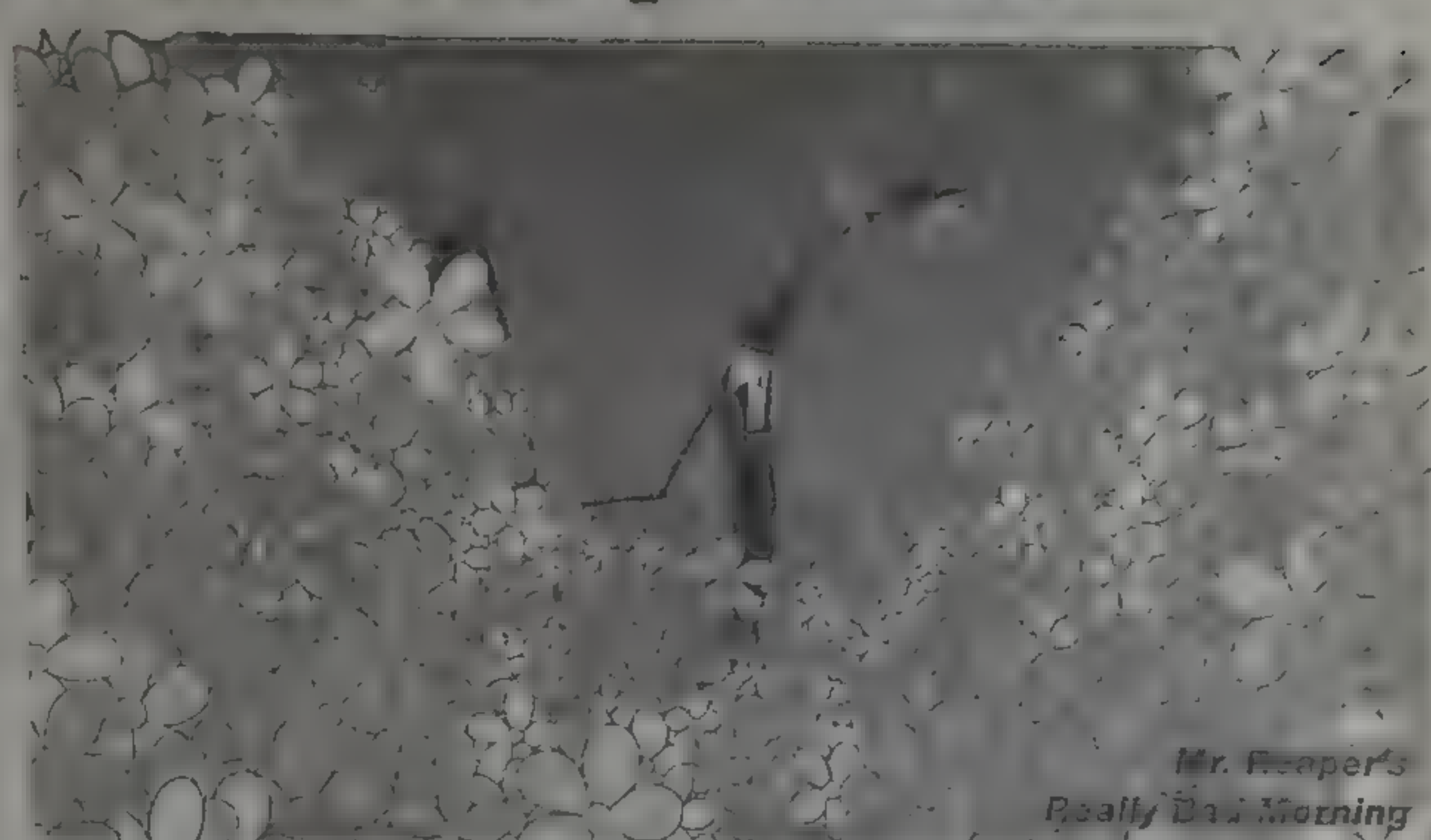
In writing about arts, phrases including the words "unique," "eclectic" and "genre-defying" are a dime a dozen. Not only are they overused, but they don't have any inherent meaning—they have to be compared to something else in order to matter. You could say, "That film has a unique story," but does that say anything at all?

However, the short films included in *Prairie Tales 7* are nothing if not eclectic. They selections are diverse—ranging from the explicitly experimental to the rigidly regular, from arty animation to down-to-earth documentary—and the only things they have in common are that they were made by Albertans and they are all under 20 minutes long. You could probably also make the case that they all look into the human condition, but you might have to argue that one pretty artfully in some instances.

Shot in a neighbourhood greasy spoon, Jim Thalheimer's *Pieces of Eight* follows the various customers through the solace they find in the familiar surroundings. Yvette, the waitress, asks all of the regular server questions, "What are you havin' today?" and "More coffee?" But the responses are anything but regular; they are confessional—at once touching on the disconnect people feel and the inappropriateness of sharing those feelings. The scene is punctuated by narrator George, who, while playing a game of solitaire, uses his deck of cards to reveal the intimate details of the personalities of his fellow customers.

Valerie LeBlanc, on the other hand, reveals very little of herself as she destroys over 100 videotapes of her work in *Bye BYE Three-Quarter Inch*. She pulls the tapes apart with no facial expression whatsoever—you never get a sense if it is cathartic or painful for her to destroy her own art. You just watch her pull reams and reams of tape from their cassettes, while snippets of what is actually on the tape play out in little insets. In the end, LeBlanc is left with a mess of tangled videotape. The film might be a comment on our disposable culture, on the fact that the LeBlanc was smothered under the weight of her own work, but the film is also self-indulgent in that it never explains itself, never answers the "Why should I care?"

LORNA THOMAS EXPLAINS a fuller story in *Riding the Rails*, in which she tells the story of Eldon Haug's arrival in Edmonton during the Depression. Using interview footage, some narration by his grandson and old photos, Thomas finds the differences between then and now in the city's landscape. The mini-doc is the most "normal" of the bunch, as it relies



Mr. Reaper's Really Bad Morning

more heavily on story than on cool effects or esoteric meaning.

By contrast, the computer-animated *Pen Pals* is a classic romantic tale of good vs. evil, except the characters are all office supplies. Director Art Curry has fun with this motif, especially with a humble pencil who tries to outdraw the precision of a

REVUE SHORTS

mechanical pen in an artistic pissing contest. At stake are the affections of the willowy red pencil. While it's all predictable in a romantic comedy way, Curry's play on the tale and on the technology is fun to watch.

Animation tends to bring out a sense of whimsy in even the harshest ideas—just look at Mr. Reaper's

Really Bad Morning. Carol Beecher and Kevin D.A. Kurytnik present several ideas about the Grim Reaper in the short, including what happens when his job becomes redundant, when people are indifferent to "war, plague, famine, taxes" (the mantra on his motivational tapes), using different types of animation to break the story into four different parts, and having fun all the way.

While some of the films in *Prairie Tales 7* are serious, most have a streak of humour. This collection may be eclectic, but none of the films is too unique or too genre-defying to become too confusing or inaccessible. ❖

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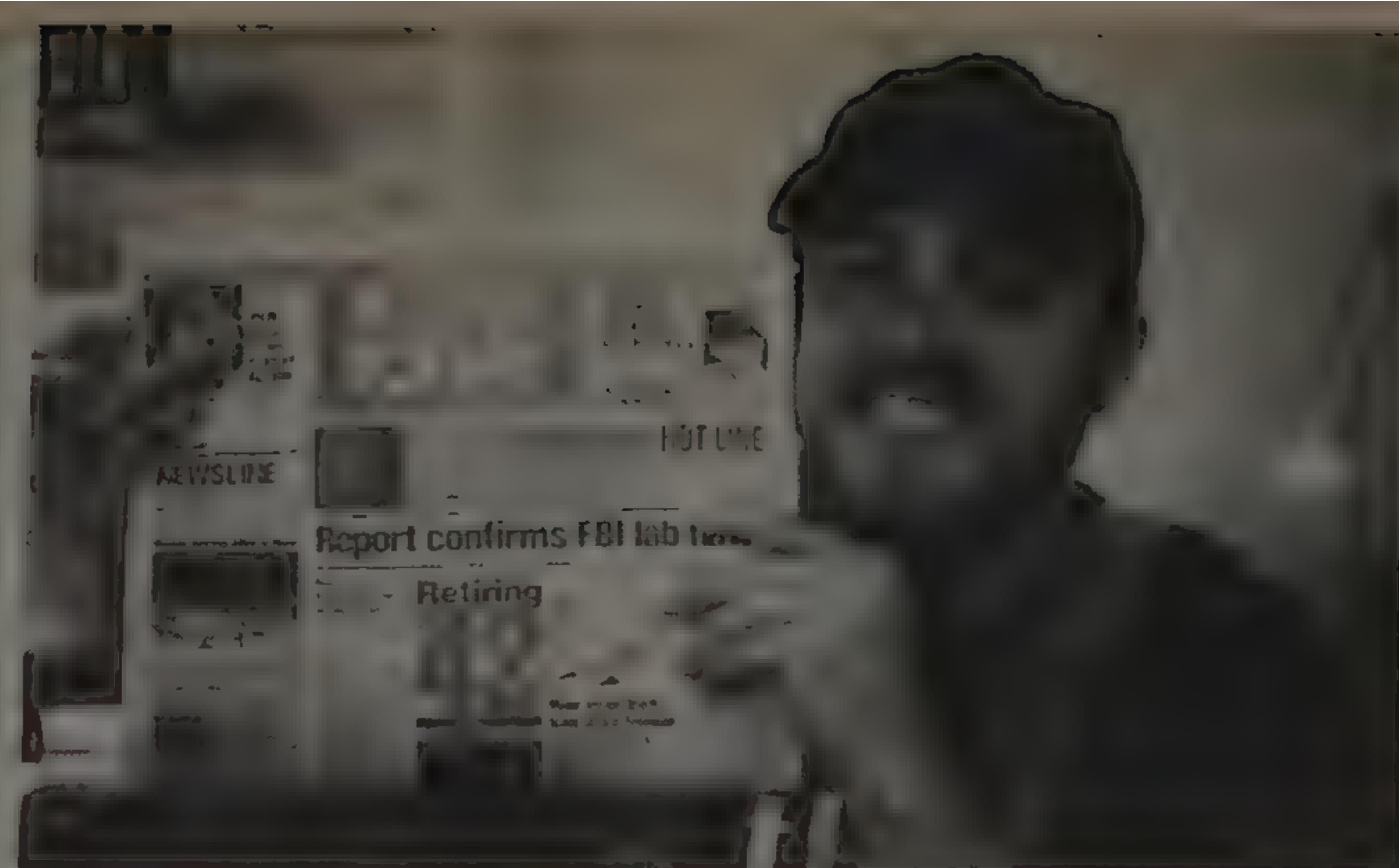
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Boondock sinner

The tale of *Boondock Saints* auteur Troy Duffy's rise and fall is told in obnoxious *Overnight*

By JOSEF BRAUN

Troy Duffy got the dream deal, the one every nobody who thinks they're a somebody fantasizes about in the bathroom mirror, the sort that promises to encompass all the extravagances of Hollywood both Old (riches, instant stardom, riches) and New (creative authority). Plucked from obscurity by Miramax mastermind Harvey Weinstein, Duffy went from slinging drinks in a West Hollywood saloon to selling his first feature screenplay for a cool million, receiving final cut and casting input on the forthcoming film and getting his rock band, the Brood, signed to Madonna's record label and a deal to supply the film's soundtrack. Duffy had everything he wanted and felt perfectly entitled to it: "I'm going to accomplish something no one in the history of this world has ever accomplished," he claimed in typically vague and

overbearing braggadocio. But despite such confidence, it all went down the toilet. Slowly, and painfully.

Now that he's relegated back to the leagues of regular non-superstar folk, none of us can say if time has changed him, but the Troy Duffy we see during his meteoric rise and fall in *Overnight* is one insufferable, humourless, charmless, hotheaded, ordinary asshole. *Overnight* is a docu-



mentary made by Duffy's former friends and colleagues Tony Montana and Mark Brian Smith, constructed from hours of camcorder footage kept up over a period of several years while Duffy was in the biz, screaming at producers over his cellphone, getting drunk, smoking cigarettes, telling people off, schmoozing with the likes of Patrick Swayze, Emilio Estevez and Mark Wahlberg, harassing women and endlessly talking himself up. By the film's end, Duffy's friends and family start to confess to him that success, or at least the promise of success, has turned him into a monster. But all we see in *Overnight* is a monster, and not an even slightly interesting one.

"I have my own confession to make. I've seen *Boondock Saints*, the film that was finally made from Duffy's script—without Miramax, with a fraction of its original budget and with Duffy behind the camera as director—and man, did I hate that movie. I've seen a hell of a lot of terrible movies, but few were as punishing as Duffy's cliché-ridden, Tarantino-wannabe, fundamentally macho yet unintentionally homoerotic, totally offensive yet totally boring action/drama in defence of vigilantism. Although it tanked at the box office after playing for only two weeks in a grand total of five cinemas in the U.S. (the Brood likewise sold all of 600 copies of their debut CD), *Boondock Saints* has apparently (as Montana and Smith put it) found an audience on home video amongst young viewers. I guess that's nice for somebody. *Overnight* at least goes to show that there is such a thing as causality in the long, complicated process of filmmaking, that sometimes truly obnoxious movies aren't just an accident; they really are made by truly obnoxious people.

The funny thing about *Overnight* itself is that, like *Boondock Saints*, it's also basically a revenge movie, with Montana and Smith giving very little insight into what really happened to Duffy's sweet deal gone sour or penetrating whatever curious depths might be found under the armour of Duffy's elephantine ego. They instead give us half a movie of fratboys in goatees pounding back booze and slapping each other on the back and half a movie of the same guys pounding back booze and screaming at each other while one of the Doobie Brothers (Brood producer Jeff Baxter) looks on in disappointment. And like *Boondock Saints*, almost no one saw *Overnight* at the theatres. It's now out on DVD. Maybe it'll become popular with "young audiences." ☹

OVERNIGHT

Written and directed by Tony Montana and Mark Brian Smith • Featuring Troy Duffy, Taylor Duffy and Jeff "Skunk" Baxter • Now on DVD

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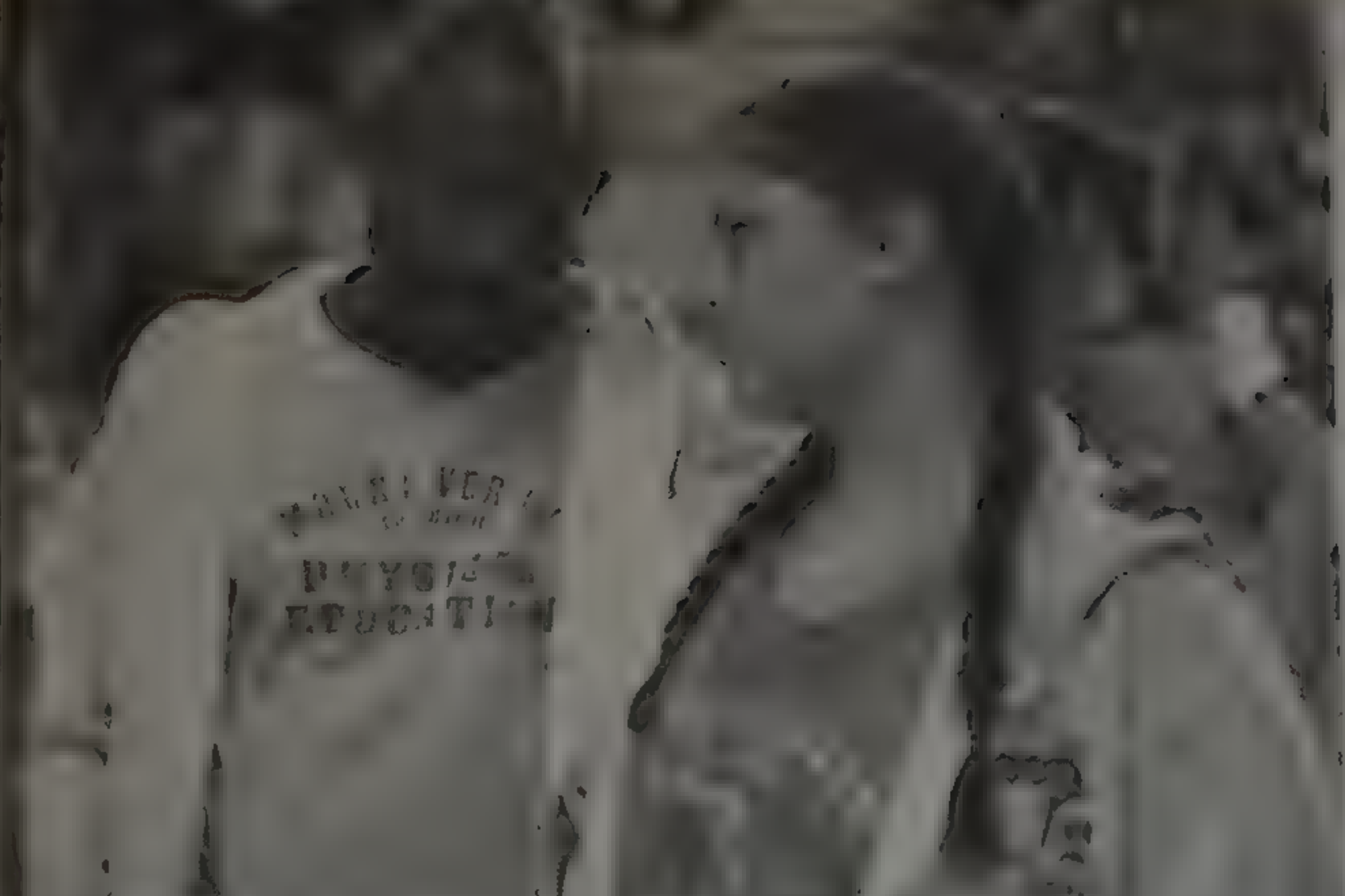
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Look at me
 Nightly @ 7:00 & 9:30pm
 Sat & Sun matinees @ 2:30pm
 •PG• (coarse language, mature themes)



What fascinating observations can we possibly make about a film as unintentionally funny as **Rebound**, the new Martin Lawrence comedy that opens this Friday? Well, for one thing, the film was originally titled *Rage Control*, but was apparently changed when somebody at 20th Century Fox decided that *Rage Control* made the movie look like a straight-to-video Blatnik Lundgren flick instead of a family-oriented comedy. We could also point out that it was directed by Steve Carr, the director of such big-name comedies as *Dr. Dolittle 2* and *Next Friday*, whose classic example of those "Hollywood hacks, whose names no one ever knows but who keep pumping out big-budget comedies that make more in their first weekend than even the luckiest of independently financed films will earn in its entire run. Or we could point out that the film was originally scheduled to open on July 22, but had its release date pushed back to this week so as not to conflict with Richard Linklater's remake of the *The Bad News Bears*. Kids' sports movies were actually looking forward to seeing.

FILM WEEKLY

THIS WEEK'S NEW MOVIES

In My Country Samuel L. Jackson and Juliette Binoche star in *Deliverance* director John Boorman's drama about an American journalist and an Afrikaans poet who are both profoundly affected as they attend the Truth and Reconciliation Commission hearings in post-apartheid South Africa. Read Darren Zenko's review on page 33. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Sat-Sun, July 2-3 (9pm) and Mon, July 4 (7 and 9pm)*

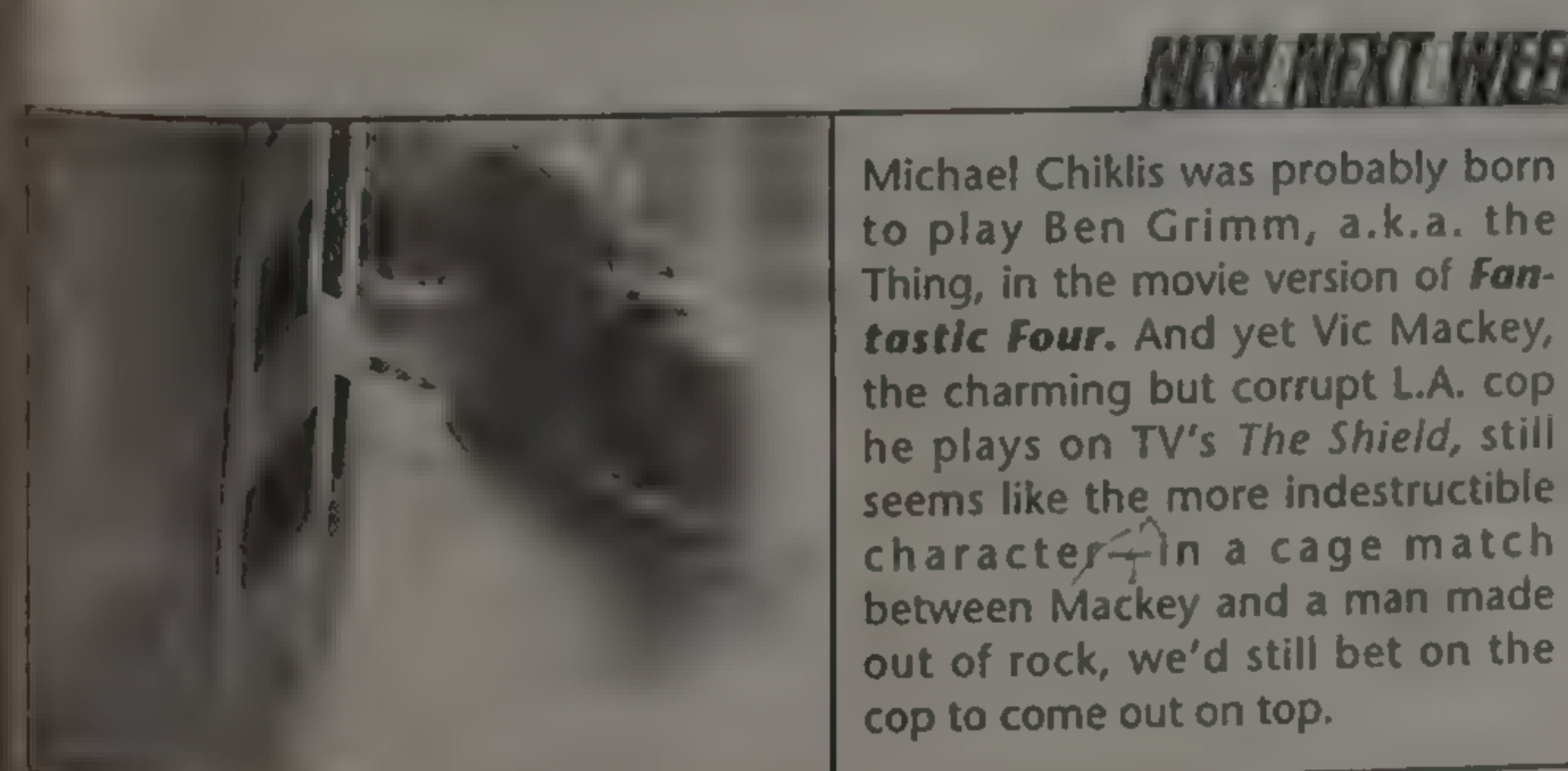
Look at Me Jean-Pierre Bacri, Marilou Berry, Laurent Gréville and Agnès Jaoui (who also directed) star in this acclaimed ensemble comedy, set among the Parisian cultural elite and revolving around an egocentric novelist and his overweight, neglected 20-year-old daughter. In French with English subtitles. Read Paul Matwychuk's review on page 33.

Plan Colombia: Cashing In on the Drug War Failure Gerard Ungerman and Audrey Brohy's muckraking documentary, which argues that the United States' funding of the Colombian military has more to do with stamping out left-wing rebel groups and protecting American oil interests than it does with stopping the production and export of cocaine. Featuring interviews with Noam Chomsky, Paul Wellstone and Ingrid Betancourt. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Thu, June 30 (7pm)*

Prairie Tales 7 A collection of 13 short films in a wide variety of styles, from animation to documentary to comedy to avant-garde experimentation by directors from Edmonton and Calgary. Read Carolyn Nikodym's review on page 35. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Sat-Sun, July 2-3 (7pm)*

Rebound Martin Lawrence, Wendy Raquel Robinson, Breckin Meyer and Megan Mullally star in *Daddy Day Care* director Steve Carr's comedy about a successful college basketball coach who is forced to coach a junior high school team after his fiery temper costs him his former job.

Show Boat Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson and Ava Gardner star in *Kiss Me Kate* Director George Sidney's 1951 film version of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's groundbreaking Broadway musical melodrama about love, racism and backstage heartbreak set on a riverboat in 1890s Mississippi. Based on the novel by Edna Ferber. Read Paul Matwychuk's review on page 34. *Provincial Museum Auditorium (102 Ave & 128 St); Mon, July 4 (8pm)*



Michael Chiklis was probably born to play Ben Grimm, a.k.a. the Thing, in the movie version of *Fantastic Four*. And yet Vic Mackey, the charming but corrupt L.A. cop he plays on TV's *The Shield*, still seems like the more indestructible character. In a cage match between Mackey and a man made out of rock, we'd still bet on the cop to come out on top.

FILM LISTINGS

Showtimes for Friday, June 21 to Thursday, July 6

All showtimes are subject to change at any time. Please contact theatre for confirmation.

CINEMA CITY 12/MOVIES 12

Movies 12: 130 Ave. 50 St. 472-9779
Cinema 12: 3633-99 St. 463-5491

KICKING AND SCREAMING (PG) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:20 Daily 1:35 4:30 7:00 9:15 Fri Sat late show 11:30 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:25 Daily 1:50 4:50 7:00 9:40 Fri Sat late show 11:50
THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (PG) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:45 Daily 2:00 4:35 7:10 9:30 Fri Sat late show 12:00 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:35 Daily 1:55 4:30 6:55 9:30 Fri Sat late show 11:45
MONSTER-IN-LAW (PG, coarse language, not recommended for children) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:30 Daily 1:50 4:20 7:25 9:40 Fri Sat late show 11:55 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:30 Daily 1:45 4:35 7:15 9:45 Fri Sat late show 12:05
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN (14A) Cinema City 12: Daily 12:55 3:45 6:40 9:35 Movies 12: Daily 12:50 3:45 6:40 9:35
PAHELI (STC) Cinema City 12: Daily 1:00 3:50 6:45 9:40 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:20 Daily 1:45 4:45 7:20 9:45 Fri Sat late show 12:15
XXX: STATE OF THE UNION (14A) Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:05 Daily 1:40 4:40 7:20 9:45 Fri Sat late show 11:55
HOUSE OF WAX (18A, gory violence) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:15 Daily 1:45 4:10 7:35 10:00 Fri Sat late show 12:20 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:05 Daily 1:30 4:25 7:30 9:55 Fri Sat late show 12:15
UNLEASHED (18A, brutal violence) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:40 Daily 1:55 4:45 7:30 9:55 Fri Sat late show 12:10 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:20 Daily 1:45 4:45 7:40 10:05 Fri Sat late show 12:20
THE AMITYVILLE HORROR (18A, gory violence, disturbing content) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:25 Daily 2:05 4:40 7:40 9:45 Fri Sat late show 12:25 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:15 Daily 2:00 5:00 7:25 10:00 Fri Sat late show 12:00
GUESS WHO (PG, coarse language) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:00 Daily 1:15 4:05 7:05 9:25 Fri Sat late show 11:50 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:40 Daily 2:05 4:55 7:35 9:50 Fri Sat late show 12:05
ROBOTS (G) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:05 Daily 1:10 3:10 5:10 7:10 9:10 Fri Sat late show 11:25 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:00 Daily 1:10 3:05 5:05 7:05 9:15 Fri Sat late show 11:30
THE PACIFIER (PG) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:35 Daily 1:40 4:15 7:15 9:20 Fri Sat late show 11:45 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 10:50 Daily 1:05 3:15 5:15 7:15 9:20 Fri Sat late show 11:35
HITCH (PG, sexual language) Cinema City 12: Sat-Sun 11:10 Daily 1:30 4:25 7:20 9:50 Fri Sat late show 12:15 Movies 12: Sat-Sun 11:10 Daily 1:35 4:20 7:10 9:55 Fri Sat late show 12:10

CITY CENTRE

10200-102 Ave. 421-7020

WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 12:45 1:15 3:45 4:15 6:45 7:15 9:45 10:15
BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:20 4:20 7:25 10:05
LAND OF THE DEAD (18A, gory scenes, coarse language) Daily 1:30 4:40 7:30 10:00
IT'S ALL GONE PETE TONG (18A, sexual language, substance abuse throughout) Daily 12:30 2:40 4:50 7:40 10:20
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 12:20 3:30 7:00 10:10
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) Daily 1:00 4:00 6:50 9:50
MADAGASCAR (G) Daily 12:00 2:15 4:30 6:40 9:00
CINDERELLA MAN (PG, coarse language) Daily 12:10 3:20 6:30 9:35

CLAREVIEW

4211-139 Ave. 472-7600

REBOUND (G) Daily 12:50 3:00 6:50 9:00
WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 12:30 1:30 3:30 4:15 6:30 7:20 9:10 10:05
BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:10 3:40 6:45 9:20
LAND OF THE DEAD (18A, gory scenes, coarse language) Daily 1:50 4:45 7:30 9:50
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) Daily 2:00 4:35 7:00 9:30
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 1:00 4:00 7:05 10:00
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) Daily 1:05 3:45 6:40 9:25
MADAGASCAR (G) Daily 12:40 2:50 5:00 7:15 9:15
THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language) Daily 2:10 5:15 7:45 10:15

GALAXY CINEMAS @ SHERWOOD PARK

2020 Sherwood Drive. 418-0150

WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily

12:30 1:20 3:15 4:15 6:30 7:00 9:20 9:50
BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:10 4:10 7:20 10:15
LAND OF THE DEAD (18A, gory scenes, coarse language) Daily 1:30 4:20 7:40 10:30
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) Daily 1:00 4:00 7:15 9:40
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 12:10 3:20 6:50 10:00
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) Daily 12:40 3:40 7:10 10:10
STAR WARS: EPISODE III-REVENGE OF THE SITH (PG, not recommended for young children) Daily 12:20 3:30 6:40 9:45
MADAGASCAR (G) Daily 12:00 2:15 4:30 6:45 9:30
THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language) Daily 12:50 3:50 7:30 10:20

GARNEAU

8712-109 St. 433-0728

MAD HOT BALLROOM (G) Daily 7:00 9:10 Sat-Sun 2:00

GATEWAY 8

2950 Calgary Trail. 436-6977

WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 1:25 3:40 4:15 7:00 7:30 9:45 10:15
THE SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING PANTS (PG) 1:15 3:55 7:10 9:50
CRASH (14A, frequent coarse language, mature theme) 1:20 4:05 7:25 9:55
SIN CITY (R, gory violence throughout) Fri Sat Mon Tue Wed Thu 1:05 4:00 7:15 10:00 Sun 1:05 7:15 10:00
THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (PG) 1:00 3:30 6:30
THE INTERPRETER (14A) 12:45 3:45 6:45 9:30
HOWL'S MOVING CASTLE (PG) 12:55 3:35 6:50 9:25

LEDUC CINEMAS

11111-91 Ave. 474-4740

BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:10 3:30 7:05 9:15
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) Daily 1:05 3:20 7:00 9:15
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children) Daily 1:00 3:45 6:55 9:40
WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children) Daily 1:05 3:35 7:10 9:35

METRO CINEMA

9828-101A Ave. Citadel Theatre. 425-9212

PRAIRIE TALES 7 (STC) Sat-Sun 7:00
IN MY COUNTRY (STC) Sat-Sun Mon 9:00 Mon 7:00
LUCID DREAM/RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (PG) Thu 7:00

NEW WEST MALL 8

8882-170 St. 444-1829

SIN CITY (R, gory violence throughout) Fri-Sun 1:30 4:00 6:40 9:20 Mon-Thu 4:00 6:40 9:20
KICKING AND SCREAMING (PG) Fri-Sun 1:45 4:40 6:50 9:00 Mon-Thu 4:40 6:50 9:00
THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (PG, Fri-Sun 1:35 4:10 7:00 9:35 Mon-Thu 4:10 7:00 9:35
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN (14A, gory violence) Fri-Sun 2:20 6:30 9:30 Mon-Thu 6:30 9:30
MINDHUNTERS (18A, gory violence) Daily 9:45
HOUSE OF WAX (18A, gory violence) Fri-Sun 1:40 4:15 7:30 9:50 Mon-Thu 4:15 7:30 9:50
XXX: STATE OF THE UNION (14A) Daily 9:10
A LOT LIKE LOVE (PG, sexually suggestive scenes, not recommended for children) Fri-Sun 2:10 4:55 7:25 Mon-Thu 4:50 7:25
ROBOTS (G) Fri-Sun 2:00 4:20 7:10 Mon-Thu 4:20 7:10
UNLEASHED (18A, brutal violence) Fri-Sun 1:50 4:30 7:20 9:40 Mon-Thu 4:30 7:20 9:40

NORTH EDMONTON CINEMAS

14231-137 Ave. 732-2236

REBOUND (G) Daily 12:10 2:15 4:20 6:30 8:40
WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 12:00 1:00 1:45 2:45 3:45 4:30 5:30 6:40 7:30 10:30
BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:30 4:10 7:15 9:50
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) Daily 12:20 2:50 5:10 7:35 10:00
LAND OF THE DEAD (18A, gory scenes, coarse language) Daily 2:10 5:00 8:00 10:15
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 1:15 4:15 7:20 9:20 10:20

THE PERFECT MAN (G) Daily 12:20 2:40 4:50 7:00 9:10
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) Daily 12:40 3:50 4:40 6:50 7:40 9:40 10:10
STAR WARS: EPISODE III-REVENGE OF THE SITH (PG, not recommended for young children) Daily 12:40 4:00 7:10 10:10
MADAGASCAR (G) Daily 1:10 3:10 5:20 7:45 9:40
THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language) Daily 2:00 5:05 7:50 10:25
THE ADVENTURES OF SHARKBOY AND LAVA-GIRL IN 3D (G) Daily 12:15 2:20

PRINCESS

10337-92 Ave. 433-8728

LADIES IN LAVENDER (PG) Daily 1:15 3:15 5:15 7:15 9:15
LOOK AT ME (PG, coarse language, mature theme) Sat-Sun 2:00

SILVERCITY WEST EDMONTON MALL

WEM. 8882-170 St. 444-2400

WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) Daily 1:15 3:30 4:15 6:30 7:15 9:30 10:15
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children) Daily 1:00 3:40 6:40 9:50 10:15
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) Daily 12:40 3:40 7:10 10:10
THE SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING PANTS (PG) 1:10
LAND OF THE DEAD (18A, gory scenes, coarse language) 1:50 4:45 7:55 10:40
MADAGASCAR (G) 11:45 2:00 4:20 7:15 9:30
THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language) Fri-Sun Mon Tue Wed 1:40 3:40 7:45 10:10 Thu 12:40 3:40 10:10
BEWITCHED (PG) 1:25 4:15 7:15 10:15
THE ADVENTURES OF SHARKBOY AND LAVA-GIRL IN 3D (G) 12:20 2:45 5:00
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) 1:20 4:15 7:25 9:55
STAR WARS: EPISODE III-REVENGE OF THE SITH (PG, not recommended for young children) 3:20 6:50 10:10

SOUTH EDMONTON COMMON

1133-99 St. 436-8531

REBOUND (G) Daily 12:20 2:40 4:50 7:00 9:10
BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:15 3:30 6:40 9:45 10:15
LAND OF THE DEAD (18A, gory scenes, coarse language) Daily 12:40 3:00 6:00 9:00 10:00
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) Daily 1:10 3:20 7:00 9:10
THE PERFECT MAN (G) Daily 1:10 3:45 6:50 9:40
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children) Daily 1:00 3:40 6:40 9:40 10:10
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) Daily 1:30 3:4 4:40 7:10 7:50 10:00 10:15
THE ADVENTURES OF SHARKBOY AND LAVA-GIRL IN 3D (G) Fri-Tue 1:10 4:10 Wed-Thu 1:10
CINDERELLA MAN (PG, coarse language) 12:00 3:20 6:40 9:50
STAR WARS: EPISODE III-REVENGE OF THE SITH (PG, not recommended for young children) Daily 1:00 2:00 4:15 5:10 7:30 8:30 10:10
THE LONGEST YARD (14A, coarse language) 12:15 2:45 5:20 8:10 10:45
MADAGASCAR (G) Daily 12:50 1:40 3:30 4:00 7:40 7:00 9:15

WESTMOUNT CENTRE

111 Ave. Great Rd. 455-8726

WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) 3:45 7:00 9:40
MR. AND MRS. SMITH (14A, violence) 12:40 3:40 7:10 10:00
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children) 1:00 3:40 6:40 9:40
MADAGASCAR

WESTASKWIN CINEMAS

11111-91 Ave. 474-4740

BEWITCHED (PG) Daily 1:10 3:30 7:05 9:20
HERBIE: FULLY LOADED (G) 1:05 3:45 6:40 9:15
BATMAN BEGINS (PG, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children) 1:00 3:40 6:50 9:40
WAR OF THE WORLDS (14A, frightening scenes, not recommended for young children, no passes) 1:05 3:35 7:10 9:35



Sex, droogs and rock 'n' roll

River City Shakespeare Fest stages a Kubrickian R&J and a giddy *Love's Labour's Lost*

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

One of the pleasures of sitting in the audience at the **River City Shakespeare Festival** on back-to-back nights is watching some of Edmonton's best actors reinvent themselves overnight from tragic characters into clowns. On Thursday night, for instance, I saw Kevin Kruchkywich star in *Romeo and Juliet* as Tybalt, a homicidal, black-clad street brawler without a humorous bone in his entire body; but the next night, there he was yukking it up as Costard in *Love's Labour's Lost*, giving a spaghetti-legged performance modelled on Donald O'Connor's turn in *Singin' in the Rain*, right down to the battered porkpie hat. (He even throws in a

quick rendition of "Moses Supposes" for good measure.) Meanwhile, the title characters in *Romeo and Juliet* are played by Sheldon Elter and Kristi Hansen, who bring a winning adolescent earnestness to their roles—Elter has a burly physical presence that makes a nice contrast not just with the lovably gangly Hansen, but also to the flights of romantic whimsy that Shakespeare has written for him to speak. Elter and Hansen fall for each other all over again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, but this time they're Longaville and Maria, a pair of bookish nerds with perpetually clogged sinuses and smudged eyeglasses. If they went to the same school, Elter's Longaville would get his head dunked into the toilet by Elter's Romeo every single lunch hour.

Director John Kirkpatrick has set this version of *Romeo and Juliet* in a vaguely futuristic urban setting inspired partly by *A Clockwork Orange* and partly by *Sin City*—Romeo and his friends roam the streets in the white jumpsuits, bowler hats, eye makeup and metal pipes favoured by Alex and his droogs, while the

Prince's female guards wear black trenchcoats, corsets and fishnet stockings. It takes a while for this production to find its feet—the bizarre costumes (especially the outfit Troy O'Donnell wears as Lord Capulet, which reminded me of Rainer Werner Fassbinder's get-up in *Kamikaze '89*) are a distraction, and the rock 'n' roll touches (such as the loud guitar music that underscores the first big fight scene) are a little

REVUE THEATRE

self-conscious. You also don't get a clear sense of why Romeo falls so hard for Juliet—his sudden infatuation for this girl he's never even talked to seems as rash and arbitrary as the "false" crush he has on Rosaline at the start of the play.

But soon the story begins to take hold, and the strengths of this production begin to manifest themselves. Elter and Hansen have a tender chemistry that's quite winning—I especially like the intentional lack of eloquence with which they

deliver their big speeches, their shared passion, their amazement at being in each other's presence, their embarrassment at opening their hearts up so widely for the very first time causing them to fumble over their words or laugh with surprise at what they hear themselves saying. I even gradually warmed up to Juliet's peculiar costume: a blouse with a frilly Peter Pan collar and long, lacy sleeves, a short skirt and sexy, thigh-high stockings on her long, skinny legs. It's like a Sunday school Easter outfit that was designed for a 12-year-old but which can no longer disguise the young woman now inside it.

The fight which choreographer Patrick Howarth has designed for Tybalt, Mercutio and Romeo is also a highlight of the evening—Kevin Kruchkywich and Kevin Corey (who plays Mercutio) are also experienced fight choreographers themselves, and the result is an unusually physical scene. There's no genteel swordplay here, but a flurry of vicious head-butts and knees to the groin. I'm not quite sure what to make of the staging of Juliet's funeral, which looks more like a black mass from a Mario Bava movie (complete with red candles, black cowls and an upside-down cross), but it does give the denouement of the play an appropriately spooky atmosphere—especially with darkness visibly creeping into Hawrelak Park all around you as you sit there in your seat.

BY CONTRAST, *Love's Labour's Lost* is all sweetness and light, a pastel-coloured romance that puts a smile on your face despite the almost perversely unsatisfying ending Shakespeare slaps onto the end of it. The story begins with King Ferdinand (Jesse Gervais) and his three scholarly friends swearing an oath to devote themselves to scholarly pursuits for the next three years, during which time they will abstain from all worldly pleasures, including women. Now, you probably won't see this coming, but no sooner do they make this vow than four beautiful women show up at court, all of them perfect romantic matches for them. (The couples' outfits are even colour-coded—it's like that sequence in *Fantasia* where the centaurs all pair up according to the colour of their coats.)

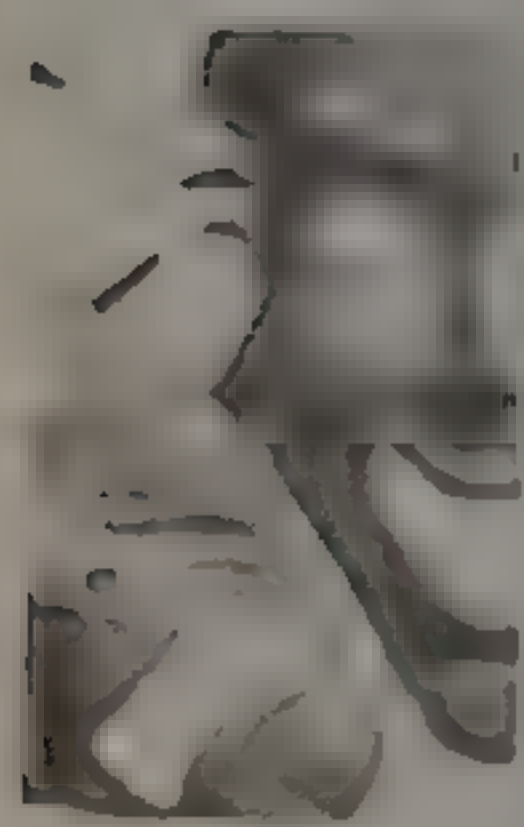
This early, very simply plotted comedy is a minor entry in Shake-

speare's canon, almost a practice session for scenes and relationships that would get fuller treatment in future plays; it's hard to watch the scene where the lovers heckle an inept performance of "The Pageant of the Nine Worthies" and not think of the wonderful "Pyramus and Thisbe" bit from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or to see the playful verbal sparring between Berowne and Rosaline as a precursor of Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Director Marianne Copithorne updates the action to the 1950s and makes the four women into Hollywood actresses shooting a movie on location in Spain, but even though she incorporates several references to the ongoing McCarthy hearings into the script, she never pretends that this play is anything more than a silly romantic romp. She gives her cast (especially Kruchkywich and Julien Arnold, doing his best Inigo Montoya imitation as the lovesick Don Armado) ample room to clown around, but never lets the play get completely taken over by shtick.

The production's biggest revelation is the performance by Chris Bullough, a natural comedian who often gets cast as stoners and dimwits, but who here gets a rare chance as Berowne to play the most quick-witted guy onstage. He's terrific, especially in the two soliloquies where Berowne hilariously castigates himself for having allowed himself to do something as foolish as fall in love. And Shannon Blanchet, who plays Berowne's beloved Rosaline makes a swell match for him, from her pert line readings to the glamorous way she models that flouncy pink dress Narda McCarrroll has given her to wear. But be sure you wear something a little less revealing if you're planning on taking in either of these productions, though it can get pretty chilly down there by the water, so unless you want an "untimely frost" to settle upon you as well as Juliet, you'd be well advised to dress in layers. ☺

RIVER CITY SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

Heritage Amphitheatre, Hawrelak Park • To July 17 • *Romeo and Juliet* on odd-numbered dates at 8pm, plus 2pm matinees on July 2, 10 and 16; *Love's Labour's Lost* on even-numbered dates at 8pm, plus 2pm matinees on July 3, 9 and 17 • 425-8086



theatre notes

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

Twilight victory

For the third year in a row, the two winning entries in the **Alberta Playwriting Competition** were written by Edmonton playwrights: Cathleen Rootsaert won the Grand Prize category for her "magical memory play" *Abigail in Twilight*, while Catherine Walsh prevailed

in the Discovery division with *After Vermeer*, a drama based on the true story of an art forger who gets entangled in his own web of deceit in the years following World War II. The Grand Prize comes with a \$3,500 cash award and the Discovery category is worth \$1,500 to the winner, which makes the APC the most lucrative provincial playwriting competition in Canada. The illustrious list of previous winners includes Sharon Pollock, Stewart Lemoine, Vern Thiessen, Stephen Massicotte and Paul Gross.

"The Abigail in *Abigail in Twilight* is a 50-year-old woman," Rootsaert explains, "who gets to relive various past lives—or at least different lives she could have lived if she had made different choices, and see how her life would have changed and how she would have changed as well. Because part of the premise of the play involves how hook-

ing up with different people changes who we are and who we become, based on the different lessons they teach us, whether they mean to or not. And it's also about possibility and, I suppose, where possibility ends as we look toward the end of our lives."

It's a melancholy-sounding premise coming from someone who's probably still best known for her work with the outrageous comedy troupe Three Dead Trolls in a Baggie and as one of the core cast members of *Die-Nasty!* But in recent plays like last summer's Fringe hit *Make Me*, Rootsaert has shown an increasing interest in exploring the bittersweet side of life. And in shows like *Mamma Mia*, *Me a Mama?* and the short play she contributed to Workshop West's *Secret Spaces: The Bus Project*, Rootsaert empathizes beautifully with older female characters ruefully looking back on their

lives and taking stock of their small but not insignificant store of accomplishments. "Someone ought to come up with a new word for 'dramedy,'" she says. "One of my favourite things is to make people laugh and/or cry with empathy and recognition. So *Abigail* is a comedy, but I hope there are moments in it that will touch people as well."

The play has been performed twice already at staged readings in Edmonton—once at the Springboards New Play Festival in February or 2004, and again at the Citadel's Test Drive event last October—and Rootsaert will get to hone the script further this fall at Playworks Ink in Calgary, since the prize also comes with a free, week-long workshop. "It's good for me," Rootsaert says, "because I had no concrete plans coming up for the script, and you know how it is when you have a project with-

out any firm deadlines on it—it gets supplanted by other things that you suddenly become more excited about. And I want to do another draft of it, maybe whittle the number of characters down. Right now, there's five actors and a little girl, but I believe I'm going to get rid of the little girl. I just got tired of her being around." She laughs. "By Act Two, I found myself thinking, 'What am I going to do with her now? God, I wish she'd just go away!'"

It's still unknown when the play will get a full production, but Rootsaert is hopeful that the upcoming workshop will at least let her put the script in a final, director-ready form. "But when is it ever finished, you know?" she asks. "I mean, I keep going back to one of my first plays, *Mimi Amuck*, and thinking, 'Maybe I should give that one another go-over.' These things are never really done." ☺



Take me to your amoeba

Gerry Morita goes microorganic with performance art piece *Flotsam*

By AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

The '60s and '70s caused a revolution in more than just sex and fashion. It was a time when many artists took their work off the prim

walls of galleries and took art to the streets, deserts, city parks. They were not just questioning what art is or whom it is for; they were making a revolutionary statement. "Art is not about making more stuff to buy or to sell," they thought. "It is not about contributing to a consumer society."

Nowadays, while movements like land art and installations have gone mainstream, one of the most exciting movements that emerged in that time, performance art, continues to languish on the periphery. A perfor-

mance piece can happen any time, any place, it usually uses the artist's body, and the work often disappears without a trace. It is the ultimate Zen experience; you simply have to be there. Performance art is not taught in most art schools, and many artists—never mind the public—have never even seen one. In our own culturally-savvy city of Edmonton we have a mere handful of performance artists. One of them is Gerry Morita, whose intriguing, ephemeral piece *Flotsam* (visible only during two half-hour performances) will take place during the Works festival.

"How does anyone become a performance artist?" I wondered as I met the petite bundle of energy that is Morita in a local café. The mystery only deepened when her first words to me were that she came not from New York, but from a farm in Lloydminster. "I have a very creative family," she explains. "My mother reads more than anyone I have ever met. My father does blacksmithing, oil painting, knifemaking. We weren't discouraged from going into the arts."

AND SO, Morita left the farm (an event she describes as being as momentous and as difficult as "living the industrial revolution") in a quest to become a dancer. "Dance was the biggest challenge," she recalls. "It's temporary; you don't have something fixed in time you can reflect on later. The moment is either captured or it isn't." She attended Simon Fraser University and performed regularly on Vancouver stages. During those many performances she realized that artists

have been missing out on a fantastic opportunity: "I always thought that intermissions were boring," she explains enthusiastically. "And you have such a captive group of people. I started doing performance art in intermissions of dance shows. It took me a while to even understand that I was doing performance art."

Morita thrived on doing the unexpected. For example, after approaching the Vancouver Arts Centre, she received permission to use the long line of unsuspecting people purchasing tickets as performers while she stood by, pretending to be one of them. "I got this really short guy to conduct a score," she says, laughing with delight. "He came up to people, divided them into groups." After the

PREVIEW PERFORMANCE ART

audience learned the piece, they performed it right there in the lineup. On another occasion, Morita had a Plexiglas case installed in the lobby during intermission. She arranged a formal dinner on top of the rectangular box, complete with wine and warm rolls. "You could see through the box," Morita explains. "In it was a girl in a bed of flowers. She was like a sleeping beauty. She rolled around slowly inside." Morita then watched the audience's reaction. "They ate all the food and drank all the wine," she exclaims with bemused satisfaction. "They leaned over the box, smoked. They were so close to [the girl inside the case] but they talked about something unrelated."

This is the type of surreal situation that Morita plans to introduce to the Edmonton public to on Sunday afternoon. Together with composer/violinist Izumi Kuribayashi (whose style, Morita says, is "don't make sound unless absolutely necessary") she will take a huge sheet of plastic and make it "come alive" like an amoeba or some giant sea organism. This theme was inspired in part by Morita's experiences with Japanese culture while living in Japan and studying dance. "I found the whole connection to nature that Japanese people have fit with my farm background," she says. But it's not plum blossoms or windswept pines that fascinate Morita; it's the quirky microorganisms that live silently and invisibly among us. She smiles with delight at the prospect of making these organisms momentarily huge in her dance—it will be like "putting all of humanity within a drop of water," she says.

But the humour and joy in her dance always disguises a deeper core. "No matter how much power humans have, we are still insignificant," Morita explains as her smile momentarily fades. "Nature is always large. A tsunami, a big flood, a big rain can always shake us. It doesn't take very much for nature to make us look small. We don't even dare to look at space because it frightens us so much." ☐

FLOTSAM

By Gerry Morita in collaboration with Izumi Kuribayashi • City Hall • Sun, July 3 (2:15pm); Mon, July 4 (7:15pm)



free will astrology

By ROB BREZSNY

ARIES Mar 21 - Apr 19

A reader wrote the following letter to *Parade* magazine columnist Marilyn vos Savant: "When you're asleep and dreaming about performing calorie-burning activities such as running, jumping and flying, do you burn more calories in reality as opposed to when you're dreaming about doing something low-impact?" If you wrote me an inquiry like that, Aries, I'd say this: "Yes, definitely. In fact, what you do in your dreams this week will have at least as much impact on your waking life as anything you do in your waking life. Keep a pen and notebook by your bed so you can keep track of late-breaking developments."

TAURUS Apr 20 - May 20

This is the one of the shortest horoscopes I have ever written for you. That's because there is just one simple message, which you should take to heart in a hundred ways. Are you ready? Trust yourself as you have never trusted yourself before. Trust your perceptions, your feelings and your body. Trust your bratty whims, your weird longings and your momentary lapses. Trust your urge to merge, your itch to bitch and your yearning to learn. Trust your ability to know exactly how to trust.

GEMINI May 21 - June 20

Gemini actress Angelina Jolie has a tattoo on her belly. It reads "Quod me nutrit me destruit," which is Latin for "What feeds me destroys me." I'm not sure I understand all of its implications, but here's what I think are the two main messages: (1) If you grow too comfortable from soaking up nourishing experiences, you'll blunt your lust for the kind of adventures that make you feel fully alive. (2) If you become addicted to what you enjoy, what you enjoy will mess you up. What do you think? In my dream last night, Jolie told me it's the perfect astrological moment for her fellow Geminis to meditate on the meaning of her tattoo.

CANCER June 21 - July 22

It's the season of high adventure. You have a sacred duty to flee your safety zones, wander out to the wild frontiers and flirt with possibilities you've never entertained. To get you started, here are a few suggested activities: fly in a hot-air balloon over Tanzania's Serengeti National Park; run with the bulls in Pamplona, Spain; go on a two-week meditation retreat in Pondicherry, India; read Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*; give laughing lessons to a cat; make love on a mountaintop; speak the words you've been wanting to say for years.

LEO July 23 - Aug 22

Say goodbye to the ghost. It has hung around far too long. In the early days, its teachings were useful, but now your relationship is fueled mostly by habit. Besides, there's no value in continuing to pore over all the scenarios about what might have been. In order to banish this ghost, Leo, you don't need to be cruel or angry. Simply

inform it that its work is finished, and you've both got to move on. For best results, perform a ritual that formally severs your tie. You could tie a string between two objects, one that represents you and one that symbolizes the ghost, then use scissors to cut the connection.

VIRGO Aug 23 - Sept 22

What I'm about to tell you is always important to keep in mind, but it's especially crucial right now. *If you think you're too small and insignificant to have a major impact, you've never spent the night in bed with a mosquito.* Let me put it a different way Virgo: In order for you to set in motion all the invigorating, far-reaching changes you now have the potential to initiate, you must believe you are as impossible to fight off as a mosquito in the dark.

LIBRA Sept 23 - Oct 22

Boanthropy is a type of insanity in which a person believes he or she is an ox. Fortunately, you won't suffer from that in the coming week. But there is a possibility you will contract a case of hawkanthropy, in which you imagine you're a huckster who must hawk your personality, talents and products like a Hollywood publicist on meth. My hope is that the warning you're now reading will steer you away from this pathological condition. I assure you that it makes no sense for you to try too hard as you sell yourself. Let your work speak for itself, and don't interrupt.

SCORPIO Oct 23 - Nov 21

Introducing Adrienne Rich at a poetry reading in San Francisco in 2004, Francis Philipps turned to her and said, "Thank you for your lovely, irreverent, unsettled, curious mind."

It was a fitting tribute to a poet who for 50 years has stirred up good trouble with her rowdy yet disciplined work. By the end of this week, Scorpio, I would like to feel justified in saying the same thing to you: "Thank you for your lovely, irreverent, unsettled, curious mind." Now get out there and pull off the most healing mischief you can imagine.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec 21

I was watching MTV's reality game show *Next*. The camera recorded the adventures of a hot blonde as she went on a succession of brief dates with five strangers. The moment any of the suitors bothered or bored her, she barked "Next!", banishing the loser and ushering in a fresh supplicant. In the first part of the show, she rejected three guys, paving the way for the fourth: an affable, goofy Sagittarius. "I've heard Sagittarians are workaholics," she told him just minutes into the date. "You've been misinformed," he replied with a chuckle, and went on to tell her that he had no job, really liked doing nothing in particular all day long and enjoyed walking around naked whenever possible. I bring this to your attention, Sagittarius, because I hope you'll make a liar out of him in the coming weeks. Please work with as much intensity as you can possibly summon. (P.S. However, it would be fine for you to follow his example for a while in August.)

CAPRICORN Dec 22 - Jan 19

Do you have an unconscious belief that the forces of evil are loud, vigorous and strong, while good is quiet, gentle and passive? If so, you'll soon get vivid evidence that will contradict your theory. Are you secretly suspicious of joy because you think it's inevitably rooted in wishful thinking and a willful ignorance about the true nature of

reality? If so, your suspicions are about to be exposed as unfounded. Do you fear that when you're in the presence of love and beauty you tend to become softheaded, whereas you're likely to feel smart and powerful when sneering at the ugliness around you? Get ready to see an alternative possibility.

AQUARIUS Jan 20 - Feb 18

A golden eagle with a seven-foot wingspan shot down out of the overcast sky and dived at my friend Maura's pet cockatoo, which was perched on the branch of an oak not 30 feet from her back door. Five of us watched with alarm from the outdoor table where we were sipping tea. We began howling, hoping to scare the giant predator away, and I ran to grab a baseball bat that Maura's son had left lying near the tree. And then the unexpected happened. The eagle did not attack the cockatoo, but settled down peacefully beside it. Nor did the cockatoo flee. The two sat there together like old friends for maybe ten minutes before the bigger bird flew away. In the coming week, Aquarius, I predict that you will experience a metaphorical version of this event.

PISCES Feb 19 - Mar 20

Your meditation for the week comes from Friedrich Nietzsche. "The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the tribe," he wrote. "If you try it, you will often be lonely and sometimes frightened. But no price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself." This is an ideal time for you to put this prescription into action, Pisces, because during the current grace period you have the power to own more of yourself than ever before—and without getting lonely or scared. ☐

ARTS WEEKLY

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail them to Glenys at listings@vuwweekly.com
Deadline is Friday at 3pm

DANCE

EL AMOR BRUJO Timms Centre for the Arts, 112 St, 87 Ave (420-1757) • Flamenco presented by Alhambra Ensemble Español, choreography by Flavia Robles • Thu, July 7 (7:30pm) • \$25 (adv)/\$30 (door) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

FEATS FESTIVAL OF DANCE Various locations (422-8107) • Presented by the Alberta Dance Alliance, a multi-disciplinary dance festival including workshops, auditions, events, and a hip hop challenge • Until July 10 • **HIP HOP-FEATS CHALLENGE:** Sir Winston Churchill Sq, City Stage; finals, Edmonton battles Calgary; July 1 (1:15pm) • **DANCE CULTURE AROUND THE WORLD:** Winspear Centre; July 1 (5pm) • **FRESH FEET:** Westbury Theatre; July 2 (7pm) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

FLAX: A FIELD GUIDE TO URBAN FARMING Plunkett 10055-80 Ave (428-3499) • Anne Dugan, John Ulyatt, Anne Marie Felicitas, Trina Rasmussen, and Laune Montemurro • July 8-9 (8pm), July 10 (2pm) • \$18 (adv)/\$15 (student/senior)/\$20 (door)

GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186-106 St (488-6611) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm (closed all hols) • **Main Gallery:** • *HISTORY IN THE MAKING:* until Aug. 31 • *MY HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE:* Ceramic artworks by Shirley Rumer; until July 9 • **Discovery Gallery:** *THE MADE-LINES, WASTE COATS:* Sculptural, felted artworks by Angelika Werth; until July 9 • *FINE LEGS, GREAT CHESTS, HOT SEATS:* Works by NAITs Advanced Wood Working and Design Graduates; July 14-Aug. 27 • *RETROSPECTIVE:* Quilts by Betty Loudon; July 16-Aug. 27

ARTSHAB STUDIO GALLERY 3 Fl, 10217-106 St (439-9532/423-2966) • Open: Thu 5-8pm or by appointment • *GUN POWDER ON TIGERS' TEETH:* Paintings, photographs and artworks created by nine artists • Until July 28

BEARCLAW GALLERY 10403-124 St (482-1204) • Artworks by Norval Morrisseau, Daphne Odjig, Roy Thomas, Jane Ash Portras, George Littlechild, Joane Cardinal-Schubert, Jim Logan, Maxine Noel, Aaron Paquette and others

BOOKS FOR SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARY/UTS Campus (492-7929) • Open: Mon-Fri 12-4:30pm • *PRESSING:* Canadian Poetry and Small Publishers, 1950-1980, including books and poetic objects • Until August

CARGO AND JAMES TEA HOUSE 105, 50 St. Thomas

Street, St. Albert (459-0271) • Artworks by the Visual Arts Studio Association • Until July 5

CENTRE D'ARTS VISUEL DE L'ALBERTA 4170 95 Ave (461-3427) • **ART GALORE:** Mixed media artworks by Sylvia Crist and Ingrid Martel, Photographs and collages by Marco Laperriere, photographs and watercolours by Mary Whight, bronze and glass artworks by Andy Davies • Until July 6

CHACHKAS 8118-100 St (432-9444) • **MANNEQUIN PERFECTIONISM:** Mixed media artworks by Lara Chauvin • Until July 31

CHRISTIE BERGSTROM'S RED GALLERY 6821 80 Ave (439-8210) • Open: Mon-Fri 11am-5pm • **2005 SUMMER DRAWING SHOW:** Drawings by Christi Bergstrom • Until Sept. 1

COLLECTIV CONTEMPORARY ART AND DESIGN SHOP 6507-112 Ave (491-0002) • Open: Wed-Fri 12-6pm, Sat 10-6pm, Sun 12-4pm • **ALMOST SUMMER:** Artworks by Karl Woo, Brad Blasko, Julia Gillmor Pottery, Brad Burns and Rob Buttery • Until June 31

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon • **5TH ALBERTA BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART:** Until Sept. 4 • **THE ROAD: CONSTRUCTING THE ALASKA HIGHWAY,** until Oct. 2 • **POPULACE AND PLACE:** Until Aug. 21 • Canada Day art activities on the EAG deck; Fri, July 1 (noon-4pm) • **Children's Gallery:** *TIR-NA-NOG (FOREVER YOUNG):* By Spider Yardley-Jones • \$9 (adult)/\$6 (student/senior)/\$3 (child 6-12)/free (member/child 5 and under)

ELECTRUM DESIGN STUDIO 12419 Stony Plain Rd (482-1402) • Open Tue by appt. only, Wed-Fri 10am-5:30pm, Sat 10am-4pm, closed long weekends • **COLLECTION 2005:** Rotating show of artists works

EXTENSION CENTRE GALLERY Extension Centre, 2nd Fl, 8303-112 St • Open: Mon-Fri (8am-4pm) • Laura Evans Reid-early student of Henry Glyde; July 4-27

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) • Open: Mon-Wed, Sat 10am-6pm, Thu-Fri 10am-9pm, Sun 12-5pm • Eskimo soapstone carvings, Inuk by G. Arluk. Eskimo and Indian silver and gold jewellery by J. Sawyer

FRINGE GALLERY Bsmt 10516 Whyte Ave (432-0240) • Open: Mon-Sat 9:30-6pm • **THROUGH THE DARK SEA:** Installation by Sidsel Bradley and Agnieszka Matejko • July 4-30

HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St (426-4180) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 12-4pm • **ALL YOU CAN ART.** Membership show • **Harcourt Annex:** *LUCKY #13:* Figurative artworks • Until July 6

JEFF ALLEN ART GALLERY Strathcona Place Senior Centre, 10831 University Ave (433-5807) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-4pm • Paintings by Janet Cardinal • July 4-Aug.

4 • Opening reception: Wed, July 6 (1-3pm)

JOHNSON GALLERY 71-85 St (465-6171) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-5:30pm, Sat 10am-5pm • Artworks by Dave Ripsey, Isabel Levesque, Marilyn Rife, Waltraut Unbekannt-Lafleur and others • Through July

JOHNSON GALLERY 1180 780 St (467-8844) • Open Mon-Fri 9:30am-5:30pm; Sat 9:30am-4pm • Artworks by Waltraut Unbekannt-Lafleur, Al Roberge, watercolours by Jim Painter, prints by Todd • Through July

LANDO GALLERY 11130-105 Ave (990-1161) • **INTERNATIONAL ARTISTS EXHIBITION AND SALE:** Featuring artworks by Darby Bannard, Tsila Barzel, Catherine Burgess, Huang Mitsui Ikemura, Uz Ingram Jasperjohns, Amy Loewan, Lynda Osborne and others • Until July 2

LATITUDE 53 10248-106 St (423-5353) • **POD:** Live data from the wind array cascade machine (WACM) by Steve Heimbecker • **JO (WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I'M AMBIVALENT?):** Drawings by Katarzyna Vedah • Until July 6

LITTLE CHURCH GALLERY 455 King St, Spruce Grove (962-0664) • **PLACES I'VE BEEN:** Artworks by Fran Mansell • Until July 30 • Opening reception: Sat, July 2 (1-4pm)

MANDOLIN BOOKS AND COFFEE 6419-112 Ave (479-4050) • Photographs by Brad Burns • Until July 31

McMULLEN GALLERY U of A Hospital, 8440-112 St (407-7152) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-8pm; Sat-Sun 1-8pm • **INSIDE THE DRESS:** Artworks by nine women artists • Until July 10

MYTAG MULTICULTURAL PUBLIC ART GALLERY 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777) • Open: Mon-Sat 10am-4pm Sun 10am-6:30pm • **TERRAIN OF THE DOMESTIC:** Silkscreen prints by Bill Laing • June 30-July 28

MUTTART CONSERVATORY 9626-96A St • Artworks by Lundy Dale and Rogelio Menz • Until July 7

NAKED CYBER CAFE 10354 Jasper Ave • **PIECES OF EIGHT ART SHOW** • July 8 (8pm)

NINA HAGGERTY CENTRE FOR THE ARTS Stollery Gallery, 9702-111 Ave (474-7611) • Open: Mon-Fri 10am-2:30pm • **L'ECCLECTICAL:** New artworks by artists from the Nina Haggerty Studio Collective • Until Aug. 26

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19 Perron Street, St. Albert (460-4310) • Open Tue-Fri 12-5pm; Sat 2-6pm • **BODY LANGUAGE:** Artworks by Neil Fiertel, Jonathan Eschak; until July 2 • Experimental pottery by Mindy Andrews, Robert Rippon and others; July 7-30 • ArtVentures: July 18; \$2/child • **HOT:** Experimental pottery by Mindy Andrews, Paul Bellemare, Judy Billard, Louis O'Colley • July 7-30; opening reception/art walk: Thu, July 7 (6-9pm)

PYGMALION 12, 44 St. Thomas Street, St. Albert (460-1677) • Artworks by various artists, part of the Morgan family collection • July 7 (6-9pm)

REYNOLDS-ALBERTA MUSEUM Wetaskiwin (1-800-661-4726) • **LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOTORCYCLE:** Featuring the origins of the motorcycle • Until Sept. 17, 2006

THE ROYAL ALBERTA MUSEUM 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) • Open Mon-Sun 9am-5pm • **SYNCRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES GALLERY:** Spans 11,000 years and 500 generations, people of the past and present, recordings,

film, lights, artworks and more Permanent exhibit • **FROM HORSE FRONTS TO TANK TRACKS:** The South Alberta Light Horse Regiment's role during the first and second World Wars, until Sept. 18 • **ALBERTA CELEBRATES:** Starts July 1 • **Terrace:** **ALBERTA CENTENNIAL SCULPTURE EXHIBITION:** Sculptures by Andrew French, Ryan McCourt, Rub Wilkins, until Sept. 23

SCOTT GALLERY 10411-124 St (488-3619) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm • **RECENT SHOOTINGS-FACES AND FIGURES:** Paintings and drawings by Cynthia Gardiner; until July 5 • **LANDSCAPE GROUP SHOW:** Artworks by Maureen Harvey, Arlene Waszynchuk, Lynn Mallin, Gerald Faulder, Jacqueline Stehelin, Jim Stokes, Pat Service, and Jamie Morris; July 8-29

SNAP GALLERY 10309-97 St (423-1492) • Open Tue-Sat (12-5pm) • **THE DIGITAL DISTILLERY:** Printworks by Andy Fabio; until July 16

VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl, Harcourt House, 10215-112 St (421-1731) • **DIVERSITY II:** Membership show • Until July 10

VANDERLEELIE GALLERY 10183-112 St (452-0286) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-5:30pm • Landscape paintings by Gregory Hardy, abstract paintings by Robert Christie • Until July 12

WATTHROUPE ART IN THE LOBBY Westwood Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (475-2844) • Artworks by Ruby Golding • Until July 9

THE WORKS ART AND DESIGN FESTIVAL Various locations throughout downtown Edmonton (426-2122) • Until July 6

WORKS GALLERY Commerce Place, 10155-102 St (426-2122) • **THROUGH ALBERTA EYES:** Photographs by Orest Semchishen, curated by Gordon Snyder • Until Sept. 16

THE YOGA LOFT 10309 Whyte Ave, Upstairs (433-8999) • **SPRING CANVASES:** Paintings by Dale Nigel Goble • Until June 30

LITERARY

NAKED CYBER CAFE 10354 Jasper Ave • Music, poetry, and performance art open stage hosted by the Naked Eclectic Electric Orchestra • Every Thu (8pm)

LIVE COMEDY

BLUE CHICAGO 14203 Stony Plain Rd (451-1402) • Comedy open mic hosted by Kathleen McGee • Every Mon (9pm) • Free

THE COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway Boulevard (469-4999) • Thu 8:30pm, Fri 8:30pm, Sat 8pm and 10:30pm • Bob Angeli; July 1-2 • Chris Moineux; July 7-9

THE COMIC STRIP 1646 Bourdon St, WEM, 8882-170 St (483-5999) • Show times nightly at 8pm; weekends 8pm and 10:30pm • Dan Adhoot; June 30-July 3 • Doug Funk and special guests; June 30-July 3 • Get hypnotized; Tue, July 5 (8pm) • Improv Extravaganza with The Second City Improv Players; Wed, July 6 (8pm) • Kyle Grooms and special guests; July 7-10 • Silly Sundays for Kids; Sun, July 10

KARAOKE

of cars, food and entertainment • July 8-9 (noon-8pm)

SILLY SUMMER PARADE Old Strathcona (439-9166) • The Roses Gone Wild • July 1 (noon)

SPRUCED GROVE STREET PERFORMERS FESTIVAL (962-8995) • **Spruce Grove Composite High School Sports Field,** 1000 Calahoo Rd, Grove Dr; featuring a bike parade, ceremonies, jugglers, break-dancers, clowns, still-walkers, musical entertainment by Matt Masters and George Fox, finishing with fireworks at 11pm; July 1 (8am-11pm) • **Downtown Spruce Grove:** Rock 'n' roll puppet show, music by the StringBeans, and more; July 2

STEAMWORKS 11745 Jasper Ave (451-5554) • Steambaths open daily (24hrs)

WOODY'S 11723 Jasper Ave (488-6557) • Open Daily (noon) • Sat-Wed: Karaoke with Annie and Tizzy (7-12pm) • Tue, Sat-Sun: Pool tournaments

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH Pnde Centre 10010-109 St, www.members.shaw.ca/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • An adult facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, and straight youth under the age of 25

(990-0038) • Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

THE ROOST 10345-104 St (426-3150) • Open Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fri-Sat 8pm-4am • Wed: Amateur strip with Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky, DJ Alvaro • Thu: Rotating shows: Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy • Fri: **Upstairs:** Euro Blitz: New European music with DJ Outlawak **Downstairs:** DJ Jazzy • Sat: Every Sat like new years: **Upstairs:** Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy **Downstairs:** New music with DJ Dan and Mike • Sun: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show: Every long weekend with DJ Jazzy • Tue-Thu \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member); Fri-Sat \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member); Sun \$2

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SPECIAL EVENTS

ACTION FOR HEALTHY COMMUNITIES Sacred Heart School, 9624-108 Ave (944-4687) • Until July 2

CANADA DAY FESTIVITIES Legislature Building, 10800-97 Ave (427-7362) • Carnival beside the wading pools, pancake breakfast, fashion show, dance, music and more • July 1

CAUSE AND EFFECT FILM FESTIVAL Edmonton Baha'i Centre, 9414-111 Ave (435-2732) • Featuring Baha'i filmmakers and Baha'i-inspired films • July 1-4 • Tickets are available at TIX on the Square

EDMONTON GHOST TOURS Rescuer Statue, Walderdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (469-3187) • A walking tour through Old Strathcona • Until Aug. 17, Mon-Thu (9pm) • \$5

FEAST OF FOOLS Sutton Place Hotel, 10235-101 St (425-5162) • Fundraising party, variety show and feast • Thu, July 7 (7pm) • \$65 (incl. dinner)

INTERNATIONAL STREET FISHBOWLERS FESTIVAL Various venues throughout Downtown Edmonton and Sir Winston Churchill Square (425-5162) • July 8-17

PIPING SAFARI MUSICAL/COMEDY CABARET Ramada Hotel and Convention Centre, Kingsway (420-1757) • Benefit cabaret, in support of the Edmonton Boys' Pipe Band and the 2006 Edmonton Celtic Festival featuring Johnny Bagpipes (comedian), The Waljo African Drummers, and the Kellal Dancers and pipers • \$25 (adult)/\$20 (student/senior) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square • July 8 (9pm)

SHINE AND DINE ON ALBERTA AVENUE NAIT, Parking lot K, 106 St, 118 Ave (471-2602) • Kick-off events for the Grand Prix auto race featuring a display

(12:145pm) • Get hypnotized; Tue, July 12

STANLEY A. MEIER LIBRARY THEATRE Sir Winston Churchill Sq (425-5162/451-8000) • Late Night Madness; July 15 16 (10pm), \$12 (adv)/\$15 (door) • Women in Comedy; Sat, July 9 (8pm), \$15 (adv)/\$17 (door)

WUNDERBAR HOFBRAUHAUS 8120 101 St (436-2286) • The Lederhosen Super Comedy Dryhump • Every Fri (8:30pm) • Free

YUK YUK'S KOMEDY KABARET Londonderry Mall (481-9857) • Kevin McGrath • June 30-July 2

THEATRE

A CLOSER WALK WITH PATSY CLINE Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Inn, 16615-109 Ave (483-4051) • A musical biography of the legendary country star, from her days as a teenage honkytonk singer to her triumphant appearances at the Grand Ole Opry • July 8 Sept. 5

A GRAND TIME IN THE RAPIDS Verscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (433-3399, #2420-1757) • Ron Pederson Belinda Cornish and Jeff Haslam star in the newest play, from writer/director Stewart Lemoline, a screwball farce, set in Grand Rapids, Michigan in 1959, about an escalating series of misunderstandings involving an etiquette expert, a widow and her handsome new beau • July 7-23 (8pm) • \$18 (adult)/\$15 (student/senior/Equity) • \$10 (Tue evenings), Two-for-One (Fri, July 8), Pay-What-You-Can (Sat matinees door) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square, door

POUNDING NAILS IN THE FLOOR WITH MY FOREHEAD Azimuth Theatre, 11315-106 Ave (420-1757) • Presented by the DNS Players • Until July 2, Tue-Sun (8pm), Sun (2pm) • \$12 (adult/senior)/\$10 (student) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square, door

RIVER CITY SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Heritage Amphitheatre, Hawrelak Park (420-1757) • Outdoor performances of classic Shakespearean plays by an all-star team of Edmonton actors, directors and designers, featuring Sheldon Eiter and Kristi Hansen in *Romeo and Juliet*, directed by John Kirkpatrick and Chris Bullough, *Daniela*, *Alaskale* and *Julien Arnold in Love's Labour's Lost*, directed by Marianne Copthorne • Until July 17 • *Romeo and Juliet* (odd dates), (Tue-Sun 8pm), July 2, 10, 16 (2pm) • *Love's Labour's Lost* (even dates); (Tue-Sun 8pm), July 3, 9, 17 (2pm) • \$17 (adult)/\$13 (student/senior)/\$26 (festival pass) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

OH SUSANNAH! Verscona Theatre, 10329-83 Ave (433-3399) • Edmonton's live, Euro-style chat show, featuring musical performances, comedy skits and celebrity interviews all presided over by international glamour gal Susanna Patchouli • Sat, July 2 (11pm) • Tickets available at the door

SWEET CHARITY Walderdale Playhouse, 10322-83 Ave (439-2845/420-1757) • Barb Mah directs Neil Simon, Dorothy Fields and Cy Coleman's classic musical adaptation of Federico Fellini's *Nights of Cabiria*, about a dance hostess who retains her impressive attitude despite her lonely life and a string of heartbreaking romances • Until July 9 (8pm), July 3 (2pm) • \$11-\$14 • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

EVENTS WEEKLY

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Deadline is Friday at 3pm

CLUBS/LECTURES

BOREAL ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISM 7, 6328A-104 St; every Thu (6:30-8:30) • Organic Roots, 8225-122 St • Every third Thu (6:30pm)

EDMONTON ECO-REDNECKS 10341 Whyte Ave (231-2977) • Environmental social and salon club meeting • Sun, July 17 (6pm)

LIVING POSITIVE www.edmlivingpositive.ca (1-877-975-9448/488-5768) • Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society • Every Tue (7pm): Peer-facilitated support groups • Daily drop-in, peer counselling

MEDITATION • **Carneau United Place,** 11148-84 Ave (412-1006) Drop-in meditation with with Gen Kelsang Phuntsok; every Thu (7-9pm); \$10 (donation) • **Diamond Way Buddhist Centre,** 4th Fl, 10314 Whyte Ave (455-5488) free meditations every Wed (8pm) • **City Arts Centre,** 10943-84 Ave; The Way of Life meditation; last Tue each month (7pm door) • **Transmission Meditation,** Stillpoint Healing Centre, 10350-124 St (433-3342) every Tue, Thu, Sun (8-9:30pm); free

TOASTMASTERS • **St. Paul's Church,** 4005-115 Ave (476-6963) • Learn public speaking; every Thu (7-9pm) • **Baker Centre,** 10th Fl, 10025-106 St (477-2613) Upward Bound Toastmasters; every Wed (7pm) • **Central Lions,** 11113-113 St (405-6408/489-83) Enthusiastic Seniors Toastmasters meetings first and third Tue every month (1:30pm) • **University of Alberta,** Business 1-23 (492-0910) Business and Beyond Toastmasters Club, practice and enhance your skills; every Monday (6:30 pm)

QUEER LISTINGS

AGAPE Faculty of Education, U of A Campus • Sex, sexual, gender differences in education and culture focus group • Contact Dr. Andre Grace (andre.grace@ualberta.ca) for info

AXIOS (454-8449) • A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians

BISexual WOMEN'S COFFEE CIRCLE group@yahoo.ca • Social group for bi-curious and bisexual women • Second Wed each month (7:30pm)

BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 St (423-5014) • Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows. Members only

BUDDYS NITE CLUB 11725 Jasper Ave (488-6636) • Open daily 9-3, Fri 8pm • Mon: Amateur strip (12:30); DJ Alvaro, Ashley Love • Tue: retro, top 40 with DJ Arrowchaser, malebox night, free pool • Wed: DJ Eddy Toonflash; Drag shows (12:30) • Thu: Wet undies contest (12:30) w/Connie Lingua and DJ Squiggles • Fri: Dance party with DJ Alvaro • Sat: DJ Arrowchaser, pool tournament • Sexy Sundays with DJ Eddy Toonflash, all request dance party

DOWN UNDER 12224 Jasper Ave (482-7960) • Steam bath

EDMONTON RAINBOWY BUSINESS ASSOCIATION (422-6207) • An organization for gay men and lesbians in business and their non-gay friends to share business knowledge, learn, make friends and network in a positive, proud space where being yourself is the norm

HIV NETWORK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 105, 10550-102 St (488-5742) • Programs and support services for people affected and infected by HIV/AIDS and related illnesses. Counselling, referrals, support groups, harm reduction, education, advocacy and public awareness campaigns

INSIDE/OUT U of A Campus • Campus-based organization for lesbian, gay, bisexual, trans-identified and queer (LGBTQ) faculty, graduate student, academic, straight allies and support staff • Third Thu each month (fall/winter terms): Speakers Series. Contact Kris (kwell@ualberta.ca) or Marjorie (mwonham@ualberta.ca) for schedule

MADELINE SANAM FOUNDATION Faculté St. Jean, 8406 Marie-Anne Gaboury (91 St) Rm 3-18 (490-7332) • Program for HIV/AIDS prevention, treatment and harm reduction in French, English and other African languages • Every 3rd and 4th Sat (9am-5pm) • Free (member)/\$10 (membership) • Pre-register

MAKING WAVES SWIMMING CLUB www.geocities.com/makingwaves_edm • Recreational and competitive swimming with coaching, beginners encouraged to participate. Socializing after practices • Every Tue and Thu

MEN TALKING WITH PRIDE Pride Centre, 10010-109 St (488-3234) • Every Sun (7pm): A safe, supportive, confidential discussion group talking about all gay related issues, for men at any stage of coming out • Free • talkingwithpride@hotmail.com

PFLAG Pride Centre, 10010-109 St (462-5958) • Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals/transgenders

PRISM BAR AND GRILL 10524-101 St, back entrance

CLASSIFIEDS

If you want to place your Classified ad in Vue Weekly please phone Carol at 426-1996. Deadline is noon the Tuesday before publication.

business opportunities

Make \$1000/Month or more just by stuffing envelopes at home FREE supplies. Rush a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Suite 1083-V1, 14405-127 St, Edmt, AB, T6V 1M2

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carpentry

GARAGE FRAMING
Garage packages, decks & basement development. Call 902-6276.

computers

Place your Classified ad in Vue Weekly. Phone Carol at 426-1996 for more info.

dance classes

BELLY DANCE CLASSES
5wks starting July 26. All levels. No previous exp. req'd. Edmonton central & North 488-0706.

education

Turn your dreams into a career!
Register for the 6 Month Dramatic Arts Program!
Vancouver Academy of Dramatic Arts
1-866-231-8232
www.vadastudios.com

entertainment

Sorrentino's West has live jazz
Saturday nights from 9-midnight.
Call for reservations. 444-0524.

for rent

FUNKY studio/suite for rent. 2 bdrm in Central location, huge yard. Incl. heat, power, water. \$500/mo for 2ppl. Pets & DD negotiable. 488-7438.

furniture for sale

100% leather sofa, loveseat, and chair never used. Cost \$4,200. \$1,795. Free delivery. Can deliver 453-3755.

Bed, Queen extra thick orthopedic pillowtop boxspring & matt. New cost \$950, sacrifice \$250. King avail. at \$450. Can deliver 453-3077.

garage sales

Voice for Animals Humane Society: Items needed for a white elephant (rummage) sale fundraiser July 16. Ph 490-0905, e-m: info@v4a.org

help wanted

F/T stylist Req'd for busy salon. Min 5 yrs exp. German & Dutch speaking. Hair ext. exp. nec. Starting at \$12/hr incl. benefits
Red Earth Salon
780-960-9231 www.redearthsalon.com

Drivers wanted: \$15+/hr, Wed (night) and Thu (day), perm/PT. Must have mini-van or truck. Looking for reliable, responsible person. Ph 907-0570.

WINALTA INC.

is seeking carpenters, general labourers and handymen to work either day or afternoon shifts. Fax resume to: 962-9523 Email: hr@winaltainc.com or apply in person: Corner of Hwy 60 & Yellowhead Trail.

help wanted

the avenue clothing co.

Is currently seeking an energetic, motivated sales associate to fill a permanent full-time position.

•Competitive wage and benefit plan.
Please apply in person with a resume at 10344-82 Ave

STUDENTS

National Charity requires student fundraisers! Paid Daily. Call Today, Start TODAY! 4-9 PM shift. Call Priority Group, 497-7969

PROFESSIONAL TATTOO ARTIST needed for progressive custom studio in Calgary. Min. 3 years experience req'd. Call Hide & Seek Tattoo @ (403) 230-1950 to make an appointment, apply with portfolio and resume. www.hideandseekartworks.com

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To place your ad in Vue Weekly Classifieds Phone Carol at 426-1996 for more information

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rooms for rent

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Bright, 1 bdrm bsmt suite of house. Avail. July 1. Incl. util, laundry, cable. Located west of downtown. Great location for students. Non-smoker. \$550/Mo. \$200 DD. Call Barb @ 450-6794.

real estate

FOR SALE

NORWOOD
8427-115 Ave.

excellent condition,
2 bedroom bungalow.
Hardwood floors, large living room, bedroom and bath in basement. Steel fence.
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486-0963, 454-8185

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cute and cosy 850 sq. ft. bungalow located on large lot. 2 bdrms, kitchen, and a new bathroom. Make this a very attractive home. Call Murray Berg @ 438-7000, of Remax Real Estate Centre for details.

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International Model and Talent agency requires extras, actors and models of all ages. Please call 432-4601.

music instruction

MODAL MUSIC INC.
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Music Instruction for guitar, bass, drums, and percussion.
Private instruction: focus on individual! Professional, caring instructors with music degrees, quality music instruction since 1981.

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Drums for sale, 4 black camber toms. Add to your drum kit behind bass drum. \$200 obo. Excellent condition. 963-2081

studios for rent

Artist Studios & Storage Space for rent.
200-500 SF. Great Downtown location at the Great West Saddlery Bldg, 10137-104 St.
Call Mike 429-4092.

theatre

Theatre Alberta presents Dramaworks—summer theatre workshops for adults! 422-8162 or www.theatreAlberta.com

workshops

Want to know more about Stampin' Up! Products, workshops & opportunities? Contact Linda, Stampin' Up Demonstrator at 488-4787.

Voice cartoons, write and voice commercials and more. Daily workshops available—auditions to follow www.sharkbytes-studios.com/workshops.htm
Call 944-1686

artist to artist

FREE•FREE•FREE•FREE•FREE
ARTIST/NON PROFIT CLASSIFIEDS
Need a volunteer? Forming an acting troupe? Want someone to jam with? Place up to 20 words FREE, providing the ad is non-profit. Ads of more than 20 words will be subject to regular price or cruel editing. Free ads run for four weeks depending on available space. For more info please phone Glenys at 426-1996/fax 426-2889/e-m office@vueweekly.com or drop it off at 10303-108 St. Deadline is noon the Tuesday before publication.

Experienced director wants to direct your play for this years Fringe. Adrian 489-5411.

Photos. FREE Band? Artist? Dance Troupe? Have done The Casualties, Cheap Trick, Buble. 8 MP shots for framing, press kits. FREE! Ph 914-8747.

Call for submissions: Profiles Gallery looking for sculptors for In Sequence. Deadline: Sat, Oct. 1 (4pm). Ph Heidi, 780-460-4310 for info

Experienced camera people needed to shoot pilot. Please call 951-4782.

Call for submissions: Artists/artisans to participate in an Art@Work initiative to begin June. Ph 439-0521 for info.

Auditions: The Three B's (Fringe 2005): 4 fem. roles. Non-Equity or CAEA Fringe agreement. Sides prov. Shane 403.969.0753 shane.anderson@shaw.ca

Artist submissions for the Little Church Art Gallery of Spruce Grove 780-962-0664. Deadline: June 30

SEE PAGE 43

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artist to artist

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July 23/24 @ Grant MacEwan
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Ave. All ages welcome. Limited
seating. Tickets available at
Tix on the Square 420-1757.
www.tarlingtontraining.com
For more info CALL 709-6999

ESPA seeking PT coordinators for independent
media & art expo in Sept. (work begins July/Aug.)
E-m: resume, cover letter to contact@edmontons-mallpress.org, ph 434-9236 for info.

Looking for content for new TV station. Artists,
bands, freaks send tapes to PUNK TV, 307, 11215
Jasper Ave, Edmt, AB, T5K3L5

Call to Enter ArtsHub Studio Gallery features guest
artists. Incl: Proposal; 10 slides/photos; CV; Artist
statement. For info Ph Tim 423-2966.

Art classes at Harcourt House Arts Centre.
Register now! Ph 426-4180 or visit www.harcourt-house.ab.ca for more info.

Call for m/f amateur actors. Controversial-moral
project. Info: www.cbook.com/getinfo@cbook.com

musicians

7 string guitarist looking to start serious band.
Must have drive & talent. Females preferred. Call
Cam after 6pm Mon-Fri 418-2610.

U.C. - Leduc heavy rock band seeks fortyish lead
player. Any instrument. Originals, Toniok,
Peppers, Headstones, Tull. George 387-3343.

Wanted: Bass player & lap steel/keyboard player
for original band. Ph Shane 493-5079 (day)/452-
4101 (eve).

Looking for female vocalist, percussionist, horn or
keyboard player for live dance/disco proj. Will
accomp reggae and rock bands. Rod 473-0610.

Female vocalist wishes to start p.t. Janis Joplin trib-
ute band. Serious inquiries only. Renita 486-5088.

Prof. bass player (fretted/fretless) available for
working band. Any styles. Young, neat, outstand-
ing gear. Serious only. Ph Rod 473-0610.

volunteers

Volunteer for the YMCA Kids University summer
program, (July 4-Aug. 12). Literacy/numeracy,
arts/crafts, field trips for inner-city children. Ph
429-5601, chill@edmonton.ymca.ca

Little Moments. Big Magic. Big Brothers Big
Sisters Edmonton & Area 424-8181
www.bbbsedmonton.org

The Great White North Triathlon (July 3)
requests volunteers for marshals, transition, set-
up, tear-down, security, lifeguards, etc. contact
LeRoy 478-1388, e-m: lwilliam@telus.net

The Works Art & Design Festival, June 24-July 6.
Downtown Edmonton. Volunteer positions avail-
able. Mary Elizabeth Archer Ph 780-426-2122,
ext. 230 or e-m: theworks@telusplanet.net

DANCE-DRIVEN: Volunteer for feats-Festival of
Dance! Contact 780-422-8107 or
info@abdancealliance.ab.ca for application info

Volunteers over 14 needed to assist with equestrian
day camps. Doesn't involve horse riding. No
experience necessary. Call 435-3597.

Keep people safe. Security volunteers needed for
Edmonton Canada Day Fireworks Festival. Call
Suzanne 423-2822 ext.25

Communters Society: volunteer with BikeWorks
(learn about bicycle mechanics), cleaning, organiz-
ing, etc. <http://edmontonbicyclecommunters.ca/>

EDMONTON INTERNATIONAL STREET PER-
FORMERS FESTIVAL (July 8-17)
volunteers to welcome StreetFest, call Linda 425-
5162, e-m: volunteer@edmontonstreetfest.com

OUTGOING and enjoy working with people? Like
learning about science and educating others?
Hosting and educational volunteer positions @
Odyssey™ Ph Violet 452-9100.

A call for volunteers - Action for Healthy
Communities: Questions about AHC philosophy &
programs? 944-4687 Visit: www.a4hc.ca

Help immigrant youth improve their math,
English and science skills! Volunteers needed
Thu (3:30-5pm) for intensive work. Ph Suzanne,
Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers,
423-9677.

Volunteer for the New Neighbours Program at
Edmonton Immigrant Services Association.
Become a friend to a NEW Canadian. Ph Dulari
474-8445.

Brain Neurobiology Research Program at U of A
seeks individuals suffering from SEVERE PMS for
research study. Ph 407-3775. Reimbursement.

Brain Neurobiology Research Program at U of A
seeks individuals suffering from PANIC ATTACKS
for research study. Ph 407-3221. Reimbursement
provided.

Networks Activity Centre provides a safe, support-
ive environment for adults with brain injury
to volunteer Ph (780)479-1757, e-m: George
Kapetanakis nacentre@telusplanet.net

Be a Distress Line &/or Youthone.com Crisis Chat
volunteer. • Intensive training • Rewarding expe-
rience • Career-related skill development.
www.thesupportnetwork.com for info or call The
Support Network at 732-6648.

Adult Day Support Programs provide seniors with
special needs with a recreational/educational day
program Donna 434-4747.

Support and Acceptance! Volunteer for HIV
Edmonton. Various positions incl. security and spe-
cial events (Pride), admin, education. Ph Janina
488-5742 ext 241 for info.

Overseas Volunteer Opportunities with CCI Region:
Central/South America, www.cci.org.ca, west, or Ph
(604) 734-4677. Placements Sept. 2005.

Volunteer Overseas with Canadian Crossroads
International: human rights, community economic
development, and HIV/AIDS education, preven-
tion, care. www.cci.org.ca

Volunteers needed for: A Taste of Edmonton,
Klondike Fun Tubs Derby, Mascot Follies, Klondike
Kate's Tea Party, Sunday in the City. Call Suzanne at
423-2822 ext. 25.

YEAR ROUND ON-LINE AUCTION for Alberta
Easter Seals. Donate items, bid, have a great time.
Carmen 429-0137 x233.
<http://auction.edmonton24hourrelay.com>.

Do you like to drive your own car in Edm? We pay
the gas! To be appreciated, call Seniors Vol. Driving
for more information at 732-1221.

Adult volunteers needed during day (esp. Wed) to
help seniors at non-profit agency with activities;
cards/ crafts/ games. Ph Yvonne, 434-6747

Devonshire Care Centre (long-term care centre)
looking for volunteers to help out. Recreation,
occupational/physical therapy, nursing, gift shop.
Ph 665-8050.

Volunteer drivers needed for Meals on Wheels,
weekdays 10am-1pm. Also Kitchen volunteers
needed. Ph 429-2020.

Volunteer for the St. Albert Arts and Heritage
Foundation Ph Jennifer 459-1194; Profiles Gallery
Ph Joanna 460-4310; Musée Heritage Museum Ph
Debby 459-1528.

Have you ever intentionally harmed yourself?
Share your experience. If you are 18-29 yrs old,
have self-harmed within the last 2yrs e-m Sandra
sandra_research@hotmail.com, ph 695-9169.

If you have always wanted to be a broadcaster,
here is your chance! VoicePrint Canada is looking
for volunteers for Local Broadcast Centres. Donate
your time to read local newspapers to the blind,
low-vision, seniors. Voiceprint Canada broadcasts
nationally on CBC Newsworld's S.A.P., and world-
wide at www.voiceprintcanada.com. Audition: call
451-8331, e-m: edmonton@voiceprintcanada.com

Tutor an adult to read or help someone learn
English. Volunteer at P.A.L.S. Flexible hours.
Training provided. Call P.A.L.S. at 424-5514.

If you OR your brother/sister has schizophrenia,
call 492-6033 to be in research study.

Expenses paid.

The Sexual Assault Centre of Edmonton is in need
of volunteers to take calls on our 24-hour Crisis
Line. Hours are self-determined, you can work
from your own home. Ph 423-4102


Supportive adult role models needed to share
time/interests with children/youth, aged 5-17 with
emotional/behavioral concerns. Orientation/sup-
port provided. Flexible evening/weekend. Ph Lily
432-1137 ext. 357.

Adult recreation companions. Have fun while
helping adults with developmental disabilities get
out into the community for leisure activities (walks,
movies, shopping) 8-10 hrs/mon, flex. Lily: 432-
1137, ext. 357.

VUEWEEKLY CONTEST RULES

Unless otherwise specified,
the following will apply:

- the winner must be 18 or older
- prize must be accepted as awarded
- no one may enter any contest more than once
- you may win only once every 60 days
- Vue Weekly reserves the right to exclude anyone from our contests
- no staff, sponsors or members of their immediate family may enter
- the personal information of those who enter will not be sold but may be provided to contest sponsors
- the chances of winning depend on the number of entries received
- by entering, entrants consent to the use of their names by Vue Weekly for publicity
- Vue Weekly is not responsible for prizes unclaimed after 15 days

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Personal Connections
44-TALKS 448-2557
Must be 18+ Long distance charges may apply



alt sex column

By **ANDREA NEMERSON**

Squirting back

Dear Readers:

I'm annoyed, and when I'm annoyed,
I can't wait for the source of annoy-
ance to finish yammering before I
butt in. I really want people to under-
stand this squirting thing, so I'm
going to "fisk" this, point by point.
My answers in italics.

Love, Andrea

Dear Andrea:

I hate to say it, but if it comes from the
bladder, it's pee! It's like saying, "When
you're having anal sex and some
brown stuff comes out of the anus, it's
not shit, it's something that magically
comes from some anatomical structure
unknown to science, and only during
anal sex." Um, no. The only way the
fluid could be something other than
pee is if it magically gets into the blad-
der as part of a sexual process, instead
of coming from the kidneys (where
pee comes from).

The kidneys, huh? I'll make a note of
it. But why not a chemical process, as
opposed to a sex-magick one? Do you
really think that every chemical process
the body is capable of has been discov-
ered, described and delivered to you by
courier? Oh, wait, I guess you do:

In the last 50 years or so, anatomical
research has reached the micro-
scopic level. This isn't like exploring the
surface of Titan. There are no undis-
covered glands or other macroscopic
structures in the human body. Only
someone woefully/intentionally igno-
rant of science could believe that there
is some gland lurking in females that
"we don't know about yet."

Surprise! I agree. Had I claimed that
the fluid was magically conducted into
the bladder by anything other than the
kidneys (well, the ureters, actually), I
would deserve the lecture about how
there's nothing new on Uranus or what-
ever, but of course, I said no such thing.
About a million years ago, when all we
knew about female ejaculation was that
it was special and Goddessy and new
and nobody should be ashamed of it,
the word on the sex-information street
was that it was NOT PEE and must be
coming from the Skene's glands, so I
taught that. I was wrong. For a couple
of years after I found out I was wrong, I
used to have to stand up in front of a

class and say, "I was wrong. We have
new information (it comes from the
bladder) which isn't as nice as the old
information (it comes from the
Skene's/specialsexyfun glands) but that's
the way science works. Get psyched."
That was fun, believe me.

Your claims that "squirt" is some-
thing other than plain old pee is just
wishful/deluded thinking.

Okay, if I say, "My bad, I should
have explained it better," will you kindly
STFU already? I ran out of room before I
could get to this part, but here's the
thing: this work has actually been done.
You can read sexologist Gary
Schubach's paper ("Urethral Expulsions
During Sensual Arousal and Bladder
Catheterization in Seven Human
Females"), or you can just sit there and
spatter while I abstract it, either way.
Schubach catheterized a small group of
squirtin' women, drained their bladders,
changed the collection bags and let
them go at it. Despite the empty blad-
ders, the bags filled right up, and when
the fluid was compared to the urine col-
lected before sexual stimulation, it was
found to have greatly reduced concen-
trations of urea and creatinine. In other
words, water with a little pee in it
(sometimes more), dumped unusually
quickly into the bladder from the kid-
neys. Based on his own research and a
review of previously published litera-
ture, Schubach posits that "the
expelled fluid is an altered form of urine
and that there may be a chemical
process that... changes the composi-
tion." Maybe, maybe not, but either
way, we're left to ponder the (hormon-
al?) cue that causes so much water (up
to 900 ml) to collect so quickly, and
why is there so much less urea and cre-
atinine? Acknowledging that we don't
know the answer is hardly the same as
insisting that wymyn's body contains
mysteries unknowable to myn, or that
there is some new gland lurking around
in there, hitherto undetected.

To say that squirt isn't pee is
"Lysenkoism," letting a political view
(feminism) decide truth instead of the
scientific evidence. The woman is pee-
ing. It's not a big deal, but to say that
it's "ejaculate" instead of "pee" is femi-
nism, not science.

Which cracks me up, since I agree
with you completely, or would, if I caught
someone doing what you think I was
doing. Here's how I usually end my talks
on this subject; let's see if you're with me
here: "So, yeah, if it comes from the
bladder and exits through the urethra
and contains urea, it's pee, by definition.
But it's weird pee, created and expelled
under weird circumstances. It may be
pee, but hey, it's special pee."

Love, Andrea

Andrea Nemerson writes and teaches in
San Francisco. You can e-mail her a
question at andrea@altsexcolumn.com.

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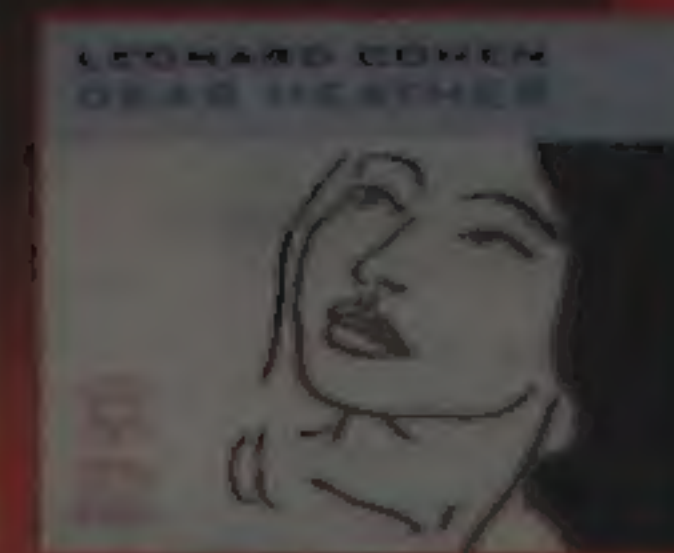
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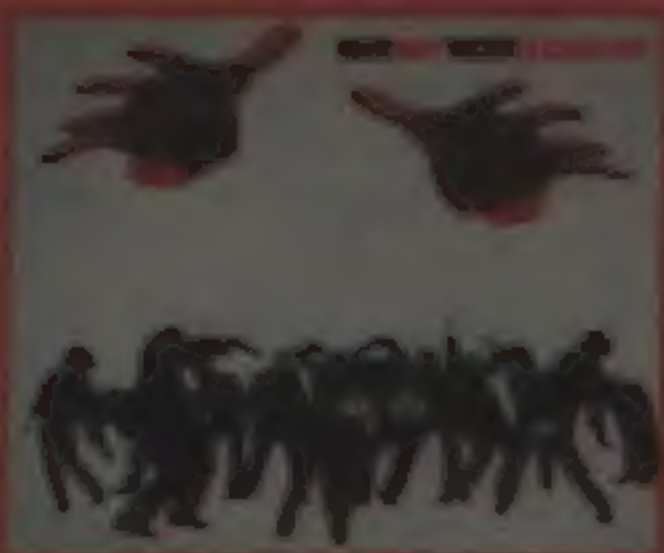
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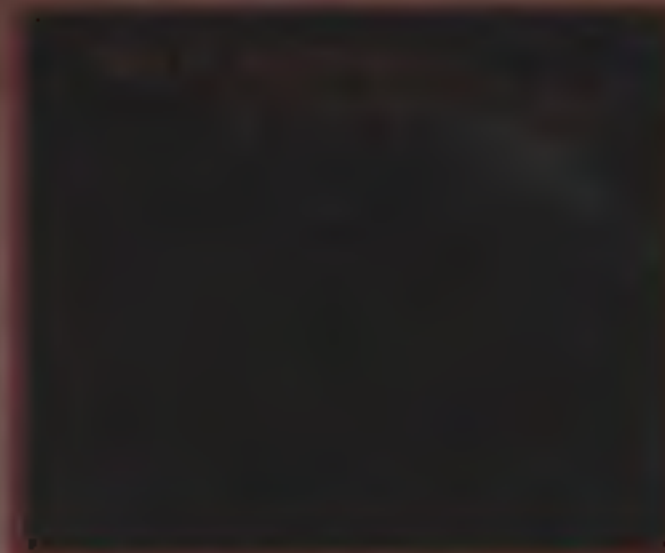
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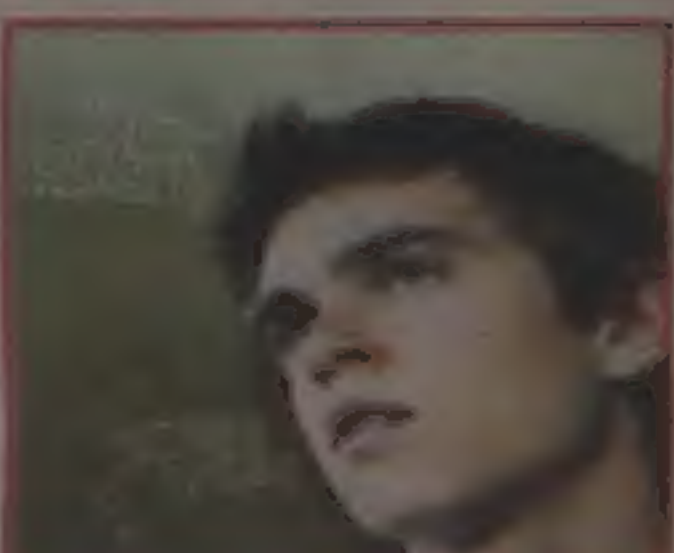
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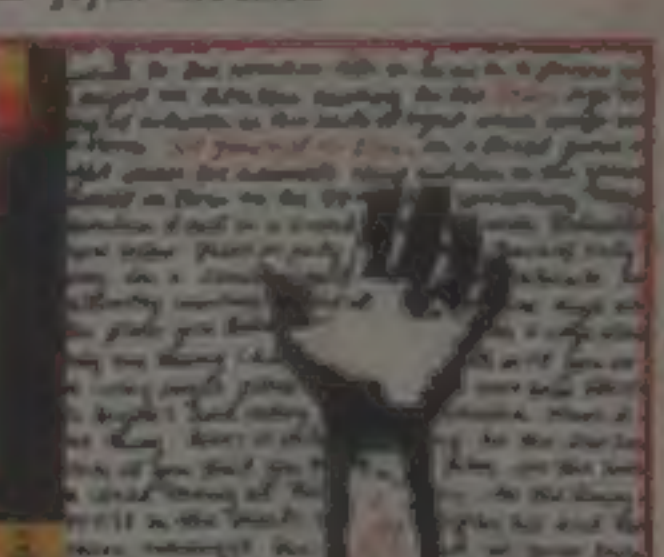
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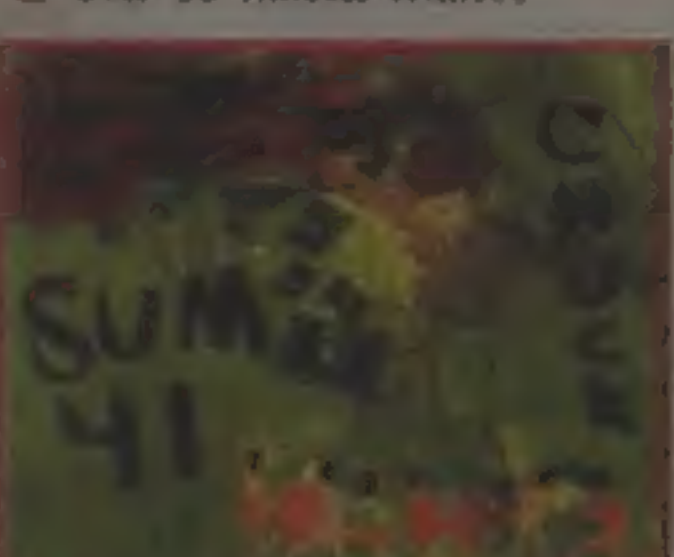
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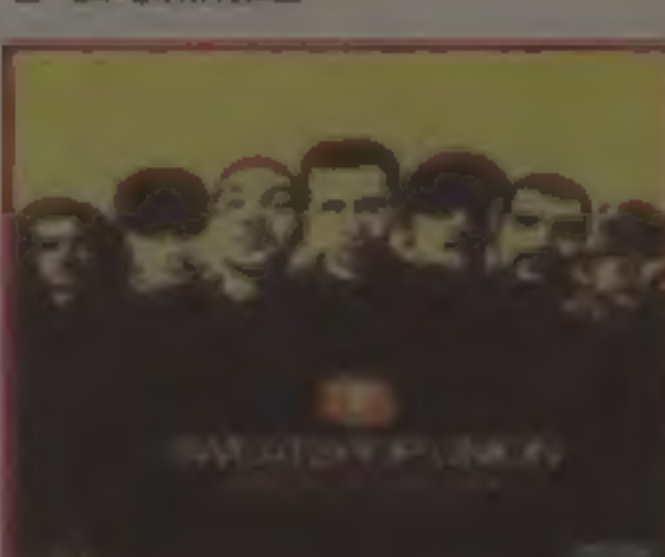
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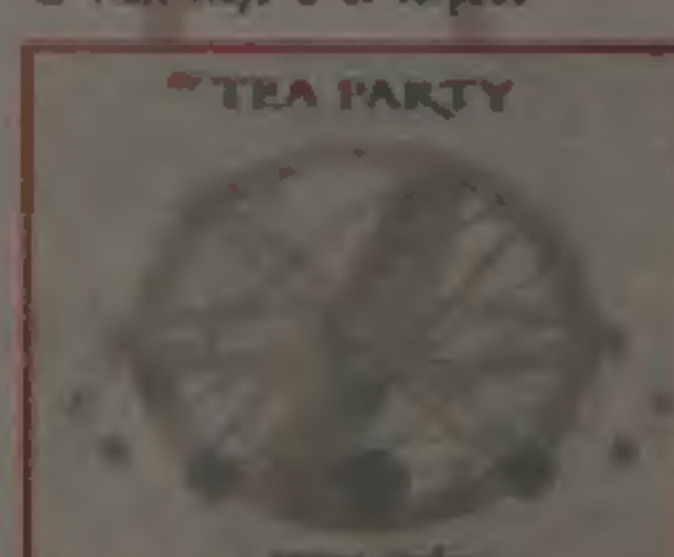
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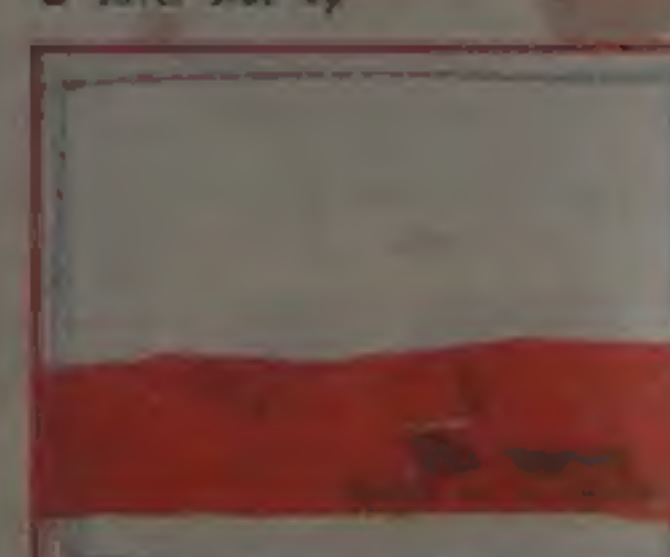
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